

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1888.

A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH.

"OH! of course, a charming girl, but—"

Mrs. Edwards's "but" was always of magnificent size and increased in proportion as the distance between her and its object diminished. In the present instance that object was a possible daughter-in-law. She was really very anxious, so she said, that her only son should marry; yet was any individual suggested to her as a suitable wife for him, the first did not please her she could not say how, the second she could not tell why, therefore she was willing to admit, as in the present instance, that Miss Snowden, Miss Vale, or whoever it might be was a charming girl, and then end the sentence with the inevitable "but."

Howard Edwards was a favorable specimen of that product of modern civilization, the American youth. Being the only child of wealthy parents he lived at ease, yet was not deteriorated thereby, had no vices, nor was he specially self-indulgent, but was good-looking, cultivated, and pleasant.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards had married young, and while their conjugal relations were not of an especially enthusiastic or sentimental character, they had yet been sufficiently happy in their union to desire their only son should follow their example.

"Your mother and I would like to see you well married, my boy," the father occasionally remarked. "It is not wise for young men to postpone the matter too late, as they grow more critical as time goes on. A nice girl with a pretty face, a

neat figure—your mother had a very trim figure when I married her—a small fortune, though we must not ask too much in that line, and a good temper—above all, a good temper," and so forth and so forth.

The subject was not altogether palatable to the young man, and he generally dismissed it as soon as he could with "Oh! I'm very well as I am."

The truth of the matter lay in the fact, which he would not have admitted, that he was romantic. The ideal which filled his mind and seemed at times to assume an actual personality of appearance and attributes in his thoughts had never yet corresponded to any woman he had met.

And till "the not impossible she" should appear he could not dream of love or marriage. His fancy had even painted the soft hair, the broad, smooth, white brow, the deep-set, earnest eyes, the well-cut, somewhat firm mouth and chin, but his eyes had never rested upon the picture in human form.

"O Mr. Edwards! I want to show you a class photograph. I only received it the other day, and it is such a charming idea—all you pet friends in one, as it were." It was Jennie Coyle who spoke, and Howard Edwards was her guest.

He had stopped in for a brief afternoon call, as was his occasional habit. He thought her one the nicest girls he knew, with her sensible ways and the direct glance of those pretty gray eyes that always had a sort of unacknowledged attraction for him.

"All your pet friends in one and I not

included in that one!" he exclaimed, with mock tragedy in his tone. She only laughed and continued her search. "Ah! behold! I began to fear I had mislaid it," and she handed him the picture.

He almost started; the deep-set eyes seemed to pierce to his very soul. It was the face of his dreams. He scarcely took in the words of the voice which went on beside him.

"It's a composite photograph, you know. Our Greek class of '86, eight girls and the professor. Isn't it a fascinating idea? That is the type, the ideal! Of course, no individual reaches to it. But isn't the result, the whole, satisfactory?" He felt dazed, but seemed to recognize now the attraction of Jennie Coyle's eyes. They were, as it might be, but the segment of a circle. But a unit in the completeness—the abstraction, alas! which alone he could love. Where could he hope to meet a composite woman, and none other, he felt, could have irresistible charms for him.

"You must come again next week. I want you to meet a friend of mine who is going to make me a visit," Jennie continued, and when in due course of time he rose to take his leave he promised.

Jennie Coyle was small and slight, with brown, almost black, hair. Her friend, Miss Ada Le Roy, was tall, fair, stately, and, it must be admitted, rather silent. She was happy to meet Mr. Edwards, she said, and fixed her large blue eyes upon him with an air of dignity, which, if not actually disconcerting, was not inspiring to frivolous conversation. Talk, frivolous or otherwise, she evidently expected him to make.

Howard glanced at his boots for suggestions, and hazarded the original remark that it was a fine day. There was an expression of faint surprise on her countenance as she agreed with him. Jennie had evidently sounded his praises, and she was prepared for something more striking. He raised his eyes and they

rested on the fine curve of her firm, well-cut lips. He felt a sudden attraction toward her, constraint vanished, and they were—or at least he was—soon conversing agreeably.

"Isn't she like a Greek statue?" whispered Jennie, enthusiastically, at parting. "You know I told you—didn't I? that she belongs to our class of '86."

She has impressed her lips upon the composite photograph, and it is that resemblance that attracted me, he thought to himself, and sighed for the unattainable.

It was a season of singular experience to the young man. Strong influences seemed to be affecting him for which he could hardly account. Barely a month had elapsed when at a concert in a neighboring city his attention was drawn to a young girl who sat near him, seeming fairly to drink in the music, so absorbed was she. Her face was a singularly pure and perfect oval; her hair a deep bronze, almost "red;" her full hazel eye expressive and brilliant; but a nameless charm seemed to rest upon the fair forehead with its soft, shadowing hair. Howard also became absorbed, but the music was unheeded, it was the face that held him with a spell. But alas! she was unknown to him. He retired that night to lie waking or sleeping and dream of the stranger.

The next morning he received a letter from Jennie Coyle: "I am so anxious for you to meet Professor Grey—our Greek teacher, you know. I have always felt you would be kindred spirits, and I have an idea he is in the same city with you. Please call on my friend, Rose Terry (I have written to her that you will come) and find out from her where he is. She will know if he is there." Obedient to the mandate, he did as requested, and in his new acquaintance found the young girl he had so admired.

Miss Terry was nothing if not enthusiastic. She raved over the music of the

preceding evening, she said that Jennie Coyle was "a perfect angel," she "doted on Greek," and as to the Professor, words would not express her admiration for him; but, unfortunately, he had left the city.

Howard Edwards sat still and listened, not ill pleased, to the cadences of a sweet, changeful voice, and his eyes, resting on the animated face, dwelt with especial pleasure on the beautiful brow. He briefly explained his errand when he arrived, and said good-afternoon when he left. Of other remarks of his own his mind retained no trace; but Rose wrote to Jennie Coyle, "Next to Professor Grey I think your friend, Mr. Edwards, is the most agreeable, delightful man I ever met."

The explanation lay in the fact that he was a good listener, and Rose loved to talk, though she did not know it. "I'll give you a note of introduction to Professor Grey in case you should meet him by accident," Miss Terry had said; and subsequently Miss Coyle had provided for him a similar document, with a few added lines from Miss Le Roy. He usually carried them in his pocket with a vague anticipation of encountering the man, whom he had now come to regard as an *ignis fatuus*. After all, if there was no meeting a composite woman, there might be in a close friendship with the one man who was included in a composite circle some compensations. Memories of Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan, came back pleasingly to him.

Howard Edwards was not feeling "up to the mark," as he expressed it to himself, and was rather discontented at the discovery; that a young man of means and with nothing to do should fall into ill health seemed very unreasonable, but the fact remained and became so patent that both his parents grew alarmed and insisted that he should at least try change of air.

Setting out on a somewhat aimless wandering, therefore, he chanced to be on

a boat going up the Hudson. He stood leaning against the rail when a gust of wind lifted his hat from his head and blew it away, and as he started forward to catch it something fell from his pocket. It was Miss Terry's note of introduction to Professor Grey. At the same moment a quick, decided hand seized the hat, and a little pug dog the fluttering paper. Howard looked down on the slightly deformed figure of a girl who held toward him his missing head covering.

It was an intelligent face which the bright eyes, the little touches of originality about it, and the fine molding of the mouth and chin rendered attractive. He wondered as he bowed his thanks where he had seen some resemblance to it.

"Nuisance, give the gentleman his letter! No?" as the dog thus addressed seemed indisposed to obey. "But you *must*!" and she stooped to take it from him. "Why, it's Rose Terry's writing!"

"I am much obliged to you for saving my possessions from a watery grave," their owner said, as he took the note she also restored to him.

"Abstraction of mind on the one hand and coolness and dispatch on the other," she said, smiling; "I have felt for some time that your hat was in a critical situation."

"Did I understand you to say you were a friend of Miss Terry's?"

"She was a classmate of mine. We are seven—no, eight," she corrected.

"Then you, too, are a Greek," he said.

Ah! he understood now so well the peculiar sensation he had experienced in looking at her. He handed her his card.

"My aunt, Mr. Edwards," she said, addressing an elderly lady who sat near. "It is very pleasant to meet any one who knows some of my set. I have not seen them for a good while. It seems a strange chance that I recognized Rose's well-remembered chirography."

And then she listened gladly to his account of his acquaintance with the three.

"You wonder at my being led about by

a pug dog?" she said, laughing, as his eyes wandered in that direction. "It has not a Greek air, has it? Well, I will tell you my secret. I love to be adored, and Nuisance adores me. By the by, he came very near being called Plato, but Professor Grey remonstrated and I thought I wouldn't. Permit me to give you a note of introduction to Mr. Grey," she added, and scribbling a few lines on a sheet of note paper, folded and handed it to him. "You tell me you are traveling without special purpose. Why not go in search of the Professor? An object of pursuit would give zest to your journeyings."

"And the other members of the Greek class," thought Howard, and the idea took hold on his mind.

So, in parting from his latest acquaintance, Miss Sidney March, he carried a letter of introduction to Miss Sarah Smith, who, tall, angular, and near-sighted, peered at him through steel-rimmed spectacles and entertained him with quotations from the ancients.

In striking contrast was the rotund, rosy Miss Dobson, with her infantile prattle and her gushing ways.

"I just hated Greek, you know," she said, giving a little giggle, and added with engaging frankness, "but I loved the Professor. You mayn't believe me, but I have not looked at a Greek book since I left college."

Howard accepted the statement in good faith, since he doubted if she had looked at a primer. Now at last he had completed his round and stood encircled, as it were, by a girdle, of which the clasp alone was wanting. In Miss Smith's serious expression, in the rounded outline of Miss Dobson's cheek, he traced their connection with the well-remembered picture; and both at his request furnished him with a few lines of introduction to Professor Grey.

The strange influences seemed more strongly at work. The "change of air" had scarcely accomplished its purpose, and

the young man dimly recognized the fact that he was threatened with a serious illness. His mind dwelt more and more on the subject which had engrossed his attention and framed the formula, in lieu of "see Naples and die," see the Professor and die. He searched the annals of history for a parallel to his case and found it in Henry VIII. "He at least may have had some realization of composite womanhood," mused the unfortunate youth, and, democratic American as he had always deemed himself, sighed for the imperial power which would have permitted him to taste this strange felicity.

"I believe I'll go home," he said to himself one day, "and give up this foolish quest." He was wandering on the outskirts of a New England town where he chanced to have stopped. The road, arched by leafy elms, wound along the banks of a swift stream. Howard stood and looked down upon the water. As he glanced up again he saw a young man advancing toward him, who had a brisk step, a lithe figure, and keen, pleasant face, with a strangely familiar look about it.

The latter hesitated on drawing near—"Pardon my addressing a stranger, but you look as if you were going to faint. I don't like to leave you. Can I do anything for you?" He had a vague fear that the unknown meditated throwing himself into the water.

"Thank you, I am feeling rather ill. I believe I'll go back to the hotel. But your face looks strangely familiar. May I inquire your name?"

"Henry Grey," answered the other.

Howard drew from his pocket six letters and tendered them to his companion. Grey burst into a laugh. Ah, I have heard of you, Mr. Edwards, but we'll talk this over later. You must come home with me. I don't wish to alarm you, my dear fellow, but you look utterly unfit to go further. Stay! I have an errand at a house just beyond here, and if you will wait a moment I'll rejoin you."

Howard acquiesced; there was a dizzy feeling in his head that precluded speech. He stood gazing at the stream, while the other's footsteps died away in the distance.

A moment more and a boat came in sight, a girl's supple figure bent to the even stroke of the oars. He started forward and, missing his footing, fell heavily into the water. An excellent swimmer, he was now incapable of helping himself. He sank, but as he rose again to the surface two firm, white hands laid hold of him, while bending over him he saw, ere he again lost consciousness, the haunting face of the composite photograph.

Convalescence in a luxurious home with kind and attentive friends around, especially when one of them is the woman who seems the realization of all one's dreams, is not without its charms, even to a young man of active mind and body, and Howard Edwards was inclined to feel very content with the stroke of fate that had thus placed him.

Too ill at first to furnish his own address, he soon gave such decided signs of recovery that it seemed unnecessary to send for his parents, and he intended shortly to start for home. Miss Grey's resemblance to the class photograph and to the face of his dreams was indeed striking.

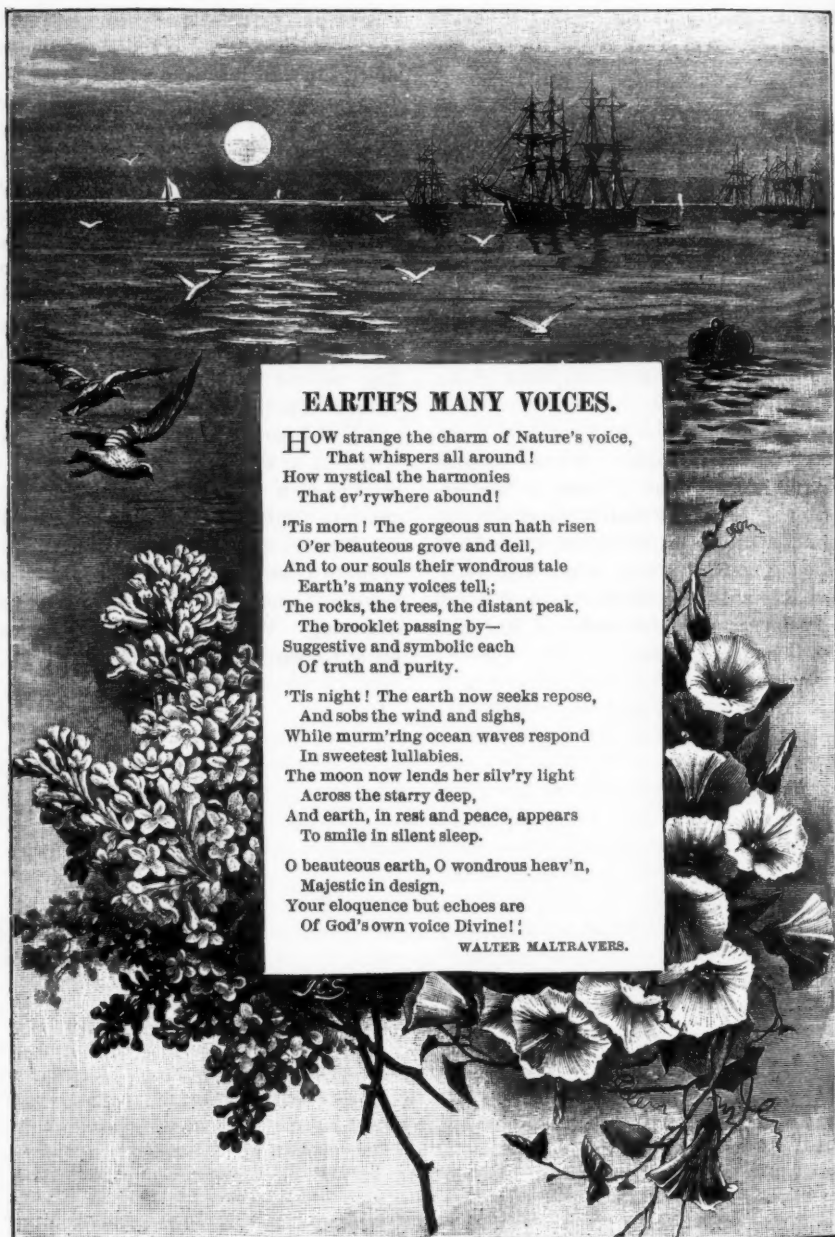
"I tell brother Henry," she said, with her mocking, musical laugh, "that I slipped in before the camera at the last moment, and no one knew of it. Not less than six fragile feminines would be equal to such a rudely, robust creature as I, or could have prevented your putting an end to yourself that day you jumped into the water."

"Fell," corrected Howard.

A year or two later, Mrs. Edwards remarked to a confidential friend, "Yes, I am very fond of Mary—(Howard's wife, you know)—but—she's peculiar."

As to Howard, if his wife could be accused of peculiarities, he thought them charming. Who but a composite woman could present such exquisite variety?

LEIGH NORTH.



EARTH'S MANY VOICES.

HOW strange the charm of Nature's voice,
That whispers all around !
How mystical the harmonies
That ev'rywhere abound !

'Tis morn ! The gorgeous sun hath risen
O'er beauteous grove and dell,
And to our souls their wondrous tale
Earth's many voices tell ;
The rocks, the trees, the distant peak,
The brooklet passing by—
Suggestive and symbolic each
Of truth and purity.

'Tis night ! The earth now seeks repose,
And sobs the wind and sighs,
While murmur'ring ocean waves respond
In sweetest lullabies.
The moon now lends her silv'ry light
Across the starry deep,
And earth, in rest and peace, appears
To smile in silent sleep.

O beauteous earth, O wondrous heav'n,
Majestic in design,
Your eloquence but echoes are
Of God's own voice Divine !

WALTER MALTRAVERS.

THREE OF THEM.

HE was but a poor old dog-tramp, and he strolled listlessly up a back street with head and tail down, his very hair having an air of hopelessness in its drooping fall.

He nosed along the street, picking up a scrap here and there, with no fixed or definite purpose; he might as well do that as anything else. The one thing in which he was rich, and in which he and the opposite extreme of dog society met on a common ground, was that of surplus time. Cold and hunger were his bosom friends, he had never parted from them, and a kind word from a human being he would have scarcely understood, and it would have been much more apt to have excited distrust in his benumbed senses than any other feeling.

Perhaps some dim instinct may have made itself felt at times that somehow or somewhere there might be a warm, comfortable spot where dogs could stretch at last and have plenty to eat, but this vision of dog paradise was fleeting, and the hard reality remained. He threw back his head with a dismal howl.

"Hello, old feller! what's the matter with you?" and an uncouth specimen of humanity stooped and stretched out his rough, dirty hand.

The animal drew back with a low growl, not of anger, but of doubt, and stood on the defensive, his lean sides still aching from more than one stone bruise.

"Humph! you needn't give yourself such airs, mister dog," said the croaking voice again; "I know I aint very nice to

look at, but you aint any better than me; come here, I say."

The dog-tramp drew back, surveying his human brother, and this is what the dog saw:

A man, apparently of thirty-five years or thereabouts, clad, not in clothes, but rags, the wintry wind fluttering them at its own pleasure, and seeking out the holes and crevices with so good a will that the cold hands were plunged deeper in his ragged pockets, his teeth chattering audibly. An old coat of indescribable color, or, more truly speaking, of no color at all, was buttoned, where it could be, tightly about him, and a forlorn woollen scarf wound around his neck and tucked into the coat took the place of a shirt. His shoes and feet were fast parting company, and his head was covered with a dilapidated hat in the last stage of ruin.

He had strolled along the street in much the same manner as had the dog, his thoughts not very different. So stand the two tramps, the man and the dog, each a little on the defensive, yet meeting on a common ground. Perhaps it was this unconscious understanding that gradually decreased the distrust with which each regarded the other, and led to the dog's relinquishing his defensive attitude and submitting to a rough caress on the side of his human counterpart. This small feeler of confidence having found a support whereabouts to twine, sent out other and more vigorous shoots, culminating in a bond of friendship, sworn and subscribed to by these outcasts of the world, for

meeting on a common ground, after all, produces the most thorough understanding and firmest foundation for comradeship. The short winter afternoon was rapidly drawing to a close, and every prospect stared the two wanderers in the face of going supperless to bed.

The man thrust his dirty hands deep down into pockets inexpressibly ragged, then withdrew them with a short, hoarse chuckle, not of disappointment, but of ridicule, at the absurdity of supposing that there would have been anything to find. Meanwhile his four-footed companion had picked a bone out of the gutter and had fallen to crunching it up, eating it with evident relish.

"You're right again, pard," his quondam master soliloquized, "the world does owe us a livin', so here goes," and slouching up to the nearest gate-bell he rang its shrill summons. There was no response, and again he rang; still no answer. By this time his anger was aroused, and with a smothered curse at the unequal ways of God and man, he pulled the bell violently, not once, but twice or thrice, until the very wire jangled and clashed as if about to break in twain.

There came a sound of unbolting of doors, a quick, pattering tread along the bricks of the yard, a scuffling sound about the fence, and a face peered over the top of the gate down at the angry tramp.

"What do you want, please?" piped a shrill, childish voice.

"Open your gate," was the tramp's reply, in brutal tones.

"Please, I can't do nothing of the kind; she told me I wasn't to do nothing like that, no matter who came," replied the little voice in a still higher key, the last words rendered indistinct by the sudden disappearance of the face below the line of vision, the small fingers clinging convulsively to the top of the gate.

"Hello, what's got ye?" called the tramp, which question was answered by the reappearance of the little, white face

once again over the top of the gate, presaged by the same scuffling noise as before.

"Please, sir, what do you want? I haint got no place for my feet, and I aint big enough to see you any other way," the ambiguity of the phrase not preventing a thorough understanding of the meaning.

"I say, kid," replied the man, "you run right and get me some supper, me and my dog, or I'll eat you, body and skin, and give your bones to my dog for his supper," which ferocious speech was made more emphatic by a pulling up of his ragged sleeve and an ominous-looking knife, which he hungrily sharpened on his hand.

There was a faint, terrified cry of response, a loosening of the clinging hands, and a fall inside the yard, then a sound of subdued weeping—no childlike cries of pain, but a quiet, repressed sobbing, that told of awe instilled by hard daily usage. Oh! pitiful sight and sound of tears that issue from such a bitter fountain of experience.

"What's the matter with you," inquired the gruff tones from outside the gate, but with a softer strain visible in their coarseness.

"Please, sir, it aint nothing; I'm used to fallin' down; I'm always a-doin' of it, and I don't mean no harm by it, please; don't be mad at me and I'll get you somethin' right off, sir," and the child, hampered by slipshod shoes an ocean too large for her, clattered up the yard in the direction of the house, to return in a few moments, treading more slowly, as if bearing a burden to be cared for. A slower and more labored scuffling preceded the appearance of the child's face, for only one thin hand was at her disposal to aid her in her ascent, for the other, holding a small tin pail, was held out to her terrifying visitor with the request:

"Please, sir, won't you be sure to give me back the pail, for she'll kill me if I

don't give it to her when she comes back."

The tramp meanwhile had inspected the contents with evident dissatisfaction, and then angrily tossed them to the dog, who quickly devoured the small amount.

"Here now," the tramp called, more angry than ever, "you can't fool me that way. I aint goin' to stand no nonsense. What do you mean by givin' a gentleman like me stuff he only gives to his dog?"

The white, pinched face over the gate worked painfully, and large tears rolled down the thin cheeks.

"Oh! dear, oh! dear," the child sobbed, "you have gave the dog my supper. I'm 'most dead, I'm so hungry, and now all my supper's gone, and I aint had but a piece of bread since mornin'," and the owner of the face sat down on the bricks in the yard and cried bitterly, but under her breath, in terror of the rapacious creature who stood on the other side of the board partition, and in evident dread of an outburst of threats and possibly more terrifying actions on the part of her visitor.

Dead silence, however, reigned, and gradually the little creature gathered together sufficient courage to quietly arise and apply her eyes to a knothole in the fence.

The great, gruff man was standing quietly looking down into the tin pail, as though he had seen therein something unsuspected and absorbing. Finally he shook himself, drew a shivering breath, and giving the pail a toss that sent it flying over the fence into the yard, and impelled the child to flee toward the house in terrified haste, he turned away, whistled to the dog at his heels, and strolled up the street in an uncertain, wavering manner. His pace slackened more and more, he paused hesitatingly, and finally retracing his steps until again opposite the place from whence he started, he halted and called out.

"Hello, there, kid."

The call had evidently been heard, for the face reappeared over the top of the gate, and the piping voice again replied in tones of more assurance, but still of distress, "Oh! dear, oh! dear, I thought you'd gone quite away, sir. What do you want now? for indeed, I aint got nothin' more for you, no more," the fact that her visitor had at least returned the pail, and her consequent relief, resulting in a less timid frame of mind.

"Say, Sis," the man queried, "what kind of a woman do you live with?"

"Sometimes she's real nice," replied the child.

"An' most of times she aint," added the man, *sotto voce*.

"Is that the kind of suppers you mostly get?" continued the interrogator.

"Oh! when she's home, I gets what she leaves, an' it's real nice too, but then she goes out, she does, to spend the day with her friends, and then she leaves me some-thin' to eat like to-day. There wasn't no more in the house or I guess she'd a-left me more."

"She aint your mar, is she?" again went on the catechizer.

"My mar?" replied the child, with an elfish laugh, so void of mirth that it sounded dismally out of place from the childish lips, "I never had no mar. I guess she must a died afore I was born. I never seen nothin' of her nowhere."

"Well, all I've got to say, that woman what owns you is a daisy and no mistake. I'm awful sorry she don't own me; I'd make it lively for her, you bet."

"'Deed, an' you'd say she's a daisy if you was to see her silk dress; it's just beautiful, so it is," the child said, earnestly, "an' when she aint a-lookin' I love to rub my hands on it, it's just lovely," which opinion was delivered with an unfeigned and unconscious delight in the satisfaction of look and touch.

The man laughed with a hoarse chuckle. "You're just like all the rest of the gals,

anyhow," and then continued, regarding her as he might have done any other natural curiosity: "See here, kid, do you think you could eat a real good dinner if you had one?"

"A real good dinner!" exclaimed the child, the white light of delight rendering radiant her worn face. "Oh! my gracious. I never had one in all my life! You don't mean *turkey*, sir, do you?" the noun being spoken under her breath, as though too unapproachable and sacred to be uttered aloud.

"Deed, then, just turkey and cranberry sauce and plum pudding."

As the man's voice croaked forth these dainties, the large eyes grew larger, the hands clinging to the gate loosened their hold, and down on the ground the listener dropped in very weakness of happiness, but only for a moment, for there was a quick scramble, the little head reappeared, and the piping voice replied:

"I never thought of all that at once afore, mister, and I just can't believe it; 'taint for the likes o' me, sir, but for them like her," pointing over her shoulder toward the house.

"Never you mind, Sis," the man replied; "you're just as good to eat turkey and such like as the woman what owns you; guess she can't help your havin' teeth and a stomach, if she don't give you nothin' to work on. Never you mind," he continued, in a tone of mystery, "if you're here and I ever gets a square meal myself, I'll see you'll have one too, and don't you forget it."

"Then I'm not to have it to-night, sir?" the child replied, mournfully; "I thought as how you meant right now, and I'm awful hungry—'deed I am—and you gave the doggie all my supper."

The man turned hastily away, turning up his ragged collar about his ears, and pulling his dilapidated hat down over his eyes.

The child watched him anxiously. Was this vision of Heaven and turkey to glide away and be lost forever? She gathered

together her courage (how little she found!) and called:

"O mister! mister! do wait a minit. You aint mad at me, are you? Aint you never coming back no more?"

"Yes, I'll be back some day," the man replied, over his shoulder, still moving away, with the dog following in his wake; then, as if prompted by a softer feeling, he returned to the gate, and, laying his big, dirty hand on the thin fingers of the child, said, with a certain touch of solemnity in his tones:

"I'll come back to ye, sure. I can't tell when, and it may be a good while, for a poor devil like me don't often get a meal himself, but I swear, if ever I have one, I'll see you have one too. Good-bye, kid," he continued, in a lighter tone; "don't let that daisy what owns you rub it in too hard. If she does, kick her, bite her, steal from her—do anything," and with this precious injunction he turned once again, and this time was gone for good, followed by an awe-stricken whisper from the child of:

"Goody gracious! what an awful man he be!"

Days passed into weeks, weeks into months, and the little, wan face grew thinner and thinner, and a more wistful look became habitual in the large eyes, but hope never deserted the heart of the little creature, who made many a trip to the back gate, and who lost herself in many a blissful reverie of good to come in which visions of roasts and sweets became so vivid that the air seemed filled with their delicious odor, and from which she would be suddenly awakened by a high-pitched voice from the house, recalling her to a sense of reality. Never was she discouraged, never did her faith waver. "He will come to-morrow," she said softly to herself, "and maybe, oh! maybe, he'll bring the turkey with him."

It was the unquestioning, absolute trust of childhood that kept the breath of life in her little, starved frame that winter.

He had said he would come back; of course he would—sometime—and she was quite used to waiting. The dreamy visions that the words of her visitor had opened up to her were a new sensation in her life, and sufficed her for the time being. The fact of *looking forward* was to her a novelty. Never before in her short life had an objective point in the future presented itself, and she reveled in its delight as if possessed of a treasure.

As each day drew to a disappointing close she whispered to herself, "He will come to-morrow, and perhaps he will bring the turkey," and the vision of that turkey grew under her imagination into a gigantic bird, restfully reposing upon his back, his legs and wings neatly folded at his sides, a delicious brown overspreading his fair proportions, and giving forth an aroma to which the combined spices and perfumes of the Orient sank into complete insignificance.

Meanwhile, the object of her hopes plodded along, he and his dog, swelling by two more that great, restless body of humanity who are forever "moving on"—restless, dissatisfied, hopeless, lost to decency and self-respect by the very idleness and shiftlessness that had brought human beings to such a pass and kept them in so wretched a condition.

'Twas the afternoon of a bright, beautiful spring-day; the first birds had arrived, and were as busy as could be over their building and family matters; tremulous lights and shadows, only seen in this blue-bird and daffodil season of the year, quivered beneath the trees and across the bare, brown hills. The freshness of the young season flung its pure influence far and wide, and unconsciously awakened in the bosom of the rough man sitting on the bank of a rushing stream a strange and unusual sense of his own incongruity to his environment. "You and me's good and dirty, aint we, Rags?" he spoke to the equally uncouth canine at his side.

The dog-tramp looked up brightly, and his stumpy tail wagged a response. Little cared he. There was nothing the matter with him that he could see; he had never known any difference, and had always taken life as it came. No visions disturbed his mind of a wasted career, of affections lavished upon him that had been carelessly, nay, brutally, thrust aside, of opportunities wasted, and dissipation finishing the work that idleness had commenced; no thought of what might have been, of the happy home and children's voices that could have welcomed him on perhaps just such an evening as the present one, no mad regret for loss of respect of self and others disturbed the calm of his canine mind, but his affectionate heart could understand that his master was in trouble, and his cold nose was thrust between the dirty hands that hid the dim eyes and unshaven face away from the clear, bright light.

Finally the man looked up at his brute counterpart. There was a white, desperate look on his face, but the dog could not read in such small type, and only frisked about delighted to once again behold the face of his master.

"'Taint no use livin', Rags," said his master; "it's only hunger an' dirt an' kicks an' fightin', and 'taint no use fightin' when you haint got nothin' to get for it; guess the world aint got no use for ones like you an' me, Rags, and we might as well peg out together." So saying, he reached out toward the dog. There was a look, however, in his master's eye that Rags did not like, so he trotted off a few steps and then stood on the defensive.

The man threw a stone after him with a muttered malediction, and resuming his sitting position drew from his ragged coat-pocket an old, torn wallet, black with age and grime. First he took therefrom a paper, yellow with age. It proved a marriage certificate of one William Warner to one Phoebe Spalding in the

parish church of —, Yorkshire, England, in the year of our Lord —. The dirty fingers smoothed the paper out carefully and laid it by his side, placing on it a stone to weight it against the wind.

"Poor, old parties," he muttered, under his breath, "guess they was glad to turn their toes up to the dasies with such a son as me."

Next he drew forth a newer looking document, a certificate of the birth of "William Warner, Jr., son of William and Phoebe Warner, born in the parish of —, Yorkshire, England, in the year of our Lord —."

A grim, joyless smile overspread the reader's face.

"Lord, what a kid I was, to be sure, Rags. You'd never catch me mindin' any one, you bet, Rags, and I nearly gave 'em fits, I did, Rags, but it didn't do me much good that I can see."

This second paper was smoothed out and laid with the first under the stone.

Next came a little, poorly taken photograph, nearly obliterated by stains of dirt and weather. The dying sunlight slanted across it, revealing a girlish figure and face of purity. The man gazed long and earnestly upon it. Finally, laying it down with a sigh, he spoke: "You allus was a nice gal, Ellen, an' I s'pose I might 'a' had you if I'd only let the stuff alone. Rags, look here," he continued, goaded into communication in his hour of need, if his listener was only a dog, "d'ye see that?" turning the picture toward Rags, who looked first at his master and then at what he held in his hand, wondering in that dumb way of his as to the queer behavior of mortals generally.

"See here, Rags," his master continued, "I heard she died last year, so I went to wher' I knew they'd bury her, and stood off in the shadow of the trees till they got through, and then the boss of the place came up and told me to move off, as they didn't allow tramps on that ground. Well, Rags, they won't be

troubled with my carcass, for the fish 'ill get me afore they does." So saying he stooped, and picking up the papers, replaced them, together with the photograph, in the greasy wallet, tied it securely with a string, and once more laid it down beside him. Then he sat for many moments looking intently into the rushing water beneath him, the white, set look on his face growing intensely.

Finally he looked up decisively, with a grim determination in his set lips and clinched teeth. "Now's the time, Rags, and if you won't come along, get out of my road and don't bother me. Good-bye, old pard; won't be long afore you'll find a better master nor me," so taking up a large stone, he threw it at the dog. A shrill yelp of pain testified to the accuracy of his aim, and sent Rags full speed in the opposite direction from whence it came.

"Now to be quick about it before Rags gets back," muttered the tramp. He picked up the wallet, wrapped it in a torn piece of crumpled newspaper, and proceeded to dig a hole wherein its secrets might be consigned forever to the earth and out of all human ken.

"'Twon't do to let the coroner get that," he muttered; "if I don't care for myself the old name sha'n't suffer."

He was about depositing the wallet in its tomb when he suddenly clutched the paper tightly: "Wa—wa—what's this?" he stammered. The lines of print were intermingled by his shaking hand; "what's this?" he repeated in a startled whisper. "That's my name, sure as I'm alivin'! what's it mean," and down he went on the grass and deciphered the following notice, which had fixed his eyes in the piece of newspaper he had just wound about his wallet:

"Wanted, the children of William Warner, and Phoebe, his wife, who died at —, Yorkshire, England, in the year of our Lord —. Apply to Hutton and Keeley, Bradford, Yorkshire, England, or

to their agent, No. — Chambers St., New York city."

Over and over again the mystified tramp read this notice. What did it mean? Then he re-read it, not once, but many times. In the meantime Rags had returned and was prowling about, as usual, but keeping a wary eye upon the movements of his master.

"What does it mean?" again queried the tramp. "Ho! ho! ho! p'raps it's a fortin', and for the likes o' me too; my eyes! what a lark; but p'raps, an' that's the likely turn, they want to jug me. No, it can't be that neither, for I haint done nothing yet to be jugged for 'cept to wander round this ere way, must be t'other, and if it was—hello! that's so!" he exclaimed, slapping his leg, "that little gal shall have her dinner sure as I'm a livin' man. Come 'long, Rags," he called, rising; "guess we'll put it off till I've asked these ere gentlemen about this rum game, for I'm the son of old Warner, sure's you live." So, carefully placing the slip of soiled newspaper in his wallet with the rest of his treasures, he whistled for Rags, and together they tramped on toward the Mecca of their pilgrimage.

The sun was setting in a bank of clouds low down in the west, and streamed from behind the threatening black mass in a bordering of bright gold, while up into this parting glory gazed a pair of sad eyes, the owner of which murmured to herself,

"My, my, what a wonderful place that must be. I wonder if any sassy gals like me is up there. Don't b'lieve there is. She says I'm that sassy I aint fit to live nowhere. She's awful naggin', she is, and I didn't never know how to be perlit; haint never had nobody to show me how, guess that's why."

And drawing a heavy sigh, a pitiful sigh for so small a creature, she took her seat on the top step of the two or three that led up to the back yard from the little street.

Gradually the glow in the western sky died out, and with it the light in the tired eyes; softly the shadows of night descended on the earth, but no more softly than did the child's weary lids, and she slumbered on peacefully, with the quiet moonlight laying a kindly, hiding touch upon her miserable dress and careworn face.

How long she slept she never knew. By and by a man came up the small street, looking carefully at the back gate of each house as he passed along. There was an air of expectancy on his face, and the police at the corner watched him closely for a few moments, until he halted in front of the sleeping child. So standing, he watched her calm and quiet, but, oh! so thin and pale, yet the look of childhood in this, her sleeping hour, cast its pure lustre over her pinched features and showed the clean soul within.

"It's good to look at something innocent sometimes," muttered the man, in a gruff voice, then aloud; "wake up, kid, I'll make you look happy, for I've come to take you to get that turkey."

The child awoke with a scream on her lips; the rough shake of her visitor belied his kind words.

"'Deed, sir, I aint done no' harm," she spoke, in trembling remonstrance, for how could it have been possible in her limited existence to expect aught else than roughness. She sat up wearily, a dim shape loomed up beside her, and as it turned its shadowy face the light from the moon struck full upon it.

"Oh! my, oh! my, it's the turkey! it's the turkey what's come at last," and with a scream of delight she rushed into the arms ready to receive her.

The policeman was far enough away by this time, the man in the moon didn't say one word, only screwed up his visage in his own remarkable way, and only Rags commented on the episode in a series of short, sharp barks.

"Come on, Sis," uttered the Turkey, in

his rasping tones, "you aint got no time to lose if you don't want that ere woman o' yourn to catch you; never mind your clothes. I'll get you all you want, an' don't you forgit it. I've got lots of tin now, kid, an'—"

"But you'll be sure not to forget the turkey," piped the little voice, thin as the starved body.

"Turkey be d—d," quoth her companion, irreverently; "you can eat his mar and par and all the rest of his family, too, if you wants to."

This vision of the Promised Land swept away with its golden glory the last scruple of the child.

With a deep sigh of satisfaction she placed her claw-like hand in the great one of the stalwart man, and they went out into "that new world which is the old," with Rags, a suitable Cerberus for this strangely assorted pair, whose lives, drawn together and consolidated by a mutual misery, were henceforth to sail in company down the broad river of time.

H. S. ATWATER.

OUR MEXICAN BABY.

I WAS sitting in the study off the school-room when little Floy Walker rushed excitedly in.

"O Luella!" cried she, "such a funny new girl has just come, and Madame Gorique wants you at once."

I was one of the older girls and to a certain extent dependent on stern Madame Gorique, who had put the younger scholars in my charge, so I walked very quickly down-stairs, not very well pleased with the prospect of a new girl for my department. However, when I saw the poor little object standing in the long hall being stared at by the cruelest eyes of thirty school-girls—and one who has had no experience with them is not able to imagine the amount of concentrated cruelty contained in a school-girl's stare—my heart melted at once.

Poor madame, in perfect despair, turned to me as I appeared on the landing.

"What shall we do with her, Luella? I cannot understand her at all. She is from Mexico; the Consul sent her here."

Turning to the child, I asked her name.

"Angela Palacios," said she, speaking in very broken English, but in a sweet, musical voice that appealed to me at once.

"And your age?"

"E am fifteen," putting her little hand in mine confidently, as though she had found a friend. She was such a tiny thing, I took her on my lap and held the poor little feet clad in thin-soled boots up to the warm blaze. The pretty fire in the old-fashioned fireplace seemed to enchant her, and we soon became very friendly.

"I think she had better room with you for the present, Luella," said Madame Gorique, coming into my room that evening. "I am so relieved to discover that some one can understand the little monkey."

So I kept the little Angela with me. There were many things about her that puzzled me. She did not appreciate the fairy stories I read to her, which were the delight of the other girls, or even the cakes and buns, which appeal so directly to every child's heart. Night after night

she would put her arms around my neck and cry in such a pitiful way (from homesickness, I thought), I pitied the poor child and did all in my power to make her happier. One day I found her crying in the study and I asked her if she missed her mother so much."

"Ugh! no; I hate her," said she, with a vehemence which startled me. But I said to myself, "The Spanish are so vindictive. The mother and father do not agree, and she probably takes his side." A few days after, however, I came into the room and saw her kiss the picture of a very handsome but rather common-looking man, who looked about thirty years old.

She put it hastily in the case, and told me it was a very dear brother, who was dead.

"And I was so fond of him," said she, "he was so handsome and good."

"How long ago did he die?"

"Ah me! three years ago my darling brother Juan went out on his beautiful black horse to our rancho—you know—farm, I mean. Alas! when he was returning, Pietro, the horse, threw him and he was brought home with a great cut in his forehead—dead! Ah! I have never been happy since; he was my all; my beloved."

She was such a pretty, sweet little thing, with her big black eyes, that I grew to love her dearly, although several things occurred which led me to suspect that she was deceitful, but I always said to myself, "She is such a child, and Spanish nurses have such a bad influence over children." Brooklyn is always lovely in the spring, and little Angela, after the winter was past, began to enjoy our bright city immensely. I noticed another fact about her, however, that worried me greatly—Angela liked to flirt! Coming up Fulton Street in the afternoons, she would look demurely at the young men with her great black eyes. I reproved her several times, but it had no effect; she said so innocently that she did not mean

to do anything, that I could not bear to enlighten her as to the meaning of flirtations.

During all this time we received but one note from Mexico in regard to her, and that from her mother, saying to return all letters addressed to Angela to them, which Madame Gorique did, although to my American soul this seemed very tyrannical. The Consul paid all her bills regularly, and allowed us a liberal sum with which to make the necessary changes in her wardrobe. We banished the high-heeled Spanish shoes, which were an inch too short for her, the crape bonnet with its long black veil which she had worn since her father's death, and the funny mitts, and she now looked like a very pretty American girl.

One Saturday, madame, being in an unusually amiable mood, allowed me to take Angela to New York. I had several errands to do, and it was so late when I started to return that I was worried for fear that madame would be angry. We were walking rapidly down Broadway when we almost ran into a young man whose handsome, dark face looked remarkably like Angela's picture of her brother. He gave a little start as he glanced at us, but Angela took no notice of him, so the incident soon passed from my mind. She was progressing rapidly in her studies and spoke English very well. I was very proud of her and we all called her Our Mexican Baby, for she was the youngest in the school, Floy Walker being two months older. She struck up a great friendship with the waiter, Augustus; how she did it none of us could ever discover, for we all stood in great awe of him, even madame herself rather feared him. He had such a stately, pompous air that one actually hated to ask him to pass the butter or to do any trivial thing of that kind; in fact, little Floy confided to me the secret that she did not even dare to ask for a second glass of water at dinner. However, madame kept him because of his austerity

and age (sixty), there being no danger, consequently, of his eloping with any of the girls. He was devoted to our little Angela, though, and one evening I came suddenly upon them in the hall and could almost have sworn that I saw him hand her a note. Wild thoughts of coachmen elopements flashed through my mind. I gave one look at Augustus and dismissed all such thoughts as ridiculous.

"Augustus just gave me the Consul's card, which was left for me yesterday," said Angela, smiling; "he had forgotten it," and I, being busy preparing for an outing to Central Park which we were to have the next day, told her to go up-stairs and amuse herself with my books until I came.

The next day was very pleasant and the girls all enjoyed their trip. We stayed much later than usual, as madame had an invitation to dine with some friends near the Park, and, being very fond of good eating, she did not return until nearly seven. It was just dusk. We left the cars, as usual, near the ferry. Oh! such a crowd hurrying every way, we were all separated but met at last near the boat—all but Angela!

"Merciful Heavens!" said madame, "the child is lost!"

She blamed me at once for it, said my carelessness was dreadful, and at last decided to leave me at the ferry while she returned to the school with the girls. I waited until nearly nine o'clock, and then, truly miserable over the whole affair, decided to go home. Madame was almost wild when she found that I had returned without Angela. I found the Consul in the parlor talking with her. We had been there but a few minutes when the bell rang and in walked Angela with the original of the photograph.

"Thes is my husband!" said she.

"But the story you told me about your brother?" cried I.

"Oh!" laughed Angela, "that was my imagination. My darling Juan was our gardener in Mexico."

Alas! it was but too true. Madame fainted, the Consul raged, but it didn't help the matter. She had been sent to us to prevent their eloping; however, he had worked his way to New York, and after much contriving had married Our Mexican Baby.

MARIE MARVIN HUBBELL.

THE ORPHAN OF IDAHO.*

BY

ISADORE ROGERS.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR several weeks Frederick Dale had been at college. He had tried persistently to banish the apprehension of impending evil by tireless study and pleasant day-dreams of a happy future, when he had won collegiate honors and fitted himself for a place among men, where he hoped to be able to win a name that even the proud and exclusive Mrs. Dexter might esteem worthy to be given to the fair girl of her adoption. But who can tell what a day may bring forth?

A letter was handed to him one morning, and, eagerly breaking the seal, he read: "Your father is prostrated with brain fever; your presence is desired at once."

A few hours later he stood beside his father's couch.

The sick man was wildly delirious, and it was not long ere the son had correctly surmised from his ravings that financial embarrassment was at the foundation of his present condition.

For successive days and nights he shared the responsibilities of the sick-room with his mother, unwilling to leave the care of the suffering man to another for ever so brief a period, but all was unavailing. He had kept his trouble to himself, hoping by superhuman exertions to pass the crisis before the members of his household should be aware of its existence, until the tired brain had given

way before the constant strain and exhausted nature could not survive it, and in a few days he passed away, leaving his wife and son completely crushed by the sorrow that had so unexpectedly fallen upon them.

And soon after their bereavement came the failure of the great manufacturing establishment in which he was a proprietor. Then came a severe attack of Mrs. Dale's former malady, developing into a settled case of spinal difficulty for which there was no remedy, making her a helpless invalid, unable to rise from her chair without assistance.

At first it seemed to Frederick as if the sudden responsibility so unexpectedly thrown upon him would crush him into the earth, but for many of us Fate has pointed to a mountain of difficulties, saying "Remove them;" and while we stood repeating, "I cannot, the thing is impossible," we espied an avalanche of circumstances coming straight toward us, and realized that we must move the mountain or be crushed against it, and, some way, without having time to question from whence it came, the strength was given us and the seeming difficulties removed.

Rousing himself from the stupor or bewilderment into which the terrible sorrow had thrown him, he went resolutely to work to get the financial affairs to their actual basis. After discharging every

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honorable obligation, there was enough remaining with which to purchase a quiet little cottage in the suburbs of the city, and furniture enough to give the rooms at least a resemblance to those of their old home, and when everything was in readiness, thither they went from the home of their former luxury.

He maintained an outward calmness, appearing sometimes almost like stolidity, for it seemed at periods as if every faculty was numbed and deadened almost beyond the power of suffering, but when everything pertaining to the new household was complete, he went to his own room, and, closing it against all chance of intrusion, he sat down to try to realize the situation and to form some plan for future action. The incidents of the last few days had seemed like a horrible dream, but now, in the silence and loneliness of that room every faculty seemed to revive, every thought to waken with a vivid, torturing sense of reality, until it seemed as if heart and brain would burst in that bitter, tearless agony.

But there was no time to be lost—scarcely a moment for thought preceding action. His mother was his first care. She must never know want or privation as long as he had health or strength to interpose. He could find employment for their maintenance, but all the bright dreams of future happiness were completely dispelled by the cruel bereavement that had so crushingly fallen upon him.

There seemed to be no beauty in the flowers, no music in song, no glory in the sunshine.

A thought of the sweet girl for whose sake he meant to carve out a future fame and win laurels to lay at her feet, came flitting across his mind.

"I can never be worthy of her now," he said, in bitter, despairing tones, and, laying his head down upon the table before him, he sobbed in all the convulsive agony that a strong man can feel. Every joy, every happiness, every bright antici-

pation gone out in utter darkness. "Nothing left me but agony and despair," he reflected. "No hope! no happiness! and prolonged life only means prolonged misery, and wretchedness so great that were it not for mother's sake I would gladly cast it aside."

The manly form seemed almost convulsed by the sobs that shook his frame in that terrible struggle with his overwhelming grief.

It was the first time that he had given way to his emotions, and it seemed as if the storm that stirred his very soul never would subside again; but at length he rose and made a strong effort to control his agitation, and when confident that he could do so without any exciting demonstration of emotion, he sought his mother's presence.

She was alone, absorbed in her own sorrowful reflections, and as he took a seat by her side the tears gushed from her eyes as she said:

"I am only a useless burden to you, my son; it seems so hard that your youth should be blighted by the care of a helpless invalid like myself, who can be no help, no comfort, only a depressing weight upon your hands, holding you down when you might rise, were it not for the hopeless burden which my life imposes upon you. Oh! that I might be laid to rest by his side."

"Mother," he said, laying his hand caressingly upon the drooping head, "only a little more than twenty-two years ago I was far more helpless and dependent than you are now; did you look upon me as a useless incumbrance of which it were well to be rid? and now, when you are all I have to live for, is it kind in you to want to go and leave me utterly alone in this dark and dreary world? Can you imagine how terribly lonely this world would be to me if you were gone, and I could not have the comforting thought that you are left to welcome me when I come within these sheltering walls, which, humble as they

are, still bear the hallowed name of home? And what is home without a mother?"

He could not wholly repress the tremor in his tones, and with a violent burst of weeping, she exclaimed:

"O my son! if I only *could* believe myself a help to you, what a consolation it would be to me."

"Mother, you are all I have to live for, and you must help me; I need your presence to sustain and strengthen me, and were it not for you I should not even care to live," he answered, despondently.

There was a light tap at the door, and a moment later Daisy had entered the room. Her beautiful face was beaming with health and the excitement of her walk, and instead of speaking words of condolence, as an elder person would have done, she made no mention of their bereavement and misfortune, but after affectionately greeting Mrs. Dale, she extended her hand to Frederick in her own familiar, childlike manner, saying:

"I am so glad to see you again. Fred, I have missed you almost as much as if it had been Aunt Josephine herself. I didn't know what a help you were to me until you were really gone, and I have perplexed my brain and racked my mind over those long, hard problems, until sometimes I have pushed aside my books in despair, saying, 'I never *can* graduate if Fred don't come back and help me,' and for a few moments I would be down-right angry with you for going away, and then I would say to myself, 'And so, Miss Selfishness, you would deprive Fred of all the advantages of a collegiate education in order to appropriate his time and talents to your own use,' and then I would say, 'No; I wouldn't,' and go to work again to solve them myself, but it does seem as if I can never learn them without you."

"How far have you progressed, Daisy?" he asked, his mind momentarily diverted from his sorrow by her schoolgirl conversation.

She opened her book and found the place, for she was on her way home from school.

"You have done well, remarkably well," he said, as he glanced at the page.

"I should have done better if you had been here," she replied; "look at this, now, I have worked upon it so long," and she handed him a sheet of paper covered with figures.

He took it, glanced over it with a scholarly understanding of its difficulties, pointed out her errors, made a few brief explanations, and as she received it from his hand, she exclaimed:

"You have saved me an hour's work, and it is all perfectly plain to me now, and I am so thankful. But when do you go away again?"

"I cannot go, Daisy," he answered, with a slight tremor in his voice, for the sight of her sweet face and familiar, unembarrassed conversation, so like the little girl that he had known so long, made him realize even more keenly the great loss that his misfortunes involved.

"Perhaps you do not know that our fortune has been swept away, and I must find a place to work instead of going to college."

"This humble cot is all we have," said Mrs. Dale, with a burst of tears.

"My dear lady," said the young girl, laying her hand caressingly upon the sorrowing woman's head, "she who has a son like yours can never be poor. Think what a help and strength he is to you, and this little cot seems more pleasant to me than any costly parlor that I know. Is it not so, Frederick? Is not the ray of heaven's own sunshine even now struggling to cast its radiance through the clouds?"

"Your presence brings the sunshine, Daisy, but when you are gone, I fear that I shall look in vain for rainbow tints upon our clouded sky," he said, despondently, for life seemed doubly drear when he thought of the great gulf of social distinction that rolled between them, separat-

ing them almost as completely as if it had been the river of death.

"If my presence brings the sunshine, you shall have it often," she answered, cheerily, "and if you are going to stay, you will help me with my studies as you used to do."

"I will gladly help you," he answered, thinking it could be no harm to linger in the sunlight of her presence now, when he so sorely needed comfort, and by and by, when the first shock of misfortune and bereavement should have worn away, he would be stronger, better able to bear the separation which he knew must come, when some wealthy suitor came to claim her, with luxury and splendor enough to satisfy her aunt's ambitions.

But who ever knew chains to grow weaker by wearing them?

This fresh young life, unclouded by care or responsibility, so free and frank and truthful, seemed to bring a healing balm to their bruised and aching hearts, and when at length she left them, saying she really must go, lest her aunt should become anxious in her absence, and promising to come with her problems on the following evening, they both felt cheered and strengthened by her visit.

"Only true friends will remember us now," said Mrs. Dale, with a sigh, "and it is more than I expected of Mrs. Dexter, she is so very exclusive."

"We have deserved no slight from any one, mother. We have honorably discharged every obligation, and there is not a shadow upon my father's good name, and our misfortune came through no fault of ours. We can bear poverty much easier than dishonor, mother," replied Frederick, comforted by the thought that the friendship which he most prized still remained to bless and to cheer him.

"Where have you been, dear?" asked Mrs. Dexter, as Daisy made her appearance after school an hour later than usual.

"I have been to see Mrs. Dale. Their

new home is only a short distance from the seminary, and I thought I would call while I was so near; we never use much formality in our visits to her, you know," replied the niece, throwing down her books in schoolgirl fashion.

"*Daisy Hilliard!* have you been down upon that unfashionable street," demanded Mrs. Dexter, looking at the girl as she might have done had she suspected her of committing a highway robbery.

"Yes, auntie, what of it?" she asked, not comprehending why the simple fact of having made a call upon an unfashionable street, at an unfashionable hour, should evoke such displeasure upon the part of her aunt.

"Daisy, have you not observed that I have never taken you to call in any of those obscure localities? Didn't you notice that there were no grand and stately residences, no indications of wealth or luxury anywhere in that neighborhood?" she asked.

"No, auntie, I thought nothing about it, I only thought how pretty and tasteful the cottages looked with grassy yards and fragrant flowers; everything seemed so quiet and restful, that I did not even notice the absence of splendor, and besides, your old-time friend, Mrs. Dale lives there, and I went to see *her*," replied the girl, explainingly.

"Daisy," said Mrs. Dexter, impressively, "*my friends* do not live in little cottages upon unfashionable streets."

"What do you mean? Mrs. Dale was surely there!" said the girl, unable to understand this paradoxical statement.

"Daisy," said Mrs. Dexter, seriously, "until the present time it has been unnecessary for me to explain to you that when a family loses its fortune it also loses its social position, and people among the upper circles are no longer expected to associate with them."

"Why, auntie, I don't think they were expecting me, but *now* is the time when they need their friends; it did not matter

so much when they were prosperous and happy, but now, when trouble and bereavement are upon them, if one little hour of our time brings ever so small a ray of sunshine across their clouded sky, should we not give it ungrudgingly?" she asked, frankly.

"You talk like the irresponsible girl that you are," exclaimed Mrs. Dexter, petulantly. "Can't you understand that you will lose *caste* if you associate with people whose station in life is so much beneath our own? One month ago Mrs. Dale was the wife of a wealthy proprietor in a manufacturing establishment, and Frederick was heir apparent to the same fortune. *To-day* Mrs. Dale is a poor widow, and her son is a penniless young man; *now* can you understand?"

"She is the same woman who was among the most talented and accomplished, an ornament to any station, and the same Frederick who was always the first in his classes, and the very kindest, best, and brightest boy in all the school, the first to be fit for collegiate honors, which he would soon have won had not this terrible calamity befallen them. O auntie! what if it had been us! how badly we would have needed their sympathy and consolation," exclaimed the girl, impulsively.

For a moment Mrs. Dexter was silent, but she never yielded a point in favor of her niece or any one else.

"If such a misfortune had overtaken us, we should have been compelled to abide by the consequences, and others must do the same," she answered, decisively; "but such an event is not likely to occur in this household. I hold my own fortune in my own right, in such a manner that a failure upon your uncle's part would in no way involve mine, which would still be sufficient to keep us in our proper social and financial standing. We cannot take the burdens of the world upon our own shoulders, and if we bear our own trials it is all that is required of us."

"Then, auntie, please tell me, what

does friendship imply, and what is it for? Does it mean that as long as people are wealthy and prosperous, abundantly able to take care of themselves and do not really need us, we are to treat them with unbounded respect and attention, accept all their kindness, derive all the happiness we can from their willingness and ability to entertain us, but that the moment in which misfortune and sorrow overtakes them, we are to desert them at once, ignoring all former obligations, and leave them to suffer and weep all alone? and it was only last Sabbath that the subject of the minister's discourse was, 'Bear ye one another's burdens,'" she added, as if to give weight to her own reflections.

"I shall not attempt to explain to you the meaning nor the use of friendship nor to interpret the minister's discourse, but I positively forbid you to go upon that street again," said Mrs. Dexter, sternly.

"But, auntie, what will they think? I promised faithfully to call again to-morrow evening after school, and Fred was going to help me with those difficult problems," said the girl, with a look of disappointment and perplexity.

"Promises made without consulting me will not be kept without my sanction," replied Mrs. Dexter; "besides, *teachers* are employed to instruct you."

"But what will they think, auntie?" she asked, protestingly.

"If they are sensible people, they will understand well enough; if not, it does not matter what they think; I have taught you unquestioning obedience, and that is what I shall always expect of you," said Mrs. Dexter, taking a book and settling herself into a comfortable position to read.

The girl turned silently away. In spite of her usual amiability and willingness to govern herself in accordance with her aunt's wishes, she had fixed principles and strict ideas of her own, which would occasionally take the form of independent action without that lady's knowledge.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
The grand old earth must borrow its mirth,
It hath sorrow enough of its own."

she repeated, as she entered her own room and sat down to be alone with her disappointment.

"Is it right?" she questioned. "Aunt Josephine has decided, according to the code of fashion, but is she positively infallible? She may have correctly interpreted the law, but am I bound to obey mandates that are heartless, cruel, and unprincipled?"

"Decide for yourself, and when your own conscience tells you that an act is wrong, don't let the *devil himself* tempt you to do it."

In an instant she seemed to be back in that rude mountain cabin with Tom Seward's voice ringing in her ears as he had repeated the words to her on that eventful morning when her childish heart seemed breaking in its terrible desolation and loneliness, and there Frederick had found her. He had stooped to kiss her cheek in utter defiance of the ridicule of those present, when she was dirty and ragged and friendless, unconscious of the fact that she would ever be anything else. And he had been patient and kind and helpful through all those years, and even in the midst of his trouble and bereavement, his unselfish spirit shone out bright and clear in his total resignation of all his lofty aspirations and untiring devotion to his invalid mother.

"And now, when he is almost as much in need of sympathy and friendship as I was then, shall I basely desert him in this time of sorest need and acknowledge to myself that I am so inferior to him in every attribute of his noble, generous, and unselfish nature, that all these years I have been utterly unworthy of the helpful kindness that he has so freely bestowed upon me? No! I never will! I cannot so debase myself in my *own estimation*, and I'll tell him so," she exclaimed, with

a firmer and stronger determination than she had ever before manifested.

But how was she to tell him? As Mrs. Dexter had said, she had always exacted unquestioning obedience, and Daisy did not dare to openly defy her; but she could write, and with a determined look upon her beautiful features, she unlocked her writing-desk and began the following note:

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND:—I cannot take my problems to you to-morrow evening, as I expected, and I am greatly disappointed. I have depended upon you so long that I can never get over needing you.

"Tell your mother that if I do not come to see her often, it is because I cannot, but I shall always love her, and never forget her kindness and sympathy to the troublesome little girl, whom she brought almost across the continent, nor your continual kindness to me ever since you first befriended the scarcely civilized little creature that you found beside the fountain on that eventful day. And oh! how eagerly, anxiously, longingly I watched for your return. What would have become of me if you had never come?"

"And ever since you have been the best and truest friend, Fred, and I shall never be ungrateful. I want you to remember, no matter what any one else tells you, nor how much appearances may tend to convince you otherwise, no matter what befalls you I will always be a true friend to you. Even though you were in prison, all the evidence in the world would not convince me that you were not falsely accused, and if I did not come right to your side and say so, you might know that it was because I was restrained by some power that I could neither resist nor overcome.

"Your sorrow and misfortune only makes you seem nearer to me, and if I were your own sister I could not feel

a greater desire to help and comfort you.

"Now, my friend, when clouds seem darkest, look for the rainbow; keep your thoughts on that, unmindful of the storm, which will eventually pass away, and your sky shall yet be brightened with the sunshine of happiness and prosperity.

"Can you not believe my words to be prophetic? I seem almost inspired to write them. Believe me,

"Your faithful friend forever,

"DAISY HILLIARD."

"Beautiful incarnation of purity and goodness," exclaimed Frederick, as on the following day he read the note. "You are the rainbow that illuminates my darkened sky, and though you are almost as far above me as that beautiful emblem of hope and promise, I may look across the deep chasm that rolls between us, and behold you in the clouds, beckoning me onward toward the fulfillment of duty, though my only hope of happiness consists in what comfort I can derive from smoothing mother's pathway through all her remaining years; but how sweet it is, in the midst of all this bitterness, to know that your friendship was not based upon any worldly considerations."

The most lucrative employment which Frederick was able to obtain was in the position of foreman of the very establishment of which he had been prospective proprietor.

But he had been an observing lad, and was thoroughly familiar with the clatter and clamor of the mighty machinery, honest and competent, and accepting the change in his fortune as the inevitable, he began at once to adapt himself to his altered circumstances, and if often the crushing weight of despondency fell upon him, he carried no trace of it into the presence of his invalid mother, but he would say, cheerily, "We have enough for all our needs, mother, and what more can the possessor of millions enjoy?"

"But it is purchased at the price of your toil, my son, and it seems so hard that I should be dependent upon your daily labor for my support," she would reply.

"Were it not for that, I should feel no incentive to labor, and the thought that it brings comfort to you sweetens every hour of the time devoted to that object, so we will thank God that He has left you, and given me health and strength to provide for you," and the troubled heart would be comforted, and almost reconciled to her lot, since she had him to sustain her.

He took up the burden of toil and drudgery uncomplainingly, resolved to bear it unflinchingly to the end.

Sometimes he met Daisy upon the street, as they went and came to and from their respective places, the school and the factory, and the cordial, earnest greeting that she always gave him cheered and lightened many a tired hour, and ere long he found himself unconsciously planning his time of returning from his noonday meal so as to meet and exchange a word with her upon the way, although he knew that it involved a walk of twice the length of a block in order to do so, saying, "I will enjoy the sight of her sweet face while I may; it will be time to deprive myself of the light of her smiles when another comes with wealth and fame to offer, and I most earnestly pray that he may be worthy."

And so the months drifted by, with no change save that Daisy was daily advancing in her studies, and Frederick steadily gaining the respect and confidence of his employers, conscientiously striving to discharge every duty, earning a comfortable support, and from time to time depositing small sums in the bank, to have in readiness in case any unfavorable change in his mother's condition should involve additional expenses.

It was nearing the time that Daisy was expecting to graduate, and one day, when Mrs. Dexter had taken her niece with her

to return some calls, they unexpectedly met Frederick near their own residence.

Mrs. Dexter bowed very formally, but Daisy extended her hand with a pleasant smile, saying, "I am so glad that we met you, Fred. I am having so much trouble in writing my essay for graduating day. You used to bear away the highest honors in that direction, and now, if you will take my production and criticise it for me, and suggest improvements in euphony, and look to the possibility of grammatical errors, it will help me amazingly."

He was about to express his willingness to serve her in any possible manner, when Mrs. Dexter said: "Daisy, how *can* you be so very unreasonable? Mr. Dale is hard at work all day long, and then you ask him to devote what little time he has for rest to the duties that belong to your teacher!"

"O auntie! my teacher couldn't do it. She wouldn't understand what I want half so well as Fred does; he has such a way of expressing and embellishing my own thoughts that it is like the shades of coloring added to the mere outlines of a picture. The work is mine, but his criticism enables me to heighten color, harmonize the tints, and ray the expression, until it comes forth perfected; auntie, I never could have won the prizes that I have done had it not been for this very criticism. You *won't* be too tired to help me, will you, Fred? it is for my graduating day, you know, and I shall not have to trouble you again," she continued, eagerly.

"I am perfectly willing to accommodate you, Miss Hilliard," he replied, looking alternately from the cold and haughty face of the elder lady to the bright and beaming features of the beautiful girl beside her.

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Dexter, with well-bred politeness; she would not be unlady-like for the world, but she felt it to be her duty to dampen the impulsiveness of her wayward niece.

It was the first time that he had ever called her "Miss Hilliard," and playfully catching up the spirit, she said in imitation of his formal reply: "Please accept my thanks for your condescension," and Mrs. Dexter reminded her that it was in bad taste to tarry longer, and with a parting glance she allowed herself to be led away.

"Daisy," said Mrs. Dexter, as soon as they had reached their home, "has it ever occurred to you that you are a young lady, and no longer expected to act like a child, although you continue to be a schoolgirl?"

"No, auntie, I never thought of myself as being anything but your little girl," she replied, laughing at the idea of being considered so old.

"You will be eighteen on your next birthday, and I was so shocked to hear you address that young man with all the familiarity of a thoughtless child, calling him 'Fred,' as if he were a member of the family, instead of being one of the laborers in the factory, with whom we are not even expected to be upon speaking terms," replied the aunt.

"Is not honorable labor respectable, and is not that which is respectable to be treated with respect?" asked the girl, in the direct and outspoken manner with which she sometimes dared to question her criterion of propriety and precision.

"The word *respectable* rests upon a very broad foundation, and this enables each person to use his own ideas, and I shall be guided by the usages of those with whom I associate, with an outlook for the possibility of future contingencies, and you must be guided by me. I should have felt so humiliated if Mrs. Wentworth or Mrs. Madison had heard you in conversation with that young man," said Mrs. Dexter.

"I cannot understand why it was wrong, and I would rather incur their criticism than to hurt Fred's feelings by not speaking to him," she answered, frankly.

"Daisy, there are some things that you are very slow to learn; you are positively stupid in matters pertaining to social standing. Did you not observe that he thought you entirely too familiar, and gave you a mild reproof in his polite but formal reply, in which you might infer that if you had forgotten what was due to yourself, he had not? It was as much as an insinuation that he did not wish to assume any undue familiarity, and I wonder at your slow perception in not noticing it."

Mrs. Dexter reflected for a few moments. Daisy was right in regard to Frederick's ability to express his thoughts in beautiful and harmonious language, and she was anxious that her niece should be second to none in graduating honors, and if he could help her to give lovelier tints and more beautifying shades to her pen-pictures, she had no conscientious scruples against making use of his talents, provided that it could be done with proper formality and accepted with sufficient condescension.

"Daisy," she said, at length, "I have no objections to patronizing Mr. Dale to the extent of allowing him to criticise your manuscript, but mind that this is the last communication that you must have with him—in fact, there will be no further necessity for it, and I will write the note to inclose with the manuscript, that you may be guilty of no more childish improprieties," and taking a pencil from her escritoire, she wrote:

"MR. FREDERICK DALE.

"DEAR SIR:—Your talent for this particular branch makes me willing to accept your services in the preparation of the essay that I am expected to contribute to the graduating exercises, and if you will look over my manuscript and suggest such improvements as your judgment dictates, I shall consider it a favor. Please name the sum requisite to compensate you for your trouble, and I will send it

by the servant who will call for the manuscript.

"Very respectfully,
"DAISY HILLIARD."

"Copy this and inclose it, and we will send it in the morning," said Mrs. Dexter.

Daisy copied the note obediently, and, handing it to her aunt for examination, asked if it was satisfactory.

"Yes, it is very nicely done; now take it to your room; have it in readiness," said Mrs. Dexter.

The girl went obediently to her own apartment, but before inclosing the brief letter with her manuscript, she wrote:

"P. S.—FRED:—You dear, old fellow! auntie says that I did not convey my request in a proper and dignified manner, and wrote me the correct form in which to express it, which I have obediently copied, but I don't want to claim originality which does not belong to me, therefore I make the confession.

"She also informs me that I am fast nearing that boundary where schoolgirls develop into young ladyhood, chrysalis fashion, I suppose, and if my privilege of acting my own natural self is to cease when I am well rid of the graduating exercises, you will please excuse any impropriety of which I may be guilty in appending this little postscript, for the time is short.

"Imagine me passing you with a formal bow, with due care to bend my neck at a precise angle, and saying, 'Good-morning, Mr. Dale!' and yet I expect nothing else but that Aunt Josephine will tell me that this is the correct and proper way for me to do, and you don't know how I dread the time when I must step out like a butterfly from its covering and conform myself to Aunt Josephine's square and compass ideas of proper conduct and correct manners preparatory to being subjected to that terrible ordeal, an entrance to polite society!

"Fred, I never should have *dared* to write this note to any one else, but you have known me so long that you will make due allowance. She (I mean I), said in the note *proper*, 'Please name the sum required to compensate you for your services,' as if your kindness ever *could* be measured by a stated number of bank bills!

"Fred, I can only assure you that I shall always be your best and truest friend. My eternal friendship and gratitude is all I have to offer you for your unceasing kindness to me through all these years, and I want you to remember that, although they may incase me in an armor of proper deportment as cold as an iceberg, and apparently as impenetrable as a crocodile's covering, my heart is just the same, and will always beat in harmony with its own. (What *would* auntie say if she should happen to see this harmless little postscript?) And, O Fred! remember that when you return the manuscript she will open it first, and send only a note, formal, dignified, respectful, proper, correct, and circumspect. Does my girlish nonsense shock such a model of good behavior as yourself?

"You know that I wouldn't have expressed myself so freely to any one else, but I don't want to be formal with you, and I won't be, while I can be myself, but mercy only knows into what I'll be metamorphosed in another year.

"Good-bye, my best and truest friend.

"DAISY HILLIARD."

Frederick's face crimsoned deeply as he read the short, formal note, almost insulting in its superciliousness, but the next instant he was too deeply interested in the postscript to care very much for it, although it had struck a tender chord, for he remembered with painful bitterness the time when his mother's position had been fully equal to that of Mrs. Dexter herself, but as he finished reading the postscript he said:

"Noble and unselfish girl! She proves the existence of true and abiding friendship, firm and unwavering in the midst of the great sea of worldliness which surrounds her! Yes, there is an element of truth and sincerity even in the great whirlpool of pride and fashion! Beautiful Daisy! you are rightly named, emblem of purity and humility, yet fit to grace a throne."

Mrs. Dexter received the manuscript from the hands of the servant when it was returned, and unfolding it and taking possession of the note which accompanied it, she read:

"MISS DAISY HILLIARD:—I return your manuscript with such corrections and suggestions as I deemed necessary. In reference to the remuneration mentioned in your note, permit me to say that it is enough for one in my humble position to be able to serve those in that more fortunate sphere from which I am excluded, and to which I renounce all claims. If either yourself or your aunt are pleased with my work, it is sufficient reward.

"Very truly yours,

"FREDERICK DALE."

"Sensible, I must admit," said Mrs. Dexter, as she finished reading. "Don't you see that he relinquishes all claim upon every one outside that particular sphere in which he is ordained to move? The tenor of that note is, 'You are welcome to my services, but I ask no favors, and I will accept none.' Now, I hope you will at once recognize the sense of this view, and govern yourself accordingly."

"Yes, auntie," replied the girl, as she took the essay and went to her room to copy and revise it; but later in the day another note found its way into her hands, and with a triumphant smile she read:

"SWEET LITTLE DAISY:—Your friendship and kind regard are reward enough for any service that it is in my power to render you. You cannot know how your

cheering words brighten my darkened sky, nor how much your sympathy is like the bow of promise upon the cloud's portentous bosom; but though the chasm of unequal wealth rolls between us, the angel of your friendship does not wait for a bridge of gold to span it, but comes on wings of sympathy and kindness, and as the fountain of knowledge never decreases from all the draughts that can be taken from it, so will your happiness never grow less from having added to that of another.

"If my heart responded to the pathetic little creature who looked up to me with such a grieved and pitiful expression that it touched a sympathetic chord in my boyish nature, she has repaid it a thousand times by the consolation that she has given me when my heart seemed breaking beneath its weight of care and sorrow. I can never repay it; but, Daisy, I want you to promise that if there ever comes a time when trouble and perplexity assail you, when you need sympathy and counsel, or help in any form that it is in my power to give you, that you will come to me. As you came across this social chasm to help me, come again when I can help you, and give me the highest pleasure that I can ever hope to feel, that of knowing that it is in my power to serve you. Now, my best and dearest friend, don't forget that I exact this promise.

"Yours faithfully forever,

"FREDERICK DALE."

"*Sensible again,*" said the girl, with a smile; "but am I doing right to carry on a clandestine correspondence in defiance to Aunt Josephine's wishes?"

Then came Tom Seward's earnest words, "Decide for yourself what is right," and she concluded that since her motives were good, she could not be very much in the wrong.

Another year had passed, and Daisy had fulfilled the highest hopes that Mrs. Dexter had cherished for her. Beautiful,

intelligent, amiable, and accomplished, she fully justified the pride and satisfaction with which Mrs. Dexter regarded her, especially as she looked upon this lovely blossom of womanhood as in a great measure the result of her own work. She had educated and trained her, adding accomplishments to the natural grace and beauty of the child that had, as it were, drifted into her home, and with a feeling of self-complacency she said: "I have done well!"

To her uncle Daisy seemed like the very perfection of womanhood. Always affectionate and respectful in her demeanor toward him, appreciating and returning the sympathy which he had always felt for her, he could not have regarded her more tenderly had she been his own child.

"I have done wisely in not interfering with Josephine's management," he reflected, "for she has transformed her into a being scarcely inferior to the angels—natural purity, goodness, and intelligence correctly developed and directed."

With what pride and satisfaction Mrs. Dexter introduced her to the brilliant circle of which she herself was an ornament, where her natural modesty and utter absence of vanity disarmed all envy and jealousy.

It only remained for Mrs. Dexter to reach the very summit of gratified ambition by securing a marriage for her niece the brilliancy of which should eclipse every other young lady in their world of fashion, and a fit subject for such an alliance soon appeared upon the social horizon in the person of a distinguished gentleman from the State of Texas.

It was Judge Corwin, a widower and a millionaire.

He was a fine-looking man, not more than forty-five years of age, and he did not look so old. He was a thorough gentleman, kind and courteous in his demeanor toward every one, and in every

way worthy of the respect and attention which he received.

He had come to New England's hills to rest from his arduous labors in his own State, where still higher political honors awaited him, and, report said, to look for a suitable partner to share these honors.

It was no wonder that there was a ripple of excitement among the marriageable ladies of that circle, nor that many a heart beat faster at his approach, and many a manœvering mamma brought her own arts to aid those of her marriageable daughters, but, with a man's unaccountable perversity, he turned from all the fair women who would have given the best years of their lives to win him to the one girl who seemed to care nothing for him. Mrs. Dexter was delighted, and her husband had his share of pride, as well as confidence in the legal gentleman's judgment, when he saw to whom he gave the preference.

Of course, he became a regular visitor at the Dexter residence, and, not understanding the real object of his visits, Daisy exerted herself to entertain him as the guest of her aunt and uncle, and the Judge, farseeing man that he was, knew that she was as innocent of any artful designs as any little child could have been, even with all the natural vanity that a man in his position may be supposed to have.

And Mrs. Dexter, with all the tact of a shrewd and worldly woman, took especial care not to let her niece suspect that there was any object, until she had first become sufficiently acquainted to have acquired some appreciation of his excellence. She accepted his escort to places of entertainment, and his invitations to ride in his elegant carriage, thinking no more of it than that he was a very intelligent and agreeable companion, until one day Mrs. Dexter said, "Daisy, I suppose that you will feel highly honored when I tell you that Judge Corwin has asked our permission to pay his addresses to you."

"I scarcely comprehend you," replied the girl, looking up inquiringly.

"Daisy, you are the most *perverse* girl that I ever knew," said Mrs. Dexter, petulantly. "Is it possible that you do not know that for weeks you have been the envy of every marriageable girl in our circle? Don't you understand that Judge Corwin is the highest matrimonial prize in the whole country, and that his wife will eventually occupy a position among the honored women of the nation? Just think what a magnificent triumph it would be for me to read my niece's name among the Senators' wives at Washington!"

"Judge Corwin is not a Senator," replied the girl, indifferently.

"But he may be; there is no limit to the honors to which he may aspire after having acquired so much distinction in his own State. From a Judge to Senator, than a Cabinet-officer, perhaps a Minister to some foreign country, or he *might* become the President himself! Why, Daisy, the very *possibility* of such honors fairly takes away my breath! and all this is laid at your feet, a voluntary offering which you have only to reach forth your hand and accept!"

The girl looked the very picture of incredulous astonishment.

"Aunt Josephine, this is too utterly absurd!" she said, at length. "Judge Corwin has too much discrimination to select a girl of nineteen summers, only one year out of school, to share such great honors, when there are so many ladies so much better fitted for the position. There are ladies in our own circle who have completed their education in Germany, traveled in Europe, and enjoyed the advantages of associating for years with the most cultured and refined. Why should he think of exalting *me* to that position to which I have not even aspired, when there are so many who would gladly accept it, and who are eminently fitted to grace it, too?"

"I did not question his *reasons*, it was

enough for me that he preferred you, and to know that a marriage with him would give you all those advantages which you say other ladies have enjoyed. Just think of his being Minister to France, for instance, and yourself in Paris, and all the daily papers containing complimentary notices of the young and beautiful wife of the American Minister! Why, Daisy, it is enough to turn the head of any ordinary girl completely," said Mrs. Dexter, exultantly.

"I don't care," replied the girl, impatiently.

"*Daisy Hilliard*, I feel like shaking you!" exclaimed Mrs. Dexter, angrily. "How can you be so utterly indifferent to the brilliancy of the position which he offers to you?"

"Aunt Josephine, in return for all this he will expect a price that I cannot give him. No man lays his heart at a woman's feet without expecting hers in return. I can respect and honor a man of more than twice my years, but I cannot love him, and to accept the sacred relations which wifehood implies, without giving him its best and holiest requirements, would be to wrong a good and noble man, and I cannot stoop to anything so base," replied the girl, firmly.

"*Nonsense!*" exclaimed Mrs. Dexter, impatiently. "You will not be required to marry him until he has had time to win your affections, but mind, I tell you, that no unreasonable girlish fancies will be allowed to stand in your way; he will not propose just yet, but you may as well accustom yourself to look upon him in the light of a future husband, for such an opportunity does not occur more than once in a lifetime, and no living woman can afford to throw it away."

The girl left the room without making any reply. The thought of all these worldly honors brought no joy to her. Instead, there was a sense of something terrible and oppressive to her youthful mind.

Whenever she had thought of marriage,

she had pictured it as a lifelong union of congenial natures, happier in each other's presence than anywhere else on earth, with no joy perfect without the other's sharing, and no trouble crushing when sustained by each other.

To her, home and heaven had been synonymous terms, each founded upon the elements of love, sympathy, and congeniality.

The sordid consideration of wealth had never entered into her calculations, and she had even thought that poverty could not be such a dreadful thing where home companionship made amends for the absence of luxury and fashion, but a marriage with this man seemed like consenting to wear lifelong fetters, no less galling because they were golden.

Mrs. Dexter settled herself in her easy chair complacently.

Yes, here was the realization of her brightest ambitions; the girl had not disappointed her. Only nineteen, and bearing away the prize from all competitors in the matrimonial lottery! What would Mrs. Mulrane and Mrs. Corday say when she was at liberty to make the engagement of her niece public? Mrs. Dexter laughed exultingly as she pictured the envy and chagrin of her most ambitious acquaintances when they should find their own daughters completely distanced in the matrimonial race. And Daisy had not even made an effort—instead, she had offered a few slight protestations against it—but no schoolgirl romances should be taken into consideration. She should not be permitted to mar her own prospects through any nonsensical fancies, nor even conscientious motives.

Judge Corwin called later in the day, and Daisy was peremptorily summoned to the parlor.

The gentleman was not long in observing that there was more of restraint in her manner than he had ever before observed, and rightly divining the cause, he endeavored by every art in his power to make her feel at ease.

He conversed upon every subject except the one most constantly in his mind. He related incidents of travel, gave descriptions of other localities, particularly his own beautiful plantation in sunny Texas, describing the cactus and sensitive rose in their beautiful wildness, and the rare exotics in his own lovely gardens, until she could not fail to be interested, and when at length he rose to go, being careful not to prolong his stay to a wearisome length, he said:

"Miss Hilliard, I called for the purpose of inviting you to ride with me, but from your unusually quiet demeanor, I fear that you are not entirely well, and if you are in the least indisposed or have any other way in which you would prefer to spend the time, I shall not take the least offense if you decline."

Her first feeling was that of relief that she was not obliged to go, mingled with a vague sense of gratitude to him for voluntarily excusing her without subjecting her to the embarrassment of refusal, but before she could form her thoughts into a proper reply, he continued: "I shall be disappointed, of course, but do not let any consideration for me interfere with your own wishes in the matter; if, however, you think that a ride in the fresh air will be in the least beneficial, I shall be only too happy to participate in it."

If he had been in any degree lover-like in his manner he would have inspired a repugnance to his presence at once, but he was far too wise for that; and her utter absence of selfishness prevented her from taking advantage of what to the artless girl appeared to be his generosity, and instead of declining, as she had at first intended, she accepted his invitation.

Of course, it was not long ere the singular preference of the learned Judge for a mere girl was upon everybody's lips, and the rumor reached Frederick Dale, as a matter of course. He met her once, as she was returning from a ride with the Judge, and the same friendly smile lighted

her face in acknowledgment of his lifted hat and glance of recognition.

It was the first time that he had seen her for weeks, and all day long her face haunted him in the midst of the unceasing clamor of the machinery, and never since that day when, in the first agony of his loss and bereavement, he had acknowledged his own inability ever to be able to offer her anything in comparison with what he considered her due, had he been so utterly wretched; never before had his work seemed so distasteful. If there only could have been a hope that he might ultimately acquire a fortune that would enable him to stand upon an equal basis, that continual clash and clamor would have been the sweetest music in the world to him, but now it seemed only the never ceasing voice of misfortune and disappointment repeated and echoed over and over again in the sullen roar of machinery.

And there seemed no possible avenue of escape. It would take years, perhaps, to acquire celebrity in any profession to which he might aspire; but here was daily bread, shelter, and comfort for the invalid mother, and if he voluntarily sacrificed himself upon the altar of filial duty, no earthly happiness could have tempted him to do otherwise.

He tried to think of himself only as an animate part of the great manufacturing power, having an appropriate purpose like a band, a shaft, or a wheel, and as destitute of heart and feeling as the great engine itself, and so, steeling himself against every emotion and banishing every thought of self from his mind, he walked steadily on in the path of unselfish duty.

"Daisy," said Mrs. Dexter, one day, as the girl sat busily engaged upon a piece of fancy work, "when Judge Corwin asks you to become his wife, what will you tell him?"

"If he ever should be guilty of such folly, I will decline as quietly and respectfully as I can," replied the niece.

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Dexter, decisively.

"Why not?" asked the girl.

"Because you can give no earthly reason for so doing," replied the aunt. "Now, tell me what possible objections you can find to a marriage with him?"

"In the first place, I have no love for him save such as I might have for my uncle, or any other relative whom I honor and respect, and I am perfectly well aware that he expects and deserves a real and unselfish devotion from the woman whom he honors with his name," replied the girl, earnestly.

"Nonsense," answered Mrs. Dexter. "Love is a youthful fancy in which young people cannot always afford to indulge, and really amounts to nothing after all, and you will learn that there is something of far more importance than this fleeting fancy in a matrimonial engagement. Now, as an illustration, if, when you were a little child, you had cried for a loaded revolver, do you think I would have given it to you?"

"It would not have been in accordance with your usual mode of dealing with me, I must admit," replied the girl.

"Well, I am just as much determined to indulge you just as far as is consistent with your own welfare, and no farther, as I was then. Having settled that point, what else have you to offer?" asked Mrs. Dexter.

"He is more than twice my age. How can there be any real bond of sympathy or congeniality between two persons, one of whom is just entering upon life's pleasures, and the other has seen at least twenty years of the enjoyments that are just opening to the younger party? He is ready to settle down to the enjoyments of middle age, and has a right to expect a wife to do the same. No woman ought to accept such a position without considering it in all its phases, and while I am in the full strength of health and vigor, he will be nearing his three score and ten."

"So many more years for you to enjoy

the fortune and celebrity which a union with him will leave to you after he is gone," said Mrs. Dexter, quietly.

"Aunt Josephine, how *can* you?" exclaimed her niece, indignantly. "I would not wrong any man by accepting everything that he could offer, love, honor, wealth, and all its advantages, if such base and unworthy considerations could find a place in my heart!"

"Then leave such considerations out of the question," returned Mrs. Dexter, "but in reference to the disparity of age, it is not worth mentioning, except as a favorable circumstance; you are young; your judgment is very imperfectly developed, and the companionship and influence of one so wise and thoughtful, and so kind and considerate, is just what you need. What more have you to offer?"

"I don't want to marry him!" exclaimed the girl, impulsively.

"Daisy," said Mrs. Dexter, quietly, "do you remember the time that you did not want to enter the lists of competitors for a prize offered at a musical convention? But you entered it just the same as if you had wanted to, and won the prize from others who would have been so proud and happy to have had it. Just so it will be in this case."

"Yes, auntie, I remember that I won a gold chain; I already had one, and did not particularly care for it, and there was one poor girl who did want it so badly. She was just as deserving as I, and her look of distress and disappointment went straight to my heart. I was about to give it to her, with a request that she would accept it as a token of my appreciation of her talent and industry in cultivating it, when I caught a glance of your reproving face, and I dared not bestow it. Now why would it not have been just as well to have given it to one who really wanted it, as to have compelled me to keep it, who really cared nothing for it?" asked the girl.

"Because you won it, and I could not allow you to cast away honors that were yours by right of honorable conquest, and I shall act upon the same principle now," replied Mrs. Dexter, decisively. "What explanation could you make to Judge Corwin if you should reject him after accepting so much of his kindness, and receiving his attentions as you have done for so long? would it not be equivalent to an acknowledgment that you have been purposely deceiving him, encouraging and leading him on to a proposal which you never meant to accept? I cannot see how you can reconcile such conduct with your own conception of honorable action; I can scarcely comprehend anything so unworthy in you."

"Why, Aunt Josephine, I had no thought of encouraging him to an avowal. I accepted his attentions as your friend, and intended to treat him only with the consideration due an honorable gentleman whom you invited to our home and left me to entertain, and in fact, auntie, I don't see how I could have done otherwise," said the girl, with a look of distress and alarm gathering upon her features.

"I don't see how you can do otherwise than to marry him, now, since matters have gone as far as they have," said Mrs. Dexter, conclusively, "and you shall have the most elegant bridal trousseau that has ever been worn in this city."

Poor girl; she felt as if she stood upon the brink of some fearful chasm, where she had unconsciously wandered, and irresistible hands were raised to push her over to destruction.

"Is there no path by which I can escape?" she asked, appealingly, while every particle of color forsook her face, and a look of such pain and distress crept into those deep, soulful eyes, that what little heart Mrs. Dexter possessed was touched for a moment, and she felt a brief longing to comfort and reassure her; but it was as it had been in Daisy's child-

hood, *sympathy* never interfered with duty.

"Does the robed priest for his pity falter?" she quoted, mentally, and looking resolutely away from the appealing gaze, she said, after a moment apparently spent in reflection, "There is no *honorable* retreat, that I can see."

For a few moments the girl remained looking at the ambitious woman in pathetic silence, but she might as well have sought sympathy from the unyielding rock, and with a feeling of utter loneliness she went to her own apartment.

"Why did not Aunt Josephine tell me that I was unconsciously forging my own chains, instead of letting me ignorantly drift so near to this maelstrom of wretchedness that I cannot retreat?" she asked herself over and over again, without deriving one ray of consolation from it. It was late that night before she retired, and later still before she could close her eyes in slumber.

She came down as usual in the morning, but her girlish gayety was gone, and when, later in the day, the Judge called, she felt as if she could be blissfully happy if she knew that she should never look upon his face again.

How glad she would have been if she could have retreated to her own room, leaving him to be entertained by her aunt, but she knew that no such breach of etiquette would be tolerated, and she met him with something of the feeling that one must have who feels himself to be nearing the rapids of a dangerous stream and realizes his utter powerlessness to reach the shore.

After a brief conversation, in which Daisy tried to be as formal as was consistent with good breeding, the Judge, without appearing to notice the constraint in her manner, spoke of the subject nearest his heart in a voice eloquent and pathetic in its earnestness.

"I will not ask you to answer me now," he said, as a look of distress and painful

embarrassment came over her features. "Take a month to decide, if you like; I shall consult your wishes in preference to my own, but if at the end of that time you should conclude to give me a favorable answer, I shall try by every means in my power never to give you reason to regret it."

She tried to speak; she would rather have answered him at once, but she dared not refuse, and she could not accept, and she could not utter a word.

"Do not let my proposal embarrass you, my dear girl," said the Judge, sympathizingly, for he was in every respect a gentleman, and if desiring to marry a girl young enough to be his daughter was a piece of folly of which a man of his wisdom ought not to have been guilty, I can only say that he would have tried by every means in his power to make her happy, and believed in his ability to do so. "Take your time to reflect, and I will patiently and hopefully await the result," he said, as he took his departure, without giving her a chance to utter a word.

For some time the girl remained sitting where he had left her. The crimson flush had fled from her features, and she was as pale as the white lily of the forest when Mrs. Dexter entered the room.

"Why, Daisy, what is the matter? has the Judge proposed?" she asked, anxiously, as she looked upon the white and troubled face.

"Yes," she answered, faintly.

"My dear girl, I congratulate you!" exclaimed Mrs. Dexter, triumphantly. "What will Mrs. Mulrane and Mrs. Kennedy say now? Not one of their daughters has done so well. What did you tell him?"

"Nothing," answered the girl, faintly.

"*Nothing!* you surely didn't have the unpardonable perversity to refuse him?" said Mrs. Dexter, advancing and seizing her by the shoulders as if she would have shaken the life out of her if she had disappointed her aspiring aunt.

Poor Daisy felt all her power of resist-

ance passing away in the presence of that indomitable will.

"No," she answered.

"What did you tell him then?" demanded Mrs. Dexter.

"Nothing; he didn't give me a chance to refuse him. When I tried to speak, he said he would wait a month for my answer," she said, at length.

Mrs. Dexter gave a sigh of relief.

"That is all well enough; there is no harm in keeping him in suspense; he will appreciate you all the more, perhaps, when his anxiety is relieved," she said.

"But, Aunt Josephine, I *cannot* marry him," exclaimed the girl, impetuously. "I shall soon detest him if this subject is to be constantly pressed upon me."

"You *can't* marry him? what is the reason you can't?" asked Mrs. Dexter, sharply.

"Because I don't want to," replied the girl, impatiently.

"Has that reason ever been sufficient to excuse you from doing anything that I thought your welfare demanded?" asked the aunt, ironically. "Ever since you came to me, your highest achievement has been the aim and object of my life. Many a time I have compelled you to do things against your will when your piteous pleadings brought the tears to my eyes, but when I knew that any thing was best for you, I never yielded, and do you suppose that I shall allow you to throw away an opportunity like this because your mind is too imperfectly developed to appreciate it?"

"But, Aunt Josephine, in a matter like this I think I ought to be allowed to use my own judgment," protested the girl.

"Your *own* judgment? you haven't any; and that fact compels me to use mine," replied Mrs. Dexter, decisively. "You are an ungrateful girl, Daisy," she continued; "you have every wish that is consistent with your own well-being gratified to the utmost extent, and the privilege of keeping the great and talented

Judge Corwin in suspense and uncertainty for a whole month is a privilege with which any reasonable girl would be happy. It is only the multiplicity of your blessings that makes you indifferent to them all."

Daisy certainly did not appreciate the privilege of keeping Judge Corwin in suspense. She would have greatly preferred to have settled the matter at once, but it was not the first time that a web of irresistible influences had been woven about a defenseless girl, and I fear that it will not be the last.

As the days went by her powers of resistance seemed to drift from her more and more. Every time that she accepted the Judge's escort or an invitation to ride, she resolved that it should be the last time, but Mrs. Dexter outgeneraled her, controlled and managed everything in such a manner as to take the power of independent action entirely out of her hands, and she found herself drifting with a current which she could not stem. The society of the Judge became exceedingly distasteful to her, and she sometimes felt as if she could fly to the very ends of the earth to escape the fate which she seemed powerless to avert.

She seldom saw Frederick, and she even fancied that he purposely avoided meeting her.

Her girlish gayety was gone, the very sky seemed clouded, and a feeling of despondency haunted all her waking hours.

"Daisy," said Mrs. Dexter one evening, "I suppose that you are aware of the fact that the time of keeping Judge Corwin in suspense expires to-morrow."

"Yes," replied the girl, briefly.

"Have you carefully studied the exact words in which to express your acceptance of his proposal?"

"No!" she answered, impatiently.

"You should have done so," replied the aunt. "I want the occasion to lack no grace or dignity that you can lend to it, and you must be prepared: it would be

well for you to commit the exact language to writing, and afterward to memory, that there may be no unbecoming awkwardness or embarrassment upon your part."

Daisy knew full well that any protestations upon her part would only bring forth a flow of unanswerable arguments, and a criminal upon the eve of execution could scarcely have been more wretched than the young girl as she went drearily to her own room and sat down to reflect.

If it had only been trouble that she could weep away, she might have found relief, but that tearless wretchedness which we cannot cast aside, which haunts us through all our waking hours, and follows us into our very dreams, is almost maddening in its relentless persistency.

She retired long after the other members of the family were restfully slumbering, but not till nearly morning did sleep visit her troubled soul, and then she dreamed that she stood upon the brink of one of these awful cañons in her native State. She fancied that she heard the impetuous roar of the turbulent waters foaming against the ragged points, and threatening death and destruction to any living creature that should be drawn within its awful power.

Glancing across to the opposite side of the chasm, she saw Judge Corwin standing upon the opposite brink, extending his hand and beckoning her to come to him. She felt that to accept the proffered aid would be to precipitate both in to that awful, seething gateway of destruction, but when she would have fled, she encountered Mrs. Dexter's strong arms pushing her forward, holding her so that she could turn neither to the right nor left, pushing her each instant nearer and nearer to the horrible brink, until she felt the earth giving way beneath her feet and caught a glimpse of the turbulent torrent foaming madly beneath, and with a shriek of agony she sprang from her bed, trembling in every limb, while the cold sweat gathered upon her forehead. It was long

before she could recover her composure, and she lay awake until the morning sun came glinting through her window, then dressed and went down to breakfast.

She was waiting when her aunt and uncle came in.

"Why, Pet, you are early this morning! Nervous and couldn't sleep, perhaps. Well, well, we'll make allowance for these young folks. I wonder if the Judge has taken to early rising too?" said her uncle, teasingly.

"It is no wonder that she is stirring early this morning," said Mrs. Dexter, with an approving smile.

She tried to partake of her breakfast, but she looked so thoroughly wretched that Mr. Dexter could not fail to observe it, and he rallied her upon her serious demeanor, remarking that a proposal could

not be such a terrible affair as one might think, since all the girls were anxious to have them, but none of his gayety could rally her sinking spirits, and as soon as breakfast was over, she again sought her own room and attired herself for a walk. She left the house and walked away, not knowing nor caring whither, as she left the busy thoroughfares and passed out to the more quiet streets leading toward the suburbs, as if she would flee from her own thoughts, or banish the terror inspired by her dream, that even yet seemed so horribly real.

On and on she went, as if fleeing from some uncanny shadow, until at length, partially rousing from her own absorbing thoughts, she noticed the strangeness of her locality, and a sickening sensation came over her as she knew that she must return.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WORK FOR THE BLIND IN CHINA.

THE REV. W. H. MURRAY hopes not only to bring light and life to the great multitude of blind in China, but also to transform a considerable number of his students into active missionary agents, as Scripture readers, and singers of sacred songs, such as invariably attract an attentive audience in China, as in most other countries.

Mr. Murray's work has only just come to the surface sufficiently to claim public recognition. Hitherto the little acorn which he has planted has been quietly germinating in the heart of the Chinese capital, known only to a handful of poor blind men, and scarcely recognized even by the little group of foreign residents in that great city; and it is as yet but a feeble sapling, whose growth, humanly speaking, depends on the fostering care of the Christian public.

Only those who have attempted to master the excruciating difficulties of any of the numerous dialects of Chinese, or the terrible array of intricate written characters which the weary eye must transfer to memory ere it is possible to read the simplest book, can fully appreciate the boon which has been conferred on the legion of the blind in China by means of the patient ingenuity of a Scotch workingman.

William Murray (who was born at Port Dundas, near Glasgow—the only son in a family of ten children), would, in the natural course of events, have adopted the profession of a saw-miller, but for an accident by which, when about nine years of age, he lost his left arm and was thus disabled.

So rude a check to his love of machinery doubtless led to greater diligence in his school studies, and so soon as the lad was able to work for his living, he obtained employment as a rural letter-carrier in the neighborhood of Glasgow.

His own longing was to obtain employment in some form of mission work, and again and again he applied to the National Bible Society of Scotland. But though greatly attracted by the lad, the Secretary feared that one apparently so very simple and unassuming would fail to prove a successful colporteur, and, having given up the secure services of the post-office, might be thrown, literally single-handed, on the world.

But, as the same Secretary now says, "What could he do against a man who was praying himself into the service of the Society?" For (though he knew nothing of this at that time) the young postman confided to him later how he divided his long daily walk into three parts, and as he tramped along the monotonous road he beguiled a third of the distance by the study of the Holy Scriptures in the original Hebrew; the second beat was devoted to the Greek Testament; while the last section was reserved for daily prayer that God would vouchsafe to employ him in direct missionary work.

At last, when in 1864 he renewed his application to the National Bible Society, his services were accepted and he was commissioned to commence work among the ships congregated on the Clyde, and very soon the Society discovered that "it had never had such a colporteur" as the

gentle being who made his way among the sailors of all nations, readily acquiring such scraps of divers tongues as enabled him to effect more sales of the Holy Scriptures in foreign languages than had been accomplished by any of his predecessors.

This work amongst sailors was reserved for the winter months. In summer he was sent round wild districts in the Scotch Highlands, pushing his Bible cart along many a lonely track of bleak moorland—a task which, on hilly roads, must often have needed all the strength of this willing but only one-armed colporteur, who all the time was longing to be employed in carrying the Word of Life to those to whom it was yet unknown.

Ere long Murray's remarkable aptitude for languages attracted the notice of some of the Directors of his Society. He was accordingly permitted to attend classes at the Old College in the High Street (a friend helping him to pay his fees), provided his studies nowise interfered with his regular work.

At length his seven years' apprenticeship as a home colporteur were fulfilled, and in 1871 he obtained his heart's desire, and sailed for China, where it was arranged that he should remain six months at Chefoo, engaged in the bewildering task of learning to recognize at sight the four thousand intricate characters by which the Chinese language is represented on paper.

The same aptitude for mastering crabbed symbols which had facilitated his study of Greek and Hebrew enabled this diligent student to acquire about two thousand Chinese characters in four months.

But it is not my purpose to enlarge on Mr. Murray's many and varied experiences during sixteen years of incessant work as a colporteur in various provinces of China, as also on his more adventurous expeditions into Manchuria and Mongolia, though these are full of stirring human interest, by no means lacking in quaint incident.

As regards work, Mr. Murray has sometimes had to face the discouragement and danger of waiting till riotous and antagonistic mobs grew weary of their own discourtesy to the gentle foreign teacher.

On one occasion, after he had thus patiently endured weeks of annoyance without effecting a single sale, the fickle folk suddenly veered round, and clamored for the foreign "Classic of Jesus;" so that he could scarcely produce copies fast enough, and when evening came, he found he had sold three thousand books! After this the people in that city became so friendly that they would not hear of his leaving them, so he remained there for six months, his knowledge of machinery and of shipping details proving an unfailing source of interest to the crowds who thronged him; and it is almost needless to add that the influence thus acquired was invariably used as a means to edge in the subject which ever filled his heart.

But interesting as are all efforts for imparting spiritual light to those into whose hearts it has not yet shined, the work which is so emphatically Mr. Murray's own peculiar gift, is that of enlightening those who are also physically blind. One of the first things which deeply impressed him (as it must impress every traveler who looks around him in the densely crowded streets of Chinese cities) was the extraordinary number of blind men who mingle in every crowd, some going about alone, or guided by a child; others in gangs of eight or ten, each guided by the man in front of him, while the leader feels his way with a long stick—a most literal illustration of the blind leading the blind.

This very large proportion of blindness is due to several causes, such as leprosy, small-pox, neglected ophthalmia, and general dirt, to which, in great tracts of North China, we must add the stifling dust and smoke caused by the lack of

ordinary fuel, which leads the people, all through the long, parching summer, to cut every blade of sun-dried grass, and turf sods, to heat their ovens. This produces a dense smoke, which penetrates to every corner of the houses, causing the eyes to smart most painfully.

Many of these blind men and women are simply most miserable beggars, hungry and almost naked, lying on the dusty highway and clamoring for alms, or else yelling frightful songs in most discordant chorus, to an accompaniment of clanging cymbals, beating small gongs or clacking wooden clappers, producing such a din that the deafened bystanders gladly pay the infinitesimal coin which induces them to move on. A considerable number earn their living as fortune-tellers, and play dismally on flutes to attract attention. Thus for unnumbered centuries have the blind legions of China dragged through their darkened, dreary lives, a burden to themselves and to all around them.

And yet blindness seems to be the only form of human suffering for which the average Chinaman feels a certain moderate degree of pity. Few are so utterly debased as to rob a sightless man, and such are generally addressed by a title of respect, as Hsien-Shêng, *i. e.*, Teacher, although the adult blind are, as a class, about the most disreputable members of the community—so bad that even a hopeful soul like their friend Mr. Murray is compelled to admit that the majority appear incorrigible.

His hopes, therefore, rest on training young lads, and so far, as possible isolating them from their seniors; for those he fears that comparatively little can be done, but by taking boys in hand as early as possible—some as young as seven years of age—he has good hope that he may rescue many, who, under careful training, may be made the means of incalculable good to their fellow-countrymen.

Of course, in this sweeping classification of the adult blind, there is room for

many bright exceptions. Among the crowds who (with true Chinese reverence for all written characters) pressed forward to purchase the copies or portions of Holy Scripture which he offered for sale at a very cheap rate, many blind men came, likewise desiring to purchase the "Christian classics;" and when he asked why they wanted a book which they could not see to read, they replied that they would keep it, and that perhaps friends who could read would sometimes let them hear it.

But the more he saw, the more grievous did it appear that absolutely nothing was done for those darkened lives by any Christian agency known in Peking, and he began to plead their cause among the missionaries of various nations whom he could reach. These, however, very naturally replied, "We Christian missionaries of all Protestant denominations put together are in the proportion of one to one million of the population. How can we undertake any additional work? Perhaps in the next generation, if there are ten times as many missionaries, and ten times the funds now available, something may be done for the blind of China."

Still, as he went about his daily task, mingling with ever-changing crowds, this thought was never absent from his mind. Failing to awaken human sympathy, his soul was the more ceaselessly absorbed in prayer that some means might be revealed to him whereby he might help these poor, neglected sufferers.

Of the difficulty of the task proposed some idea may be formed from the fact that in order to read such a book as the Bible, in Chinese ordinary type, the student, instead of mastering twenty-four letters of the alphabet, must learn to recognize at sight no less than four thousand distinct and crabbed characters—a task which generally requires about six years of study!

Such was the perplexing problem with

which this would-be benefactor of the blind wrestled apparently without result, till one day, he tells us, that wearied with a long morning's work, he had lain down to rest awhile during the noon-day heat, and with closed eyes lay as if asleep, when suddenly, as clearly as he now sees one of his stereotyped books, he saw outspread before him the whole system which he has since then so patiently and ingeniously worked out, and, moreover, at once perceived with thankful joy that by this system Chinese sounds could be rendered so accurately that whereas to a sighted person learning to read or write Chinese by the ordinary method it is the most bewildering of all languages, it would by this means become one of the easiest to acquire.

It must not be inferred that Mr. Murray's vision at once brought him "to the desired haven" in regard to its practical application. But the inspiration thus received was a chart by which he was enabled carefully to work his way through a thousand perplexities—a labor of love to which he devoted every hour that he could steal from sleep or rest, through eight long years. For, deeming himself bound to devote every moment of the day to direct work for the Bible Society, it was only after "business hours" that he allowed himself to work out the details of this, his special interest.

At last he so far arranged his system that he determined to try whether it could be acquired by a poor old blind man, "Mr. Wang," who was crippled with rheumatism, and like to die of want. He provided the old man with such creature comforts as insured a quiet mind, and then, with the aid of a native colporteur, commenced teaching him, and soon, to the unspeakable joy of both pupil and teacher, the poor rheumatic fingers learned to discriminate the dots, and the blind man was able to read the Holy Word for himself.

Just then a blind man, upward of forty years of age, was brought to the

medical missionary, having been severely kicked by a mule which he had inadvertently approached, his long guiding stick passing between its legs. This man was induced to beguile the hours of suffering by the study of the new system. He proved an apt pupil, and within two months could read well, though his fingertips were roughened by age and work.

The next pupil was a poor lad who had become blind, and who, having no one to provide for him, had literally been thrown on to a dung-heap and there left to die. He was found by a man who had known his father, and said he was a good man, and that it was a pity to leave the lad to perish; so having heard of the foreign bookseller's extraordinary care for the blind, he actually resolved to risk the expense of hiring a cart, and brought the poor starving boy to Mr. Murray's lodgings, begging him to try and save him. Three months of careful nursing, with good food and needful drugs, restored him to health, and he soon was overjoyed by finding himself able to acquire the honored arts of reading and writing.

Mr. Murray next selected a poor little orphan blind beggar whom he often observed lying almost naked in the streets in the bitter cold of winter, but who, notwithstanding his loneliness and poverty, always seemed cheerful and content, and who, moreover, had the special recommendation of being free from all taint of leprosy. He took this lad in hand, washed and clothed him, and undertook to feed and lodge him, provided he would apply himself in earnest to mastering this new learning. Naturally, the boy was delighted, and we can imagine his ecstasy and the thankful gladness of his teacher when *within six weeks* he was able not only to read fluently but to write with remarkable accuracy—better, indeed, than many sighted Chinamen can do after studying the ordinary method for upward of twenty years! This simpler writing is

also far more rapid—a good pupil being able to write on an average twenty-two words per minute.

It was at this stage that in the course of my aimless wanderings I chanced to visit Peking and there made acquaintance with Mr. Murray and these first-fruits of his teaching (truly salvage from the slums of Peking); and it struck me as intensely pathetic as we stood at the door of a dark room—for it was night, but that made no difference to these blind readers—to hear what I knew to be words of Holy Scripture, read by men who, less than four months previously, sat begging in the streets in misery and rags, on the verge of starvation, now full of delight in their newly acquired power.

During the eight years which have elapsed since then, Mr. Murray has continued to work on, almost unknown, elaborating the details of his system, and training as many pupils as he could feed and teach. But the work has hitherto been crippled for lack of time and of funds, its development having been limited to what could be accomplished by the continual self-denial of the workingman to whom it owes its existence. Not only, as I have already said, was he bound to devote all his hours of recognized work to bookselling and street-preaching, but he has also all along taxed his slender salary to the very utmost in order to provide board, lodging, and raiment for his indigent blind students. (For even a frugal Chinaman cannot be respectably clothed

and fed for less than fifty dollars a year.) And yet when one poor helpless lad after another seemed thrown upon his hands, he felt that it was impossible to reject those so manifestly intrusted to his care, and so the modest income supposed to suffice for one man has been made to feed and clothe a dozen.

Surely such a story as this may well incite many to prove their interest by some act of self-denial, which may enable them to help so earnest a worker. (For we all know how very apt we are to limit our giving power to such a sum as we can spare without involving much self-denial!)

Would that some who read these lines would consider for a moment what life would be to themselves were they deprived of gifts so precious as sight and light, and would each resolve to present for this branch of God's work such a sum as he shall really miss—not taken from the total of his accustomed offerings but as a special thank-offering for these precious gifts—a portion of that money-talent which we know we only hold in trust, as we so often need to remind ourselves when we say, "Both riches and honor come of Thee, and of Thine own do we give Thee."

Now it only remains for me to say that practical evidence of sympathy, in the form of donations in aid of this very promising mission will be gladly welcomed by William J. Slowan, Esq., Secretary of the National Bible Society of Scotland, 224 West George Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

MISS C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

IN-DOORS AT SPALDING'S.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Mr. James Spalding moved West with his family, consisting of himself, his wife, and their four children, the two older ones being girls, it was his firm determination to become a rich man, and fifteen years later, any one seeing the broad acres he had under fence, the two-story dwelling, the great barn, the orchard, the herd of cattle, and other evidences of prosperity, where he had found only an uncultivated prairie such a short time ago, would have been reasonably sure that he had carried out his determination.

Mr. Spalding, however, thought otherwise. "It was true," he said complacently to his wife, "he had got along pretty well, but he would not be satisfied until he owned the whole section; he wanted plenty of elbow room for himself and his cattle."

Mrs. Spalding looked up from her sewing. "Why, James," she said, timidly, "I was in hopes you had land enough. It seems to me three hundred and twenty acres of as good land as ours ought to satisfy anybody."

"Well, it doesn't satisfy me," retorted her husband, "and I have a chance now to get that eighty of Simpson's, that joins the lower meadow. He's in a tight place, and I think I can get it at a bargain."

Mrs. Spalding sighed, but made no further remark, and her husband, lighting his pipe, left the room.

Let us remain a little while with the wife. She is a slender, delicate woman,

really aged about forty, but looking at the stooping shoulders, the colorless face and dim eyes, you would surely add ten years to that figure. As she sits alone busily engaged in mending a lot of boys' clothing, she thinks a little bitterly of her life. She had willingly left her Eastern home to share her husband's fortunes. She well remembered the feeling of desolation that filled her heart when she first saw the wide, unbroken stretch of prairie that spread on all sides of the one-roomed log-cabin, where for the first few years of her Western life she and her family managed to live. In fancy again she saw the great sods turned for the first time by the plow-share, and yielding not ten but a hundred fold to the tiller of the soil. She saw her two little girls of seven and five years following the harrow, dropping the corn, "just four grains in a hill," father said, and if one too many fell from the small hands patiently picking it up again. She saw herself, young and hopeful, doing all in-doors that the children might help father, and in addition milking the cows, tending the garden, and boarding for several summers half a dozen men who were herding cattle in the neighborhood. "And now," she asked herself, with a weary sigh, "what did it all amount to?"

She had hoped as the children, now seven in number, grew up they would reap the fruits of her labor. She expected to send them to good schools, to see them surrounded with comforts, and able to take their places in society as useful,

intelligent men and women. Instead she saw them kept from school, especially the girls, whenever it was possible for work to be done. It was true, an effort was made to keep the boys steadily going during the three winter months, but it seemed to her the little they acquired of knowledge in the brief period was lost in the long intervals between. And then her thought wandered to her childhood home, her sisters, her brothers, and most of all to the dear mother, whose face she had not looked upon since that day fifteen years before, when she kissed it with trembling lips that could not say good-bye.

Her reverie was broken by the entrance of Myra, her eldest child, a girl of twenty-one or two, who held an open letter in her hand. As she gave it to her mother, she said: "It is from Aunt Laura, father says. Mr. Read brought it with the papers. Of course, father has read it, but he did not say what was in it." She lingered, waiting for her mother to tell her of the dear relatives she remembered so well, for these mutual memories bound the two closely together, and Myra was as much interested in letters from grandma's as her mother.

"O Myra!" said Mrs. Spalding, as she finished reading, "Aunt Laura says grandma is failing so fast. If I only could see her."

"I don't see why you can't," replied the girl; "you never have been back. If I were you I would go this fall. Just tell father you're going."

The mother smiled faintly. It was easy to talk. "I will ask him," she said, "maybe he will let me go."

That evening after supper, when the work had all been done and she took up her mending again, while her husband read his weekly paper, Mrs. Spalding summoned courage—and to speak of anything requiring the expenditure of money to Mr. Spalding needed all the courage the poor woman possessed—to say to her hus-

band, "Laura writes that mother is in such poor health."

Mr. Spalding made no answer. Probably absorbed in his paper, he did not hear, but as his wife was accustomed to "his ways" with his family, answers to their remarks not being considered necessary unless he felt so disposed, she continued in a voice that trembled in spite of her, "I wish we could go and see her this fall. Don't you think we might, James?"

Still no answer. With a supreme effort the wife spoke again:

"It has been so long, James; mother is getting old."

Mr. Spalding laid down his paper.

"Much use to try to read with you in the room," he said; "what's all that about your mother? I didn't see anything alarming in the letter. Laura always makes the worst of everything. If they want to see you so badly why don't they come and see you? It's no further here than there."

"But mother is too feeble, James. Besides," her pale face flushed, "they are not able, and they know we are. You are getting rich and they think I do not want to come. O James! it will not cost much!"

He interrupted her.

"For pity's sake," he said, "say no more about it. I'll see what I can do. If I was made of money you'd find a way to use it. Wanting to send Adaline off to school *this* fall, wasn't you?"

The wife made no reply. She had wanted her second daughter, an unusually bright girl of nineteen, to have a few advantages, and had spoken of sending her to a girls' school which had recently been opened in a neighboring town, but Adaline herself, when her mother spoke of it, had said, "I am too large now, mother. If there is a chance for any of us, give it to Ellen; she is only fourteen, and you maybe can make something of her."

But Ellen did not go. "The district school was good enough," her father said, and he had "no money to waste on nonsense."

The next morning, after Mrs. Spalding's "talk" with her husband, she told her daughters of her hope of being permitted to visit her old home.

"I declare, mother," said Adaline, "the very thought makes you look younger. I do hope you can go. We girls can get along nicely. You will be astonished when you come back."

Mrs. Spalding smiled. Her heart was lighter than it had been for years.

"I wish I could take you all with me," she said. "Grandma would be so glad; she has never seen Jimmy, Ellen, or Frank."

"For mercy's sake, mother," exclaimed Myra, "don't say anything about any of us children going."

At this moment the oldest boy, Philip, a year or two younger than Adaline, came into the kitchen.

"What's that?" he asked. "Mother, you're not going anywhere?"

The boy was really surprised; his mother so seldom left home even to visit a neighbor, that he had almost concluded she was as much of a fixture as the house itself.

The days went by, and September came.

"Mother," said Myra, "you must have a dress or two and a bonnet. Isn't it time you were seeing about them?"

That evening Mr. Spalding appeared in an excellent humor, and his wife remarked:

"Hadn't we better go into town before long? we will need a few things for our trip. You ought to have a suit of clothes, and I want a dress and some other articles."

He looked at her as if amazed.

"Why, I thought you had given that up," he said, "and I just paid Simpson my last dollar for that eighty I was tellin' you about. It was a bargain. As good pasture as I ever saw and right along the creek."

She looked him in the face.

"I have not given it up," she said.

"When we moved West you promised as soon as you 'were able' I should go home, and I never have been back all these years." Her voice broke. "James," she went on, "I should think you would want to see them."

He laughed a little scornfully.

"When a man has a livin' to make for such a family as I have, he can't afford to be sentimental," he said; "but there, I'll try to raise the money by spring. I reckon you can wait that long."

Mrs. Spalding made no reply. If she had had the persistence and courage of some women she would no doubt have carried the day, but she was timid and sensitive; her husband had always treated her as if she were dependent on his bounty, and grudgingly doled out to her the money for absolute necessities until she had at last fallen into the *role* he laid out for her and felt herself indeed a beggar.

After a moment's painful thought, her husband being again absorbed in his paper, she rose and left the room.

At the breakfast table next morning Mr. Spalding remarked:

"This is splendid weather for drying apples, girls, and I want you to make good use of it."

"Why can't we have an apple paring, father?" said Adaline. "Mr. Simpson's folks had one last week, and Mamie told me they pared enough for a half barrel of apple butter beside all they can attend to for a week to dry."

"I guess you three girls can do our paring. It seems to me it's anything nowadays for an excuse to get a crowd together. You think a good deal more of being with the boys than of getting your work done," was the coarse reply.

Adaline rose from the table. Mrs. Spalding looked up deprecatingly, and said: "Why, father, the girls don't—"

"Never you mind, mother," interrupted the husband, "we all know if the girls wanted the moon you'd think they ought to have it. It's a good thing there is a

boss on this farm," and he glanced complacently around upon his subjects, as if he thought he had said a good thing.

"Mother," asked Myra, as soon as they were alone, "are you going?"

"No, dear, father can't go this fall," was the answer; "he says maybe in the spring."

"Can't go," said Myra, indignantly; "won't go is the way to put it."

"Hush, Myra," said the mother, gently, "father knows best, but I am afraid I will never see grandma if I wait until spring."

The Spaldings had no "apple paring," but they dried bushels of apples and made a barrel of apple butter. They dried pumpkins, too, and made pumpkin butter, and put up quantities of preserves, and packed butter for family use and the winter market, and as the winter advanced they got out all the old clothes and began preparations for making a new carpet for the girls' room, which Adaline was determined should be a marvel of beauty.

About Christmas, fifteen hogs and one "beef" were slaughtered, and though the boys and Mr. Spalding helped, doing, of course, the killing, cutting up, and salting, the women had their share of work, you may be sure, trying lard, making sausage and head-cheese of the pork, putting the beef in pickle, and chopping mince-meat for the great jar which must be on hand for Christmas and New Year's.

Whatever faults Mr. Spalding had, no one could complain of "his table." He prided himself on its abundance; and if his wife and daughters sometimes ventured to wish pie and cake could be dispensed with at least for breakfast, he only set it down as another proof of women's perversity. "Cooking hard work, indeed! he only wished all he had to do was to get three meals a day with everything ready to work with."

Nobody answered such remarks, but the looks exchanged by the girls showed

plainly how they wished he could try it for awhile.

Holiday week was not a happy one at Mr. Spalding's. He was opposed to all festivities except feasting. The young people, of course, enjoyed parties and sleigh-rides, spelling and singing schools, and as a consequence of this difference of opinion the father's authority was sometimes disputed, when terrible scenes, terrible to the poor mother, who was between the contending parties, ensued.

As a rule, Mr. Spalding had his way, and few were the amusements in which his children participated. Sometimes a few of the more venturesome youngsters of the neighborhood came "down" on him with a surprise party, when, of course, he could do no less than entertain them, and, to his credit be it said, he spared no pains to have them enjoy themselves, but he gave them to understand very distinctly that only Christmas times would such liberties be tolerated.

And now winter was on them in earnest, and life at Spalding's for the feminine portion of the household at least, was dreary and monotonous enough. The three meals and the care of a dozen cows, milking, and churning, occupied the days. The evenings were spent "at the eternal rag-cutting and sewing," as Ellen said, when, coming home from school, she found the great basket of rags awaiting her. "I do wonder, Addie," she said, once in her father's hearing, "if they cover the golden floors in Heaven with carpet, 'cause if they do I feel sure we'll have to make ours."

"You can do without carpets, miss, if you choose," said her father, "and I expect you will if ever you have a house of your own."

"If ever I have a house of my own," she retorted, "I will have a little something going on besides work." Her father went on through the room without paying any attention to this last remark, and now Ellen ran to her dinner basket.

"O Addie!" she said, "I have the best book. May Riley sent it to me. Do you think we can manage to read it without father finding us out?"

For tyranny was producing its legitimate fruit, and the Spalding children were learning to systematically deceive their parents. The boys had found that by placing a ladder against the side of the house they could easily descend without being discovered, and many a "spelling" and "singing" did they enjoy when their parents thought them safely in bed.

Of course, the girls, although they knew of their brothers' conduct, did not tell tales, and in return for their forbearance their brothers brought them notes and books from the neighboring "boys and girls."

Adaline and Ellen were very fond of reading, and had besought their father to take a lady's magazine or a weekly paper for them, but his reply had been:

"I take two weekly papers now, and there are more books in the house than you can read if you do your work as you ought."

"Why, yes," said Adaline, as she related the interview to Myra. "We have a lot of old school books, a Bible, a *History of the United States*, *Baxter's Saints' Rest*, and *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, what else could anybody want?"

And straightway she made inquiry among all her young friends for books. The result was that every book, old or new, in other families living within five or ten miles of the Spalding girls passed through their hands, and Mr. Spalding would have been astonished, indeed, had he known the amount of reading matter of all kinds that was devoured under his roof, principally at night, with the readers closely covered up in bed, using for light a candle smuggled up-stairs and hidden carefully during the day.

The book Nellie now produced was a well-worn copy of that fascinating old

romance, *The Scottish Chiefs*, and Addie seized it with a little cry of delight.

"O Nell!" she exclaimed, "I am so glad. May told me about this book, but she did not think she could get it for us. How clever she is, and, Nell, I heard father tell mother he was 'summoned on the jury' and would leave home in the morning to be gone all week, and maybe longer; aint you glad?"

CHAPTER II.

TUESDAY morning, after many injunctions to wife and children, Mr. Spalding departed. Nellie and her two younger brothers went to school, and Myra and Addie, assisted by the mother, went about their usual household affairs, while Phil and Joe attended to the stock.

After dinner Phil went out awhile with his gun, but returned in about an hour with only two or three prairie chickens, saying "it was too stormy to hunt," "and, mother," he added, "I had better take the sled and go for the children, the snow is drifting so that I am afraid Nell will have trouble."

That evening a terrible storm "set in," and the boys could do no outside work except caring for the stock, while the younger children were compelled to remain at home; nevertheless, it was one of the happiest weeks the Spalding family had ever known.

When, after supper, Tuesday evening, Adaline brought her treasure forth and displayed it, mother at first looked a little doubtful, but on looking at it, she said she did not think father could object to their reading it, as her mother had permitted her to read it when she was a girl.

"Now," said Myra, "while we girls put away the milk and wash the supper dishes, Phil, you and Joe help Jimmy and Frank with their lessons. Then, when all is ready, Nellie, Addie, and I will take

turns reading aloud, and you boys must help sew rags, so no time will be lost."

This arrangement was agreed to by all save Phil, who declared he just could not sew rags, but would attend to the fire and snuff the candles.

The proposition with much laughter was agreed to, and by six o'clock the reading began.

What a pleasant time they had, and how many questions were asked, how many trains of thought set in motion.

Joe thought Sir William Wallace as great a hero as Washington, and announced his determination to procure a history of Scotland the very first chance he had, and "mother" had to lay down a rule that ten o'clock must be bed-time, and rigidly enforce it.

Never were so many carpet-balls made in one week. Myra said, "At this rate, mother, we can make enough carpet for the boys' room as well as ours," a proposition favored at once by the boys.

"Our room looks so bare," said Phil; "if you'll make us a carpet we'll put you up those shelves you want."

"Agreed," said Myra, and the reading and the work went on.

A note was brought by a neighbor on Saturday morning from Mr. Spalding, telling them "the trial" would probably hold on the greater part of the next week, and that he expected good care taken of everything.

"I am sure," said Philip, "father will find things all right, Mr. Riley. Do you go back to town?"

"No, indeed," was the answer. "I could hardly get home; took me nearly all day to ride the ten miles from town, and getting over here from our house was a dreadful job. I had to get off my horse and tramp the snow down in some places, but," glancing at Mrs. Spalding, "I was afeard you'd be uneasy."

"I am so much obliged to you," she answered; "now, if you will stay to supper we will soon have it ready."

"Can't do it, ma'am, no how, it'll be hard work to get back before dark, and my woman's always uneasy if I aint home o' nights," was the answer, "and besides," with a little laugh, "we're goin' to read Davy Crocket's life. I brought it to the boys from town. They been a-wantin' it some while."

By the time Mr. Spalding returned, which he did about the middle of the next week, the book had been finished. A day or two of moderate weather had settled the snow, and the children were able to attend school, while the older boys, taking advantage of the "good sledding," had commenced hauling rails from the "timber" to make new fences or repair old ones before the spring plowing begun. And now a new element was causing trouble at Spalding's. More than once some of the neighboring boys, attracted by the charms of the Spalding girls, had attempted to "keep company" with them, as the phrase is, but the cool reception they met with from Mr. Spalding soon discouraged them. John Riley, however, the stalwart son of their well-to-do neighbor, 'Squire Riley, would come home with Myra from "meeting" and would call during the week on errands cleverly devised, and would accept the coldly given invitations to sit awhile or stay to supper, which common politeness compelled Mr. Spalding to give.

"I tell you what, Phil," he said, on one occasion, as he was taking his departure, "it's pretty tough getting along with the old man, but you see he knows I'm after Myra, and he knows I'm not good enough for her, and I know it, too. You see, I think a fellow wants his wife to be better than he is, and I don't blame your father a bit, but he can't bluff me off. I am goin' to have Myra if I can get her, and now, Phil, when the old man gets too rough, I want you to interfere; just ask me out to look at the colts or see the young cattle, anything to change the subject."

Philip promised, and the young man's

persistence began to have its effect. Mr. Spalding, finding his coldness productive of no result, gradually began to thaw as the spring advanced.

And now once more Mrs. Spalding began to plan for her promised visit, although when she heard of the "big crop" to be put in, of the "strings of fence to be reset," and of the two "hands" it would be necessary to hire, her heart sank.

Late in March she made up her mind to propose going alone, and had determined to speak to her husband one evening, when just as supper had been finished John Riley came bringing a letter. He had been in town, and, of course, brought out the neighborhood mail, and, knowing how anxious Mrs. Spalding was about her mother, he stopped on his way home.

Ah me! the letter which the lover brought so joyfully made Mrs. Spalding's visit, as far as her mother was concerned, unnecessary, for it brought tidings of the dear mother's death. Poor Mrs. Spalding! so accustomed was she to hiding her feelings that not even Myra knew how heavily the blow fell on the tired, homesick heart, and it was only by the pale face, the slow step, and listless manner, that her children gradually saw "something was the matter with mother," and they wondered why father did not notice how feeble she was getting.

Well, spring was over, the house had been thoroughly cleaned, sixty yards of new carpet made and put down, the garden planted, the door yard "fixed up," and July with its harvest time was on them before they realized that summer had come.

Ellen and the two little boys were kept from school—the boys to help in the field, Ellen in the house.

It was Tuesday morning in the midst of wheat cutting. Mr. Spalding had gone early to the field, but about eleven o'clock on some errand he returned to the house. The elder girls were doing the family washing out under the trees. As he paused

in the shade to wipe his heated face he could see and hear them without himself being seen, and unconsciously at first he listened to their conversation.

"Myra," said Addie, "I do wish father would do as 'Squire Riley does. May says they never wash for their 'hands,' and we have so much to do."

"It wouldn't matter so much," was the answer, "if mother was strong, but while we have so much washing and ironing to do, she and Nellie have to do the cooking, and she is not able. Do you think I might go and help her awhile, Addie? It must be getting toward noon, and you know how father will scold if dinner is not on time."

"Oh! yes," said Addie, "do go, Myra; it nearly kills mother to have father fuss. Dear knows, I should think by this time she'd be used to it."

Myra wiped her hands and hurried into the house. The husband and father stood in thought a moment, then, still unseen, slipped quietly around the house and through the front-door, passed into the hall and out upon the back porch, where the meals were eaten during the warm weather.

Ellen was "setting" the table, Myra was running back and forth evidently very busy, but he heard her saying, "Do sit down, mother, you look so tired; we can get along some how."

"I believe I will rest a minute, Myra," said the mother, "but I am afraid your stopping to help us will make you so late with the washing."

As she spoke she came out and sat down, leaning her arm on the table. Mr. Spalding's heart gave a sudden throb as he marked the thin, pale face, and weary eyes with the great dark circles beneath them, and then for the first time he noticed the wrinkles forming at the corners of mouth and eyes, and the gray threads mingled with the dark brown hair. How could he have been so blind? "I expect she takes her mother's death

harder than I thought, she is so quiet," he said to himself, and he wished he had taken her once to see the dear old mother. He had wished that before, but had not said so. If he had it might have comforted his wife a little.

As he stood looking at her sorrowfully, for he loved his wife and was shocked at the change he now observed for the first time, she looked up and saw him. Instantly she was on her feet, a startled look in her eyes, a flush on her pale cheeks.

"O Myra!" she cried, "here's father and dinner not near ready."

"Never mind," said Mr. Spalding, "it is not dinner time. I came to the house on an errand."

He had forgotten what his errand had been, and turning, he walked slowly to the great barn and there sat himself down to think.

His wife's face with that look of affright kept before him. What had he done that the sound of his footsteps, the sight of his face, should cause her to start in terror, as a slave might at the unforeseen approach of a brutal master. He thought of the smiles with which she had once greeted him—and there rose before him a picture of her standing in the door of their first home with their baby in her arms, her gleeful laugh rang in his ears as she proudly told how that day baby had said "fazer," and how hard she tried to make the little thing repeat the sweet title, and how vexed she was at her failures. How long since he had heard his wife laugh! He had not thought of it before, but now he wondered if she ever did laugh. And now he thought of his girls, what good, industrious girls they were. He knew well he never could "carry on" the great farm without them. It would be impossible to hire such help—and a crimson tide swept over his face suddenly as he remembered Adaline saying, when he refused them a sewing-machine, "If it was a reaper or a corn planter, or anything you men needed it

would be got soon enough, but we can work from morning till night and have nothing to help us along."

The men coming from the field startled Mr. Spalding from his reverie, and he hurried into the house. As his eyes fell on his wife hurrying about, getting things on the table, now coming from the cellar with a great crock of milk, now from the kitchen with plates of bread or vegetables, and marked her slender figure and white face, a keen pain shot through his heart.

"What," he thought, "would all the world be to him without her?"

Truly, like a great many men, Mr. Spalding had sinned from want of thought and not from want of heart.

"Mother," he said, after dinner, "I can get along without Frank and Jimmy now and they can help the girls; you go and lie down awhile."

"What has come over father?" said Addie; "he told me the boys could do the milking to-night, as we had such a big washing on hand."

"And he made mother go and lie down," said Nellie; "what has happened to him?"

As the days went on they wondered more and more.

For right in the midst of harvest Mr. Spalding went to town, no one knew what for, but after his return in the evening he asked Myra to come out on the front porch, saying he wanted to talk to her. Beginning abruptly, he said:

"Myra, I saw the doctor about mother to-day, and he says she works too hard."

"I have known that a long time, father," was the reply, "and have tried all I could to help—" her voice broke.

"Yes, yes," said her father, "you are a good girl, Myra. I wish I had taken her to see her mother, Myra. I think that is one trouble. Do you think it would help her to go home now? the doctor said a change would do her good?" and he looked anxiously in his daughter's face.

"I think it would," she replied; "mother stays at home so closely."

"Yes, that's what the doctor said ; he said half the bad health with you women folks was caused by your monotonous lives. Women will stay at home if men—but there, it is not too late ; Myra, would a sewing-machine help along ?"

"Oh ! yes, father, we have wanted one so long. If you will take mother we can have her all ready in a few weeks. Harvest will be over by that time and you will see how well us children will run the farm."

"Myra," he answered, "there is another thing. John Riley's a fine fellow, but don't let him coax you off till mother's better."

A great wave of tenderness toward her father swept over Myra's heart. Was this the stern father from whom the children shrank ? at whose footstep they hastened from any innocent pleasure they might be engaged in.

She could scarcely speak, but she assured him she and John would wait his convenience. Myra never forgot that evening. The sun was just dropping out of sight. The whole sky was covered with clouds of such gorgeous color as I think are never seen except on our Western prairies. The plaintive cries of the whip-poorwills came up from the meadows. One had perched so near that the little gasp or sob following each sweet call could be distinctly heard, sounding to the hearer as if the cry was forced from an unwilling throat.

Myra turned and went in-doors, leaving

her father alone ; she felt as if he wished to have her mother with him, and so she sent her wondering to the porch, and bade the children stay in the back part of the house.

What was said by her parent she never knew, but a new era was begun at the Spalding farm dating from that harvest time.

Mrs. Spalding never was strong again, but carefully cared for and shielded from all trouble as far as was in her husband's power, she gradually became better, and the smile playing about her lips and the content shining in her eyes made her pleasant indeed to look upon.

A year later Myra and John were married, and a few years after another link between the families was welded by the marriage of Philip and John's sister May.

Mr. Spalding never covered a whole section ; he declared it was too much land for "one man to handle," and now in old age he lives happily with the "wife of his youth," while his grandchildren tyrannize over him in the most delightful manner, and think Grandpa and Grandma Spalding's the nicest place in the world to visit, as in fact do nearly all the young people in the neighborhood, now thickly settled, and boasting of a nice frame church and a good school-house where numerous representatives of the various Spalding families can be found. Truly it may be said of Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, in their old age, "Their children rise up and call them blessed."

MRS. E. V. WILSON.

MRS. GILBERT'S GOWN.

MRS. GILBERT stood before the full-length mirror of her dressing-room, with a look of critical attention giving place now and then to a frown of impatience.

"Oh! dear," she gasped, with a petulant jerk at the silken drapery, which the modiste kneeling beside her was endeavoring to arrange with a view to her approval; "you sewing-women are such a tremendous nuisance. It makes me ill to have a new gown, with all this wearing anxiety to develop something unique and original and at the same time stylish. Why can't you know exactly what I want and do it without any annoyance? No—not that way! Carry the fold higher! Ah-h! that is too stiff. It looks like a fashion plate. There is a certain artistic effect which you do not get. Madame La Tonne would have given the desired touch on the instant—only the trouble is, she would have repeated it on her next customer. Stay! Now you are going to the other extreme and disposing the drapery with too free a hand. A careless grace is not becoming to my years—or my matronhood, rather. Well, well! this sloppiness is what one gets by employing a modiste of third-rate talent. But I'm always trying to help the poor by giving them work when I can. It is my duty. Perhaps you don't know that I'm President of a charitable society—the 'Good Samaritan.' It makes a great deal of care for me. Place that group of plaits higher—no! lower. That's not right either. Ah, if Madame La Tonne could put her hand upon the stuff, it would flow in exquisite cascades

at once. But one cannot have style when one employs help from benevolent motives. There! that is better. That is very good. We have the proper adjustment at last. But how your hand trembles! And how white you are! Is anything the matter with you, Mrs. Armstrong?"

The young woman addressed lifted herself from the stooping position compelled by her task, drew a deep, full breath, passed a hand lightly over her clouded face with a slightly indrawn, abstract look. Immediately a radiant light filled her eyes, and her slight form dilated as with a sense of power and conscious self-control.

"Nothing is the matter, thank you," she said, sweetly.

"But, really, you looked ready to faint," remarked Mrs. Gilbert, with a stare at the sudden transformation.

"A—a cloud came between me and the sun," said the shining woman, with the ripple of a laugh like the song of a bird after rain. "Do you think the gown will suit you, Mrs. Gilbert?"

"Y—es—oh!—ye-s, after a fashion," replied the lady, letting her eyes drop discreetly from the curious stare with which she had been regarding her strange workwoman. "You know I don't expect all I could wish from—"

The calm, direct, beautiful eyes clearly meeting her own checked Mrs. Gilbert in the insulting explanation of her modiste expectations.

"But I want the dress finished to-day. I should feel much better satisfied if you remain here to complete the work."

"Madam knows that I have an invalid father and child that need my watchful attention," was the quiet reminder.

"Oh! dear, yes! you poor people always have such pitiful appeals to make to our hearts. I know all about it," rejoined madam, closing the subject, which there had been no apparent wish to pursue.

"I beg pardon," apologized Mrs. Armstrong, gently. "But I have to say further that if it will be no inconvenience to you, I should feel greatly obliged by partial payment on the work of the month."

"Oh! it is utterly impossible to advance anything at present, as I have so many charitable affairs in hand," was the chilling response. "Why should you expect it? You know there was no agreement on my part to pay anything until you had completed what I wished you to do."

"Certain contingencies have arisen for which I was not prepared, and I find myself under the disagreeable necessity of mentioning my need to you," the woman said, quietly folding her materials and preparing to go out.

"Oh! yes, I see," commented Mrs. Gilbert, with a wise dip and elevation of her chin. "You improvident creatures are always out of hand when the pinch comes. You should make better provisions, or rather learn not to require so much. We have lately had a very eloquent speaker in our Society who illustrated this matter very beautifully. What is needed, he explained, to make everybody comfortable and happy, is to reduce human requirements to a minimum, and just want nothing. There you have it. Don't you see how beautiful and philosophical that would be?"

"Ah!" The woman's face broke into that wonderful light again. "Thank you, Mrs. Gilbert," she said, bowing; and gathering up her parcels, she went out with no attempt to show her deep schooling in the philosophy of reducing human wants.

As the door closed upon her, the lady reclining upon the couch in Mrs. Gilbert's room, apparently absorbed in the book she held in hand, started up with swift exclamation:

"Why did you let her go, Eugénie? She is a perfect study, that woman—what did you call her? I could have watched her all day."

"Indeed! I thought you were reading the French novel I gave you instead of making studies of my sewing-woman, Dorothea," returned Mrs. Gilbert. "Isn't she a strange creature, that Mrs. Armstrong? She makes me decidedly uncomfortable, you know. Mrs. Hillis recommended her to me as one of the non-professional artistes in dress, who do not expect, or rather demand, a small fortune in requital of services. And Mrs. Hillis is herself the fairest advertisement of the skill she commends. But then she is a fine, statuesque figure, and anything looks well on her, while I am of that full, matronly type so difficult to drape in the fashion that becomes Mrs. Hillis, and I really admire no other. But you see how much annoyance I had in making Mrs. Armstrong understand what I wanted."

"If you had let her alone she would have satisfied you much better in the end," said Dorothea, frankly. "You did not give her free and unrestricted movement. Every touch was artistic, but you destroyed it by a contrary suggestion, which she silently followed like a true soldier who knows he is making a fatal blunder, but is bound to obey orders though he may be damned for it the next minute. Why, there was an ease and grace about every line and fold of the drapery she was endeavoring to dispose that struck me with the whimsical idea that in some stage of her existence she would fashion the garments of angels, her natural movements indicating the finest perception of the requirements of the subject in hand and suggesting an aptness that would have made you

quite a creature supernal if you had been less critical and meddlesome."

"What nonsense! You are just as fanciful as ever, Dorothea," declared Mrs. Gilbert, with a severely practical mental measurement of her guest. "I don't see that the years make you a bit more matter-of-fact and—sensible. Now, it is possible that Mrs. Armstrong is altogether a genius, but she annoys me somehow—makes me decidedly uncomfortable, in fact—I hardly know why. She rarely presumes to dictate. Yet she has such superior airs. At the same time she is exceedingly deferential. That's the worst of it. She makes your rudeness rebound on yourself."

The subject of these remarks meantime was hastening along the streets to her lodgings, which were up the last flight of stairs in the decent tenement quarters, where she found ample recompense for her upward toil in the wide, comforting outlook to the sky.

As she entered her outer door a figure advanced from the room within, an old man with feeble step, but with a spiritual light and beauty in his fine-cut, gray-bearded face that impressed one with a sense of power, which could not be overcome by the failing attributes of the physical.

"How is he—my Angelus—dear father?" the woman questioned, with swift but affectionate greeting. "I was compelled to tarry so long away."

"A sudden change, Margaret," the father said, gently. "Do not reproach yourself. It is what we expected, but not so soon."

Mrs. Armstrong, throwing off her hat and wrap, had glided past him and was bending silently over the bed where lay the beautiful boy, who had been long declining, though with that sympathetic response of the body to the soul's demands which deceives even love with the trust that the parting is yet far off. A yearning cry of anguish and appeal rose to the mother's lips, but she strongly repressed

it, as she repressed also the wild impulse that moves us all to struggle with death and drive him from the field when he comes at last to divide us from the visible and material life that we love, and which seems the fading proof of existence in the agony of the final parting.

A smile of celestial sweetness swept like a sun-flash over the face of the child as the mother dropped on her knees by his bedside, though it was difficult to know if there was recognition of her in the beautiful eyes that had the fixed, entranced look of painless dying. Deep and unspeakably strong as was her love and her desire for some last sign and token of affection from the little Angelus, whose life was part and parcel of her own, she felt instinctively that passionate grieving and effort to stay his departure would be a profane interference with heavenly laws, and a painful hindrance to the tender spirit that hovered between the worlds. Silent, and with hands clasped, the father and daughter watched the transition, which for them had no terrors. In that hushed atmosphere of the soul the divine mysteries of being seemed unfolding, and human loss for the brief moment was forgotten.

"Would it had been the old man, instead of the young life," the white-haired father sighed at last, when all was over, and the ashen pallor of death had dropped like a veil over the beautiful face, from which the eyes of neither had wandered. "I do not understand the providence which leaves the old man, Margaret," he added, drawing her to his breast in tender sympathy, as she struggled again to her feet.

"God knows I cannot do without thee yet," she answered, softly stroking the gray, silken beard. "Angelus has taken our souls with him into the wide, still light—we shall live more fully in both worlds now, my father."

"But, Margaret, there is the last work of this world to do for our little Angelus,

presently," said the father, with pity and doubt in his tearful old eyes.

A quiver of human anguish ran over Margaret's form, and she bowed her head with a low sob upon the old man's shoulder. "No hands but ours shall do this last sacred work," she said, when she lifted her face again to the light.

Mrs. Gilbert, quite breathless with the toil of the stairs, burst into Mrs. Armstrong's quarters on the following day, as the morning was wearing close upon noon.

"Merciful Heaven!" she panted, "you will have to change your locality, my good woman, if I have many occasions to seek you. That final flight is really the last feather. Ah! you are finishing the corsage of my dress, I see. I have to have some changes made, and this is what brought me up those dreadful stairs. I shall ask you to do again the work I ordered yesterday morning. I've changed my mind about the cut of the neck. It must be pointed instead of square. I think it can be done with the exercise of a little art. You see, I am to wear the dress, as I think I told you, to the charity ball, which will be quite noted for elegant costumes, and I have just found out that Mrs. Arnold, who is regarded as an artiste in matters of dress, will appear in a wonderful gown described to me as having exactly the fashion of corsage that you proposed for mine, but I thought then I did not like it. Now, however, nothing would delight me so much as to appear on the same evening in a fashion that shall seem to have anticipated Mrs. Arnold, who will feel quite chagrined, as she prides herself on the uniqueness of her attire. You don't seem interested, Mrs. Armstrong, and I've taken the trouble to explain my reasons instead of ordering outright what I wish done."

Mrs. Armstrong lifted her eyes wearily from the exquisitely finished work in her hands.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Gilbert, but may I

not ask that you will be satisfied with the fulfillment of your orders as given yesterday? It is, of course, possible—as all things are possible—to make the change requested, but it is not agreeable to me."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Mrs. Gilbert, in displeased surprise. "And how do you expect to retain a customer whom you dismiss with a royal air like that?"

"Madam," gently interposed the old gentleman sitting by the window, and who appeared to have been reading from the large book lying open on the table before him, "Madam, will you have the kindness to step this way a moment?"

He pushed up the spectacles from his dim eyes as he rose and walked somewhat unsteadily toward the inner room, followed doubtfully by Mrs. Gilbert, who stopped short at the door.

What she saw in the pale light was a small, straight figure with hands of alabaster thrown out in the seeming abandon of sleep on the coverlet of fragrant flowers that nearly concealed the slight wicker casket in which the sleeper reposed. There was no mistaking the look in the beautiful, statuesque face.

"Bless me!" breathed Mrs. Gilbert, in astonishment and awe, "I didn't know there was anything like this! Dear me!" and she hastily withdrew. "Of course, nothing more can be expected of you," she added, pausing at Mrs. Armstrong's side. "I'll send a servant for the dress. Do you—I believe you said something about payment yesterday—do you want some money? So many flowers must cost something. They are very nice, but only rich people can afford them. I will leave this note on account. Dear me! I'm very sorry for you. I don't know what I should do if Charlie were to die. Well, good-morning. You bear the loss wonderfully. It's all for the best, of course. I'm sorry about the dress, but—well, good-morning."

And Mrs. Gilbert hurried nervously from the rooms, thinking, as she ran down

the stairs, how dreadful to have gone up to so little purpose. It was a pity there must be so much trouble in the world. But she was trying to do her part to lighten it.

"What a perfectly lovely costume—charming, just charming!" gushed a friend of Mrs. Gilbert, as they revealed themselves to each other in the retirement of the dressing-room on the evening of the charity ball. "It is so unique, you know, and at the same time so simple and artistic. You must have a new modiste."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Gilbert, with gratified pride. "I'm glad you like my gown, but do you know, I feel somehow uncomfortable in it, owing to an unfortunate call I happened to make on my sewing-woman yesterday. I was quite unnerved at finding her calmly finishing the work with a dead child lying in the next room. She would not have mentioned it, I presume, but her old father revealed the fact as an excuse, I suppose, for her strong refusal to make some changes in the dress which would have satisfied me much better. I made my exit as soon as I could, I was so shocked, you know."

"Yes, dreadful, wasn't it?" responded the sympathetic lady. "But I saw something about sunset to-day which made me feel that death and burial may be almost beautiful."

"*Merci!* what could you have seen, Mrs. Lane?"

"I was driving with Miss Maurice, and she suggested that we should go around by the Valley of Rest to leave some exquisite roses, which, by the way, she religiously laid upon a nameless grave. Do you know if she has ever lost a lover? I must find out the secret of that grave. Well, as I was saying, we drove around some of the lovely winding paths, and as we came upon a little glade, which Miss Maurice called God's acre, a carriage came gliding in and paused beside a small open grave, though there was no hearse,

no procession, nor other funeral evidences. The driver descended and opened the carriage-door, and the man who had been waiting at the grave came forward and lightly lifted in his arms a sort of wicker casket or cradle wreathed in flowers. Then a lady, not in mourning, stepped out and reached up her hand to assist a feeble but beautiful-faced old man to alight. Arm in arm they followed that floral cradle, which was let softly, silently down into the grave, which we could see was thickly lined with evergreens and flowers that overflowed the soil at the top, upon which they knelt—the beautiful old man and the lovely young woman—in what seemed a wordless but intense prayer. When they rose and looked up to the sky, that was luminous with the most radiant of sunsets, their faces were absolutely glorified with a light which almost suggested to us the dove of peace descending out of heaven. We bowed our heads with a strange reverence, and went on without a word. I saw that Miss Maurice was too deeply moved to speak."

"And the woman"—broke in Mrs. Gilbert, who had been listening with breathless eagerness to question—"did she have golden hair, and large, dark, melancholy, but wonderfully shining eyes?"

"Yes—a rather striking woman, though small and slight."

"And the old gentleman—was he tall, extremely bent, also dark-eyed, and with flowing white beard and hair?" pursued Mrs. Gilbert.

"Yes—yes—do you know the parties, then?"

"My modiste, Mrs. Armstrong, and her father, and the dead child, there can be no doubt," declared Mrs. Gilbert, stroking uneasily the silken folds of her flowing draperies.

"Bless me! the bare wearing of that gown, Mrs. Gilbert, ought to give you gracious thoughts, if, indeed, we could imbibe good by external contacts."

DAN CARTER'S STORY.

"DON'T be too hard on sinners, boys; I came pretty near being a saloon-keeper myself."

The speaker was Dan Carter, and we, "the boys," who had gathered around the stove in L——'s grocery on a winter evening, holding down the dry goods boxes and driving the ladies out with cigar smoke, saw that he was about to give us a yarn. His, quaint good humor, sound common sense, and solemn way of moralizing always "drew a crowd," and we had rather hear him than a preacher, though, in fact, he was preaching to us, had we but known it. After waiting for some one to say "Tell us all about it, Dan," he related the following story:

"It was when I was young. I didn't know so much as I've found out since. I was shoveling dirt on the railroad and got tired of hard work and poor pay. A saloon-keeper of our town died, and the widow, being anxious to sell out, offered a good bargain. Billy Clark and I sat down to rest our weary muscles before walking home, and talked it over. We thought we saw an easier way to get a living, and it didn't require much capital, and we couldn't be responsible for other people's morals. If we didn't look out for ourselves, who would? So we agreed to decide the matter the next night, and went home to sleep on it, but I lay awake and thought on it, with a big, round moon looking in at me, kind o' sorrowful like because I had thought of it at all. My father was dead, but my mother could have told me what to do in short order, and all the reasons why.

"But I had not outgrown that phase of boyhood yet which considers it undignified to be guided by a woman. I've heard mother, say, 'You can't teach a boy any more than his mind'll take in, and he is like an oak tree, a long time coming to maturity.' I intended to decide this matter for myself, and then adhere to my own decision. In the silence of the night, and the quieting influence of the moonlight, my soul seemed to say, 'It *isn't* right, it is wrong.' It is building up one at the expense of many. Better have a trade that will be a benefit to mankind, even though you toil through sweat and dust all day; you can lie down at night an honest man, with a clean soul.

"There was but one person whose opinion had any weight with me, that was gentle Bessie Raymond, a neighbor's daughter, with whom I walked home from church sometimes. I didn't know that I was in love with her, but I didn't want her to think ill of me, and I certainly knew that every pure-minded woman would despise me if I went to selling drinks for a living. She had never expressed her opinion in this matter, but I imagined I could see her sweet, pretty face, surrounded by fleecy clouds, peering out from the shadows over the foot of my bed, looking at me more sad and reproachful than the moon.

"When I told Billy Clark of my decision he called me a 'spooney,' a 'white-livered goose,' and said I was 'tied to my mother's apron string.' I didn't resent it, for we had always been friends. I was glad he couldn't say anything worse of me. Seeing that I was immovable, he

asked my pardon and announced his intention of going in alone and asked me to come in and bring my friends.

"This I promised to do, and wished him success. Right here, the parson would say, I made a compromise with the devil, and I certainly did make a compromise with evil, call it by what name you like. I have sometimes wondered whether my guardian angel slept or whether she was unable to penetrate the density of my magnetic surroundings at this time.

"Billy Clark threw aside the shovel and put on his good clothes and stood behind the bar, and the rest of us toiled on. I took the boys in for a drink, once in a while, as I agreed to. I didn't care much for beer, but as the days grew long and hot I didn't feel able to do a day's work without a drink to keep me up. My money was always gone before pay-day, so I began running up an account. At the end of each month I was astonished to see how much it was. One night, when I felt unusually tired, Billy joked me about it.

"Says he: 'You ought to have gone in with me. Last week I put five hundred dollars in the bank. The banker tells me that over one-third of the crisp new bills that they mark and pay out to the hands are deposited the next week by saloon-keepers.'

"Then he urged me to take another drink to revive my spirits. I took it and started home. For the first time in my life I couldn't walk straight.

"As the way home led past Mrs. Raymond's, I walked round a square (though my head was aching dreadfully), to avoid seeing Bessie. As luck would have it, she had just started out for a walk and I met her face to face. I didn't have self-control enough to return her salutation. I expect the one who grieved the most about it was my mother.

"I resolved then and there, that no one should ever see me under the effects of liquor again. A few minutes later Billy Clark walked by with a new suit of broad-

cloth, a stove-pipe hat, and a gold watch and chain. My best clothes were getting shabby, and I owed him for two months' trade. I made another resolution, namely, that as soon as I paid the account he had against me, not another cent of the money I had earned shoveling dirt should go to pay for his clothing or trinkets, or be deposited in the bank by him. I expected it would be a hard matter to stand the slurs of the boys, but after meeting them once the worst would be over, and I knew that I should adhere to my resolution. I made some excuse to stay away from the saloon three days, and then the boys insisted on having me come along, saying it was my turn to treat. I knew what was coming, and tried to encase myself in 'a rhinoceros hide,' as Will Carleton says of editors, little knowing in how many ways they could pierce it. I answered with some dignity: 'I am going to quit drinking and treating; I can't afford it; I have a family to support.'

"A family to support?" said Sam Reynolds, derisively. 'You see, boys, he has to keep the old woman, and he's getting stingy.'

"Please to call my mother Mrs. Carter," I answered, sharply. 'I believe I am in a habit of paying the miller, the grocer, and the butcher.'

"You might say you pay the brewer, the barber, and the tailor also, and now you think of robbing the brewer in order to pay the laundress and cook. I was *burdened* with an old woman once. Aunt Keziah Reynolds lived with me, or, rather, I lived with her, as she owned the home, and raised me from babyhood up. After I began to earn wages, people frequently told me that I was a good boy for taking care of my aunt, and I believed it. Did you ever notice that when people praise us, even though we despise their blarney, we give them credit for being truthful and discerning! When Aunt Keziah died, it cost me just twice as much to live as it did before. I have paid for all the

woman's work I have had done since. Now I know from experience that you fellows that have some one to do your work for nothing can afford to treat better than we who have to pay for board.'

"Sam Reynolds, since you have called my attention to the matter, I beg leave to inform you that hereafter neither my mother nor any other woman is going to work fourteen or sixteen hours a day to save money for me to buy beer and tobacco. You seem to know all the weak spots in my character. Do you know your own? When you see me making an effort to do right, instead of aiding me, you have held me up to ridicule, and I despise you for it.'

"My words 'struck back.' His face flushed for a moment, and then he said: 'I ask your pardon, Dan. I didn't consider what I was doing. I respect every one for making a good resolution, even if it is not kept more than five minutes, and if you are going to quit drinking, I'll quit too.'

"Thank you, Sam, I'll not forget it.'

"Boys, how many more of you will swear off?" he asked quickly.

"About half of the hands joined us in our 'reform movement,' and the rest went to the saloon, and told Billy what I had done. He said, 'Dan has a good deal of influence in his way, but if he does anything to hurt my custom, I know how to get even with him.'

"I went home feeling better, for, did not every step in the right direction lessen the distance between me and Bessie? How I longed to tell her that I was trying to deserve her respect, but I did not dare to go near her for many a day. When I got my month's wages, I paid my debts, and thought in a month more I could get a new suit of clothes, go to church, and walk home with Bessie again. While these thoughts were running in my head, I saw her coming seated in a handsome carriage by the side of Billy Clark. He had bought a span of dapple grays,

and with his stylish rig had taken my girl out to ride. This was the way he meant to get even with me.

"I saw them go by four Sundays in succession, and as I had to wear shabby clothing, the best I could do was to keep out of sight. It was evident that Billy had the whiphand on me, and no one to blame but myself for my cursed folly. On the fifth Sunday, the tailor having made me presentable, I called on Bessie, and asked for her company.

"I'm sorry to refuse you, Mr. Carter, but I am engaged to Mr. Clark.' Then she added, 'May I ask why you shunned me so long if you cared for my company?'

"I told her the whole truth, and she said: 'O Dan! if you had trusted me sooner, I would have been patient and forgiving, but it is too late now, I have promised to marry Mr. Clark, and have accepted a gold watch and chain and a ring.'

"I was astonished—I had forgotten that a short road to wealth came very near alluring me; and Bessie was several years younger than myself.

"Is it possible," said I to her, 'that you can think of marrying a saloon-keeper?'

"My mother and stepfather think it best. He has a handsome property and a good income, and that has a good deal of weight with the old folks. But I didn't suppose you considered it so very bad. Billy said you would have gone in with him, only you thought it wouldn't pay.'

"The main reason why I didn't go in, was because I thought I should lose your respect by doing so; though there are other reasons enough why a man shouldn't sell drinks for a living.'

"Billy has promised to give up the business as soon as he gets enough to live on comfortably, and I hope that won't be long. Now, Dan, don't think hard of me; you know a woman must not speak until she is spoken to, even though her

happiness for a lifetime depends on having an explanation in time. She must wait, and take what comes to her. She is not supposed to have any affection for a man till it is asked for. If she does, she may be under the necessity of crushing it out as you do the thistles in your garden, instead of cultivating it like a tender and beautiful flower. We must feel shame for the heart's best fruit, because custom ordains it to be so. I hope you will find some one who will be worthy of you and make you happy. Now I must bid you good-bye.'

"So I took her hand a moment, and left her—the girl who was dearer than every thing else to me—without a single kiss. This came about because I didn't know enough to keep away from a saloon—didn't know enough to take my mother's advice; in short, I didn't do as well at all times as I was capable of doing. There was nothing left me but to bear the sorrow I had brought on myself.

"One month later a neat little residence opposite my own was dressed up with new paint and made ready for the reception of Mr. and Mrs. Clark. I have always hoped that the first few weeks of their married life was happy. In less than six months Billy began staying out nights—every night a little later, and when he did come there was a good deal of noise in the house, such as a man would make throwing chairs, dishes, and stove-lids about the room. The nightly expectation of this filled me with such a nervous dread, I couldn't sleep until it was still over there: I saw Bessie about the yard every day, as she busied herself among the flowers. I saw the roses fade from her cheeks, and her face grow white and thin, and at night, after other folks had gone to bed, I could see her frail, thin figure pacing to and fro in the front chambers, shaded, but not concealed, by the lace curtains that hung over the windows, and occasionally I could see a curtain pulled aside and a white, despairing face peer out into the darkness in

the direction from which she expected her husband to come.

"Every woman who has kept these lonely vigils, listening hour after hour for the steps of one who is dearer than life to her, knows the agony she feels when he comes lumbering into her presence in a state of beastly drunkenness, which must be so repulsive to a refined nature. And I, who might have saved Bessie all this by a little more decision of character, was determined to share these vigils with her, though she never knew it. I wanted to be in hearing if there was a call for help, but I always stayed behind the screen.

"About twelve o'clock one night in July, when the air was laden with the scent of roses, and the moon was at the fullest, making it almost as light as day, I saw Billy Clark come staggering along the walk, a little more drunk than common. He went into the house, and there was a dreadful racket there for about five minutes, and then all was still. (What a blemish on the beauties of a quiet summer night. It seemed as if I could hear the voice of his dead mother reproaching me for not trying to save him before it was too late, but perhaps it was the voice of my guilty conscience.)

"A moment later Bessie came noiselessly out at the front door, and as she turned to lock it, I saw that her hair was in a tangled mass, and the shoulders of her white garment were stained with blood. Had the wretch been trying to cut her throat! I threw open the screen, and was about to leap from the porch, but she motioned for me to stay back and keep still, and ran swiftly down the street. With clenched hands and set teeth I watched till I saw her enter her mother's house, while my heart cried out, 'O Bessie! my lost love, my poor, murdered darling, I would give my life for you, and I am powerless to help you!'

"I called my mother and sent her down to see what was the matter.

"They told her that 'Billy had come

home a little in liquor, and out of humor, and had thrown her against the stove and cut a gash in her head, which they hoped was not serious, though it bled violently.'

"Bessie was home again next day going about her work as usual. Time passed on, and there was no change for the better in her affairs, and when fall came she could not sit up all day.

"Her friends called in a doctor, and my mother asked him privately if he considered it a hopeless case.

"'Well, madam,' he said, 'it's not much use doctoring the body when the mind is ill. You can call it heart disease, or nervousness, or dyspepsia. But it is well known to the medical science, that "Grief unstrings the muscles," and that any disturbance in the affectional nature interferes with digestion and assimilation of food. No, no, it's no use administering drugs for a broken heart. The patient's constitution is too frail to withstand much. All we can do is to make her comfortable as possible.'

"I went to bed with a vague sense of impending evil, a nervous dread of something dreadful about to happen. I kept thinking of what Billy said about boys who were raised by women being chicken-hearted. I began to believe it.

"I could not sleep. It was a dark, rainy, dismal night. All night long I could see a luminous cloud over the foot of my bed, in the centre of which was Bessie's pale, sad face gazing at me, as I had seen it once before. About daylight I sunk into an uneasy slumber and was awakened by the voice of Billy Clark calling me to go

for the doctor. His wife had been found dead in bed. The doctor called it heart disease, and they gave her a splendid funeral."

"Did he feel any remorse?" asked some of the listeners.

"No. I never saw any signs of it. He had another wife in less than a year. Another young girl was enticed by his money and his promises to throw herself away."

"Well, Dan, I don't like your story; it looks as if the Lord had allowed the wicked to triumph, and it has gone rather hard with you, after sacrificing so much for the sake of principle."

"Great Scott! Do you suppose I would change places with that man? Would ten thousand dollars invested in real estate pay me for having the crime of murder on my soul? For it is murder to break a woman's heart, and leave her to die by degrees, even if the law doesn't recognize it as such. Isn't it better to suffer all the anguish of unreturned love than to be so bound up in money-getting as to deaden the feelings, and make one unmindful of the sorrows of others! I have faith in the eternal justice of things. No man can march up the hill of progress till he has repaired all the wrong he has done. To illustrate: If you steal ten dollars, all the repenting and praying you can do won't help you until you have restored the ten dollars to the owner."

"Boys," said Mr. L——, "it's time to shut up the store. Go home and tell your folks you have been to a temperance lecture."

FRANCES F. THACHER.

"HOW PAPA FOUND MAMMA."

"Two may be born the whole wide world
apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no
thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed,
And these o'er unknown seas and unknown
lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
And, all unconsciously, shape every act,
And bind each wandering step to this one end—
That, one day, out of the darkness they shall
meet,
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes."

"THE girls," Annie and Zada
Ellenora—middle-aged women—
were busy making scrap-books for the
little nephews, when one of them paused
and read aloud the verse we have quoted.

The mother, an elderly woman, looked
up from the book she was reading and
said, "Why, that makes me think of your
papa and myself. I was born in Penn-
sylvania, and he in the State of Maine,
and we met here, in the new country, the
State of Ohio, and became—"

Down went the scissors, scraps, paste,
and poems, and they both said, "Now,
while we are alone, and this is a broken
day, and no man around to cook for, you
must tell us the story, mother. You said
you would some day," and though the
mother declared it was foolish, and she
couldn't bear to hear old women tell of
their love stories, she was wheedled into
telling the girls how their papa met with
and married their mamma.

Of course, they plied her with questions
of "What did you say?" and "What did
he say?" and "How were you dressed?"
and "What did he have on?"

"Well, there is not much to tell," she
began, "for all these stories of falling in
love and marrying and giving in marriage
are pretty much alike. Let me see: well,
to begin at the very first, at one of the
side branches, as you may say, it was in
the year 1814, when your grandfather
lived in Washington County, Pennsyl-
vania, that his house, a double log-cabin,
was burned and the family were left
destitute. A good old man by the name
of Coulter came to us one day bringing a
present of a spinning-wheel to my mother.
That was the best gift he could have
presented her with. She could spin flax
and tow for the neighbors then, and soon
earn some of the necessities of which we
had been robbed. We all remembered
this good man. After awhile we, with
several other families, moved from our
neighborhood to Jefferson County, Ohio.

"I remember one morning that my
mother scolded me, while we were journey-
ing, and I was walking along behind the
wagon crying out loud. I felt grieved
and wronged.

"Suddenly I heard the tramp of horses'
feet beside me, and looking up saw a fair-
faced, blue-eyed young man riding a colt.
He had seen me crying. I put my check
linen apron up to my face to hide my
blushes. He said, 'Did something go
wrong, Sis? You must learn to take
things quietly. We all have our little
troubles, you know, and it is better not to
worry and take them to heart.'

"And then he told me they—his
father's family—were moving out to the
State of Ohio, to Jefferson County, and

I answered that we were going there too, and come to find out, he was John, the son of the man, Mr. Coulter, who had given your grandmother the new spinning-wheel. I told him I was Ellen, eldest daughter of Uriah Thompson, and presently the colt sidled off and cut up a frisky caper or two and ran on ahead, and that was the last I saw of the pretty boy for several years.

"Five years later, his family, and my family, too, pushed on into the newer Ohio country, and located within ten miles of each other.

"We had hard times in the new, uncleared lands. We all worked very hard. My mother's children came fast, and she was over-worked, and her temper was none of the best; not very patient, mother wasn't; and one day, when a man, riding horseback and leading another horse with a woman's saddle on, came hunting for a girl to spin flax, I did not hesitate to go with him.

"I cannot tell you how glad I was to find out that he was John Coulter, the boy who had cheered the crying lass behind the movers' wagon years before. He did not know who I was when he came to our house. How strange that our paths should cross each other again! We both laughed over it, and my heart was not heavy nor my hand unsteady while I was tying up my woolen hose, and my capes and aprons, and the few clothes I possessed. I felt as if I were going among friends instead of strangers.

"He was married, and his wife had two children, and he was prospered and well-to-do. His mother had died meantime, and his father married again—the widow Price—and John had married her daughter, Polly.

"When I climbed up on the bars and got on to the old farm horse, I hailed a cheerful good-bye to my mother.

"It was a ten-mile ride over a new road in the month of March. John Coulter said when we should reach the home

of his wife's brother, Zachariah, we would call in and warm a minute.

"Although it was less than half a mile from his own home, we stopped in to warm. We were chilled through and chattering with cold.

"Now, Zachariah's mother it was who had married John's widowed father, so that his stepmother was his mother-in-law and his father his father-in-law. She left five children at home when she married—one a sixteen-year-old girl who had never learned how to conduct a household, and that cold, damp day everything was at sixes and sevens. Zachariah was making lye hominy in a big kettle in the wide fireplace. His brothers and sisters were at school, and he taught them evenings while he conned his own lessons in arithmetic.

"The poor fellow apologized. He pulled his hat down over his eyes and stirred the corn as if he were making mush and afraid it would burn. Suddenly he remembered the gallantry of a gentleman, and taking off his hat he hurried and brought out the jug of whisky, poured out each a drink in good measure, and handed it to us.

"That was common and customary in those early days. He would have been uncourteous had he not shown us this mark of respectful attention. Whisky was the currency in those times of slavish toil and privation.

"Well, I liked my new home. John was kind and intelligent, and his wife, Polly, was more like a good elder sister to me than a taskmistress.

"She had one sorrow. Her brother Zack, as they all called him, wanted to go to sea. The love of the sea was in his blood. His grandfather had been a captain on a vessel for many years and his stories had impressed themselves upon the boy. He did not care for the society of the fair sex, he hated farming, he wearied of the monotony of life in the clearing and the wild wood, and after his

mother married and left them he was more and more dissatisfied. But 'patience to see the issue,' was required.

"One day when John went to the nearest city he bought me a woolen shawl, something I had needed for a long time. I had worked long enough to earn it. It was the yellowish-green color of a quince, with a vine about the edge of scarlet roses bedded in moss. It was very rare, and fine, and the first good article of apparel I had ever owned.

"The weekly singing-school was held that evening at Zack Price's. When I put on my beautiful shawl to go with John and Polly I had it on wrong side out, Polly said.

"Now Ellen that's good luck. That shawl will bring you nothing but fortune the best. I am so glad, and it does become you wonderfully; that ripe tint suits your hair and eyes."

"After the singing closed—now, girls, don't you laugh, for this happened fifty years ago when all manners and customs were so different from these times—when it closed the boys began to select their girls to escort home, bowing and blushing, and drawing on their yarn mittens. Just beside the fireplace stood Sally Jones and Hannah Hazen waiting for some beau to ask to 'see them safe home,' or, to 'have the pleasure of their company.'

"I always went with John and Polly, and I stood beside them while they rolled, each, a baby in a woolly, half-sleyed blanket ready for the cold walk home. Just as John took up little 'Buzz,' a man's hand reached out and laid hold of mine with no uncertain grip, and the husky words, 'I'm going with you, Ellen,' fell upon my ears. It was Zachariah; poor, bashful, sorrowful, lonely Zachariah, whose eyes, far-searching, were looking away toward the sea for the companionship for which his soul was hungry.

"John and Polly went to bed with the babies, and I sat a spell with Zack that evening.

"We spent a very pleasant two hours. I told him how I had crossed paths with John Coulter, and how it seemed providential, that in a way we could not understand, he was to lead me, or to help me. And when we talked about the sea, I told him of the dangers that lay in a life on the ocean wave.

"When he started home he asked if he might 'come and see me' on the next Saturday evening. I told him I had no objections, but I seriously thought that Hannah Hazen and Sally Jones might not approve of it.

"He said Han and Sally might go to the old Harry, for all he cared, lazy girls who could not spin six knots a day without they proved the truth of the old saying, and spun after dark, because, when 'the sun was in the west, lazy girls worked best.'

"He came on Saturday evening, as agreed on.

"What did I wear?" Well I had a yellow and white home-made cotton gown, check. We bought the cotton yarn, colored it copperas, and wove it ourselves. Then I wore a dress-handkerchief, folded three cornered, pinned down between my shoulders, crossed in front and pinned smooth, a linen apron with three rows of little tucks, a string of blue and white glass beads, and another string of gold ones, called a 'neck-lace,' that Polly made me wear. They had belonged to her great-grandmother in old Vermont. My hair was twisted in a coil round a horn-comb behind, and at the sides was rolled in long rolls or curls around side combs. It was a pretty fashion. I did not need to rub my cheeks with coarse flannel, nor press a prickly mullen leaf with a stinging spat on them, like Sally Jones or Hannah Hazen, for I had the roses of health planted there in my childhood.

"Well, he came 'to see' me, and stayed till midnight. I cannot remember all that we talked about, only that he

spoke of his mother marrying again and leaving her children to do for themselves, and he cried, and I felt so sorry that I cried too. I pitied them so. A home without father or mother was not much of a home in those days.

"Well, when Zachariah left, he asked me to take a walk with him the next morning. He said we would follow the path, take the canoe, and ride up to the bend, and walk from there to the ripple, and home again in time for dinner.

"I often remember a trifling little incident that happened that morning. I went to the garden to pick a pan of currants, and the first bush I raised had a nestful of eggs under it, fifteen fresh, white eggs, hidden away there that we did not know of.

"Polly said if a girl found a hidden nest, when not looking for it, it was a sure sign of an offer of marriage; said she never knew it to fail; that the day before John asked her to have him, she found a hatful down under the woodbine beside their door.

"What did I wear that May morning?"

"Well, a pale-blue and white striped gingham dress, fresh from the ironing table, and a blue ribbon around my head, tied at one side in a bow with ends; and my new calf-skin shoes, and a corded pink-and-white check sunbonnet."

"Did father pop the question that day?"

"He did. That was his errand. We were sitting on a mossy log in old man Broady's sugar camp when he up and said, 'I need you, Ellen Thompson. I guess you are the ship that is waiting for me, and the sea is the sea of matrimony;' and he took hold of my hand with a powerful grip, and said: 'Now I'll not let go till you say "Yes" or "No," even if you are a week considering. I have a home, such as it is, to take you to. The farm will be mine when I get it paid for and the boys "bought out." I have stock plenty, good health, willing hands, and

I never cared a snap for any other girl but you, and, Ellen, I never will. We were meant for each other; there is a real downright providence in all this, and it all came about, don't you see, through John Coulter.'

"His grip tightened. I said I wanted to think awhile. He said I was no baby, I knew my own mind as well then as in a month, and his fingers closed so painfully tight, that, half-laughing and half-crying, I said, 'yes.'

"We were married two weeks from that day by the circuit preacher at Jim Gwin's cabin—it was where the regular preaching was held, because we had no meeting-houses for five years after.

"The cabin stood down below Horner's house, where George has his garden now, and it was crowded. We were married after service.

"What did I wear?"

"Well, I was dressed nice for a bride in those days; had on a white jaconet dress, and a corded petticoat, and a silk dress handkerchief with silk fringe all round it—the wedding gift of your father, girls—side-comb curls on each temple, a wreath of apple-blossoms on my head, and a beautiful, light, gauzy green veil down over my face.

"People said I didn't look scared, but rosy and serious.

"When the preacher said 'Salute your bride,' your papa laid the veil aside quite gracefully and kissed me with a good deal of noise, or so it seemed to me, then. We had an infair at my father's. As was the custom, the party rode horseback, in couples, forming a procession. It used to be a pretty sight to see an infair company, gay and rejoicing. There were ten couples of us. My family had received the message only the day before, and not much preparation had been made, but I put on one of my mother's old dresses and killed chickens, and the other girls pinned up their dresses and stewed apples and berries and made pies and cookies,

and set tables, and we did have a grand time.

"We all rode home that same evening in the moonlight, and we sang good old Methodist hymns as we rode along through the woods and up and down the wild hills.

"I thought I never heard sweeter singing, and all the parts were carried on the same as the church choirs do nowadays.

"I never regretted my choice. Your father was a good, kind man. Sometimes I sit and think about how strangely it all came to pass, as you read in the verse awhile ago—how incidents not worth noticing or remembering shape themselves, and bind each act and step to this one end, that one day, out of the darkness the mystery will be made plain, and

great events will grow out of nothings. How true that life's great loss may be our gain, and that we all need only patience to wait for results.

"It is such a pleasure to me to recall one incident in your dear papa's last sickness. He had lain seemingly unconscious for an hour or two when he rallied, and looking up into my face, he held my hand around the wrist, and, smiling, said: 'Ellen, you were the right one; you were sent to me. You made a better man of me, and, Ellen, I meant to hold your hand a week down in Broady's sugar camp if you hadn't said yes;' and his laugh was fresh and as full of joy as a child's laugh, recalling the boyish reminiscence that flitted back over all the long years even to his peaceful dying and departing to be with Christ."

PIPSEY POTTS.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

BESSIE'S SACRIFICE.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

THE old adage, "Misfortune never comes singly," was surely verified in the case of the Miller family.

To begin with, in mid-August Mrs. Miller had fallen down the cellar stairs, spraining her ankle so dreadfully that she was certain of weeks of inactivity and suffering. It was a sad thing to happen at any time, but to come right in the hurry of farm work it was too much to bear patiently, as Mrs. Miller said over and over again.

Then the very next week the span of new horses ran away, ruining the wagon, disabling the hired man, and injuring themselves so that they might about as well have ended their lives in their headlong race.

Then, as if to crown everything, Mr. Miller was obliged to pay a note which in an hour of good-natured weakness he had indorsed for a man of the Micawber stamp. It was only two hundred dollars, but it had taken a long time to make it on farm produce, and the losers felt it bitterly and at first quite unforgivingly.

There were five of the Miller children—Joe and Bessie, who were anticipating boarding school; ten-year-old Fred, kind-hearted, heavy-footed Fred, who hated any kind of a school, and lastly the twins, Louie and Lottie, who, after passing unscathed through previous epidemics, now added their mite to the general trouble by contracting the whooping-cough.

The burden of all this household worry and care fell upon Bessie, pretty, slender Bessie, who was only seventeen. She had cheerfully spent so many of the hot afternoons in sewing on her new school clothes, and now they had to be laid aside and the

pleasant prospect of seminary life also. For there was the invalid mother to be waited on and comforted, the fretful twins petted and consoled, and there was so much work—the meals to get, the milk and butter to take care of, and the plums and peaches were getting ripe, and only Bessie's one pair of hands to do it all.

There seemed to be no hired help to be found, except lame Jemima Lee, who finally consented to come "Jest out o' pure goodness," as she took care to explain to everybody; but she would take charge of the milk-room and help care for Mrs. Miller, and Bessie valiantly assumed the burden of the rest.

Miss Jemima was a lady of uncertain age and temper. She hated children and dogs, and as both species flourished at the Miller farm, there was a prospect of lively times. It was no wonder that Bessie's tears dropped into the dishpan while her hands were too busy to wipe them away.

Fred came in just in time to spy the glittering drops and to remonstrate in true man fashion:

"Now, Bess, what's the use of snivelin' what's up?"

"O Freddy! I can't help it, my head aches so, and everything goes wrong, and there's such lots to do."

"Aint Miss Jemima come?"

"Yes, she's in the milk-house; but how she did look and sneer because things are so upside down—just as if I could help it with all I've had on my hands, and I not being used to all the dairy work, either!"

"Hoh! I wouldn't care one straw what she said or how she looked; you know she's all crossways, anyhow. Can't I help do something? But stop your cryin' or I won't do a livin' thing, so there! I'll run away."

"Don't, Freddy; but if you can run

up and bring mother's breakfast things down, that will help me nicely. Go still, for her head is so bad this morning."

A few minutes later the ominous jingling of dishes proclaimed Fred's return, and Bessie hastened to open the door and rescue the tray from his unskillful hands.

"Why, she hasn't eaten hardly anything!"

"No," said the boy, disconsolately; "an' she's cryin', too. I'm jest goin' a-fishin', I am! I like creek water better'n so much salt water as there is 'round here."

"Don't go off fishing, Fred! Can't you pick some plums? they fall all the time, and I must can some."

"Don't let Miss Jemima help unless you want pickles."

"You *must* be more respectful, Fred. What should we have done if she had refused to come and help us?"

"Done without her!" said the boy, lightly. He could not be very unhappy as long as he had his meals, the sun shone, and the toothache and stomachache held aloof; so, taking a pail, he went whistling and beating a lively tattoo out toward the fruit trees, while his sister hastened to make the mother's room as neat as possible before Miss Jemima's eyes had a chance to inspect every detail.

"Oh! dear; how are things going on down-stairs, Bessie?"

"Nice as can be, mamma; the dishes are all done, and I'm going to ironing soon as I finish up here."

Bessie kept all of her tears and sighs bravely out of her mother's room, and most of her worries also.

"Where are the twins all the morning, Bess?"

"Out to the milk-house now, and I must try and keep them away; I'm afraid they'll bother Miss Jemima."

"They surely will, and she don't like children either. Can't you coax them somewhere else?"

"I'll contrive something soon as I go down; don't worry!"

A little later she sent Louie and Lottie over to the orchard, to see which could get the nicest bunch of flowers for mamma and find the largest fallen apple.

The busy twins were but just happily disposed of, when Fred, trusting to a treacherous limb, came crashing down to

the ground, spilling the plums and hurting himself enough to justify howls of misery.

Bessie and Miss Jemima rushed to the spot, but the boy was quickly on his feet, and seeing it was nothing serious, Bessie said: "Don't, Freddy, don't! you'll frighten mamma; and you say yourself that crying's no good. Too bad you fell, but you'll soon get over it."

But the spinster glared at him, saying scornfully: "Bless us an' save us! I come near havin' a spasm, bein' so scairt; but boys is alwers an' forever a-doin' something to upset a body's nerves. I never see the beat!"

This speech had the effect of quickly subduing Fred's sobs, and he climbed valiantly up into the tree again, while Bessie picked up the fallen fruit.

The long, hot day dragged itself along slowly.

Miss Jemima spent part of it down-stairs, and the rest with Mrs. Miller, who became nearly distracted in listening to accounts, minute and graphic, of all the accidents which had happened within the scope of the county and the memory of the narrator.

Bessie got dinner, washed dishes, ironed, and did five cans of plums; it was unaccustomed work, and she broke one jar and burned her fingers; but her mother's surprise and delight when she took up the cans to show them paid her for all the work and worry.

And she and Joe and their father had a long talk on the moon-lighted piazza that night.

"It's too bad things have turned out so!" said Mr. Miller, in conclusion. "You're a good girl, Bessie, but I feel more sorry for you than if you had fretted and fumed about it, as I half expected you would."

"So do I!" said Joe; "and if it wasn't for things in the house, Bess should be the one to go off to school. But never mind, little one; I'll do all I can to improve my chance and sometime I'll make your sacrifice good."

"It's all right now," said Bessie, without a sigh. She had fought her battle alone in the nights when she was too tired and troubled to sleep. She knew that her father after all his losses could not bear the expense of sending two away to

school, and Joe could be best spared, and ought to lose no time in being fitted for his life-work.

She had thought it all over and settled the matter for herself, and so, when it was discussed in family council, she faced it so quietly as to astonish her parents and Joe, who knew how eagerly she had looked forward to her seminary life.

The weeks of August and September glided by. Joe went away to the business college with a deeper love and respect for his sister than he had ever dreamed of before. Mrs. Miller improved slowly, and Miss Jemima and Fred led a cat and dog life, in spite of Bessie's constant efforts to keep peace between them.

The twins coughed and quarreled, made mud pies and no end of trouble all day, and every night, fresh-washed and white-robed, they hugged and kissed their patient sister, and said their prayers like little saints.

Bessie was growing thin; her face lost its fresh color, and her hands grew rough and red.

She found no time to practice or to study, as she had promised Joe, for she would not neglect one duty for that, and duties filled all the days.

"I am losing ground every way," she said to herself sometimes; but she had grown so patient and thoughtful, so self-controlled and capable, that she was a constant joy and surprise to her parents.

"She's a rare good girl," said Mr. Miller to his wife. "I don't see how we could have done without her, but if all goes well now, her sacrifice shall be more than made up to her someway before long."

But he did not dream how soon it was to be, or how, until a letter which came in October defined the way. And this was what the letter said:

"CHICAGO, October 11th, 1886.

"DEAR BROTHER:—I have an announcement to make, and a favor to ask, as follows: Aunt Kate, my daughter, and myself expect to be at your home about November 1st, and on the 6th, Alice and I, and, as we hope and desire, your Bessie also, will sail for Europe.

Aunt Kate will take her place in your family until our return in April or May. Alice is not strong, and we decided to drop school one year and study physical development and practical geography instead; and it is our earnest wish that Bessie join us at my expense.

"Tell her she will need only warm, serviceable clothes, as she will not be presented at courts, or associate with royalty very much, anyway. I inclose a letter from Allie, which I presume paints the matter in glowing adjectives unknown to my pen, so I will only add my best wishes,

"And remain your loving brother,
"JOHN N. MILLER."

Did ever a letter of less than two pages create such a stir before? Bessie thought of the Arabian Nights, of Aladdin's lamp, of Cinderella and the Fairy Godmother; but none of these were quite so strange and wonderful as this; and she said: "How good of uncle to think of me! how very good and kind—though of course I can't go!"

"I don't know about that," said her delighted father. "Your mother is almost well, and the twins go to school, and the fall work will be pretty well along by that time. It's my private opinion that you'll go, Miss Bessie, and become a traveled young lady!"

"O papa! it don't seem possible! I go to Europe!" She turned to her mother with shining eyes.

"It's a chance of a lifetime, Bessie, and it would be a pity to miss it. I shall be glad to have Aunt Kate with me again; she is a dear, sweet woman. And the clothes we were preparing for school will come in use just right. I am so glad for you."

And very soon a grateful acceptance went speeding away to Chicago, and a wildly happy letter to Joe, who was to come and spend the last Sunday. How Bessie's fingers flew to finish the soft gray and blue flannel dresses, while her thoughts flew still faster "over the sea and far away."

But it is time this story closed, for it is named Bessie's Sacrifice, and it will not do to tell too much of her reward.

LILLIAN GREY.

MOTHERS.

GOING TO HEAVEN.

"MAMMA, where is Heaven?" Mamma had just left the room unnoticed by thoughtful, four-year-old Jennie. But Ben, naughty, roguish Ben, sat near, mending a kite. He was greatly amused at his little sister's question; and if Ben could only have fun he did not always stop to think if he was doing right.

"Why, Jennie," he said, "don't you know where Heaven is?"

"No," answered Jennie, earnestly; "do you, Ben?"

"Of course. Didn't you see the big, red light last night over in the pasture, when the sun went down? There's where Heaven is. It's over behind the big hill where those tall trees are. Now you watch to-night and you'll see the lights shining over there."

Ben laughed good at his story and at the earnest way in which little Jennie listened, believing every word to be true.

The kite was soon finished and Ben ran off to school. Mamma was very busy cooking, for there was to be company for dinner that day, and papa was away from home.

A long while passed, when Jennie's mamma happened to think she had heard nothing of her little girl for some time. So she looked through the house and called her, but there was no answer. She looked in the barn, the hen-house, the well, the orchard, calling loud and louder, but there was no reply.

All around the farm she ran, then to a neighbor's, but she heard nothing of Jennie. The neighbors were aroused, and after they had looked in vain for an hour

or two, the school was closed, and all the scholars joined in the search.

How grieved and excited Ben was at the thought of his dear little sister being lost! He ran everywhere, through the corn-field, the wheat-field, calling, calling, calling.

Finally something came into Ben's mind that made him start, and caused his face to turn crimson. He thought of the story he had told little Jennie that morning.

In an instant he had leaped the pasture fence, and took the path that led to the big hill beyond. He fairly flew over the ground. He came to the brook with its margin of sand, and—what did he see? Some little tracks. He knew they were Jennie's. He hurried on, calling her name. But he had gone a long distance over the hill when he saw a little pink figure lying under a tree.

Ben caught up the little sister, never so dear before, and kissed her and hugged her.

"Why Jennie," he asked, "what made you come away off here? We thought you were killed or lost."

"I was tryin' to find Heaven, Ben. You told me it was up here, and I want to go there to see grandma. It's so long since she went 'way to Heaven. But I got so tired I had to rest. You'll carry me, won't you, Ben, and we'll both see grandma."

"No, we must go to mamma now. She's looking and crying for her little girl."

Ben was truly sorry that his naughty story had caused so much trouble. And it was the last time he ever found fun in deceiving his little sister.

NELLIE BURNS.

HOME CIRCLE.

T. S. ARTHUR.

"WE will name the baby Arthur, hoping that he will grow up to be just such a pure, earnest, talented man as his illustrious namesake, T. S. Arthur," were nearly the first words that I can remember of hearing on that never-to-be-forgotten winter's evening, when we, my father, mother, brother, and myself, sat before the hearthstone and blazing "back log," watching the "baby" as he lay "goo-goo-ing" in the little, home-made cradle beside our patient, loving, brown-eyed mother.

Mother smiled, and the baby was named and the record set down in the big red Bible which was kept in the top drawer in the big bureau.

Some way "the baby" seemed "cuter" and "brighter" than most babies; in my childish judgment he could crow louder and send his small, pink-toed feet higher than any of the *common* babies that we had ever seen.

"Arthur!" tenderly echoed mother.

"Yes, Arthur, the man who used his talents and strength to help upward men and women in every station, who preaches ahead of his time.

"I am not rich enough to have the books I could wish to put into the hands of my children when they grow to the age of understanding, but an article which is penned by the hand of T. S. Arthur can always be read with my approval without examination by myself in my family.

"We will stint ourselves in luxuries, but good books, as many as we can afford, we must have," continued father, as he fashioned a "rolling pin" and a "potato masher" from a piece of hickory.

Outside the rain fell in torrents, the furious wind rattled the few doors belonging to our two-roomed log-house, Brother Carr dozed, the firelight throwing rosy shadows

over the round, dimpled face of the two-and-a-half-year-old boy, while I tried to "sense" the story father was reading aloud from the HOME MAGAZINE, until soon sleep overcame me and loving hands tucked me inside the trundle bed, covered with a wonderful comfortable decorated with birds and flowers gorgeous to behold.

Baby Arthur grew rapidly, and so did Carr and myself, spending happy days in the orchard on the hillside where the early spice apples and June berries grew and the currant bushes hung each spring-time laden with the ruby-colored fruit, and later on, wonderful pears, mellow and sweet, apples so delicious that even the names Rambeaux, Hoops, Milum, Russett, Romanite, and Winesap, brings a little of the old thrill of joy which filled our hearts when we gathered our "share" of the apples and helped father.

Down the hill, a "noble bearing" grape vine gave us endless delight in the summer, where we swung from the branches of the hickory tree over which it vined, and in the autumn the first frost brought to our small feet ripe nuts and grapes "good enough for a king," so mother said.

When learning to read before I could speak plain, beside mother, who patiently taught me from the HOME MAGAZINE, an exquisite pleasure was mine.

Even though a child, I, too, learned to love T. S. Arthur. His name was a household word, and the little Arthur was not slow to tell when speech came "that he was named for the man who made books."

A spacious new home replaced the old log one, but the low, wide-halled house, built in Southern style, never seemed so dear to us as the old one, and one day we left it for a new one in a busy little city.

Memory goes back to the day when we, Carr, Arthur, and mother, carrying in her

arms baby Ruth, went to the garden for the last time, where the daffodils, hyacinths, lilacs, May pinks, and larkspurs smiled a last "good-bye," and we have never stood there since.

One by one, father procured the books for me, those that bore as author the name of T. S. Arthur, and the famous *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room* was read no less than eight times by the writer when a grown-up school-girl.

About this time a school friend smuggled into my desk some questionable literature, and never did I feel so humiliated as when summoned before my gentle, kind father, who held in one hand a coarsely illuminated volume, title, *The Robber's Bride*, and in the other a bound volume of the HOME MAGAZINE, containing some of Mr. Arthur's excellent work.

Father only said, "My child, I, too, am fond of stories, but when I saw growing up around me my sons and daughters, I resolved to avoid the danger of lowering your literary taste by destroying every paper containing exciting serials. Those I burned were harmless compared to the book you have brought home. I did hope to keep such influences out of our home."

Long and earnestly the dear father talked with me about books and authors, and that hour has never been forgotten by me. It brought us nearer together, heart to heart. I felt that "papa" knew about young people and sympathized with them.

In later years, father made me a present of some finely finished photographs of illustrious men. Long I pondered as to "who I desired to have in the collection," and father said—

"Allow me to make one selection, and that is T. S. Arthur," and I, too, had a place for his photograph.

In our family album, bought when photograph albums were not commonly seen, except in the homes of the wealthy, there is the picture of a silver-haired "grandfather," his hands grasping a cane, as he sits in an arm-chair, which always elicited the question—"Is he your grandfather?" from the chance visitor, who didn't know the face of T. S. Arthur, as we knew it, though we have never seen the real man, or known him, only through his books, nor did they know

our grandfathers, uncles, and cousins on either "father's or mother's sides."

T. S. Arthur has finished his work. It lives after him. Many homes are to-day being bettered and brightened by the reading of the words that were written to cheer and help those who read what he penned. Who can tell or number those who are the better for him having lived and worked?

Baby Arthur has grown to man's estate with the pure principles governing his inner and business life that were a part of T. S. Arthur, for whom "baby" was named.

In his words we have found comfort in times of sore grief and affliction. There are gems of thought, so fraught with a delightful, "homey" realism, that the reader can almost see face to face the author who so well knew how to feel for those who suffered through affliction or the injustice of another.

Love, charity, hope and faith, purity in heart and daily actions, were the themes he most dwelt upon, though he knew well the weakness of frail humanity.

He lived for a purpose, and they who admired his talent honored and loved him for his upright character, as genius and morality are not always allied, and—

"Oh! the pity of it."

ELLA GUERNSEY.

WHAT TO DO WITH A BARE YARD.

EVERY spring somebody has to confront that ever-recurring problem, "What can be done with a yard or corner so shady that no grass will grow in it? If we leave it as it is, it will spoil the appearance of everything else." Since I have been in Charleston, S. C., I can see no reason why that question should trouble any one—for it is troublesome, as all who have had experience can testify. Here grass is the exception, not the rule, and velvet sod, as we know it, is a thing unheard of. The few attempts at green plots are carried out in that coarse variety which we call crab-grass and which we root out as mercilessly as weeds—this is sometimes supplemented with chickweed and clover. To our eyes these plots look like caricatures, and are worse than none.

So take heart of grace. There are people in your own country who never heard of anything else than bare ground in gardens—or what we would call bare. They do as a matter of course what you can scarcely make up your mind to do in an exceptional case—let well enough alone, or at least adapt yourself to circumstances.

The gardens in Charleston are laid out in regular beds of geometrical patterns, bordered with bricks or old bottles planted neck downward. The walks between are strewn with broken shells, as we once used gravel. This may strike you as very old-fashioned, but there is a good reason for it when you remember that sod borders would not grow. The gardens are all more or less shady, being filled with broad, evergreen-leaved trees, as live oak, magnolia, and camellia. Where beds are not desired, and the owner is one of the few who cares or wishes to cover up the bare earth, he plants a periwinkle or ivy and lets it run as it will.

Now, can you not take an idea or two from these Southern gardens and improve upon them? I could.

To begin with, give up the thought of having grass at all in any place manifestly unsuitable for it. A few straggling, sickly blades cannot be beautiful when contrasted with an elegant green sward, it may be only a few feet away. As grass is no rarity with us, it would scarcely pay to cherish a few imperfect specimens. But, let a luxuriant vine convert the whole space into a dark, cool, glossy mat or carpet. The two mentioned above, periwinkle and ivy, will flourish almost anywhere.

Better still, cover the bare corner with all the stones available and have a rockery. The rougher, the more irregularly piled the stones, the better. Then let the evergreen vines twine over the whole pile, adding much to the picturesque effect. Set out, if you like, such pot plants as flourish in the shade—some of the begonias would do well. Many of our native ferns bear transplanting and would thrive in a rockery—a stone-pile filled with ferns alone would be beautiful and graceful. Vines, begonias, and ferns would probably do better planted in the earth in the crevices of the rockery than they would immediately in the ground.

If none of these ideas can be carried out, mark off some little beds and border

them with mossy, irregular stones or shells and plant a few evergreens. The old-fashioned box and live-forever may be quite as available as anything, and you could easily get laurel from the woods or cedar from the fields. If you choose to invest a few dollars at the nursery and fill the space with young arbor-vitæ or rhododendron trees, you will have something whose green will be permanent, whose beauty will increase, under which nobody will expect to find any grass, and which, once planted, will trouble you no more for years. But, after all, buying large plants is more or less expensive. If I could do no better, I would cover the whole area with box, arranged in a square or rectangle, like a carpet-bed. Box will grow easily from cuttings, and it may generally be had for the asking—it is frequently given or thrown away from old-fashioned gardens every spring. People have become somewhat prejudiced against box, because of the stiff, old-time bushes and borders—but, left to grow naturally, it has a beauty of its own.

And now I think I have convinced you that you can bear your affliction of bare ground and no grass as gracefully as the people of Charleston do theirs—perhaps even more so.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

AFTER WE ARE GONE.

"Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?"

ONE of the many sad things of this life is the little appreciation that is manifested of friends until death has called them from us. Wives and mothers, true and faithful in heart and duty, toil patiently year after year oftentimes with hardly a word of affection or commendation from their families. And not until the busy hands and noble hearts are stilled by death is there any appreciation of their lives manifested.

Noble husbands work day in and day out, but not until the bread-winning arm has ceased its labor are the loving words spoken to them that would have given joy to life and made their burden of care easier to bear.

In many homes children, affectionate and impressionable, move and live, but so

engrossed are the parents with the affairs of life that they give no time to endearments. And not until the tiny hands are folded over the little breasts and the mute lips are closed to the kisses they once craved, do the sorrowing parents realize what a sweet thing is innocent childhood.

I once knew a mother who was blessed with a number of sweet children. Among them was a delicate, affectionate little boy, whose nature seemed "of love a part." There was nothing so sweet to him as his mother's caresses. But she was always so occupied with the material things of life that she gave but little time to fondling her little ones.

One day the "grim visitor" knocked at her door and the little fellow was taken. His death seemed to be the key that opened her heart. She said afterward that the most painful regret of her past was the little appreciation she had felt of that sweet child spirit that was so long with her, and the indifference with which she had treated the affectionate little heart.

I once heard a lady, who, in company with another, had watched with a corpse, tell of an affecting scene she witnessed at the time. A noble wife and mother, just in the prime of life, had died. In the middle of the night the door leading to the corpse softly opened and the grief-stricken husband entered and proceeded to the lifeless form of his wife. His warm lips were pressed to those so cold and silent. Caress after caress was fondled upon her, while words of praise and endearment were poured into her deaf ears.

"No one ever owned and lost such a treasure," he said. "For twenty years we have lived together and not an unkind word have I ever had from those lips, my true, loving, noble wife."

When he had left the room the companion of my friend said to her:

"Every word he said of her was true. A more devoted, self-sacrificing wife and mother never lived, but I doubt if he ever told her so before. I have known them intimately, and he was perfectly undemonstrative of his appreciation of and affection for her. Such caresses and words of endearment as he has just bestowed on that feelingless body would have been as refreshing to her in her careworn life as rain is to parching plants."

In a near city to us an honorable, no-

ble citizen recently died. He was a man of trust, faithful and true to duty—quiet, earnest, straightforward man, with an influence always for good. But no one seemed to realize it until he was dead. A day or two after his death there appeared in the daily paper columns of brief eulogies from many friends, testimonials of their admiration and regard for his character. I could not help thinking as I read these what a comforting thought it would have been to him while battling with the trials and temptations of life could he have known of the high estimation with which his fellow-men regarded him. Many who warmly eulogized him after death doubtless treated him with indifference in life.

The most unappreciative and careless treatment is often in the home, among those who are loved the most dearly. A commonplace stranger will often receive more kindness and consideration than the dearest home member. Those things, however choice and beautiful, to which we are daily accustomed in life, become common to us. It is so with our daily associates. In our close familiarity with home friends we are apt to lose sight of their many virtues, and we depreciate and neglect them.

The loss of a father, a mother, brother, sister, husband, wife, or child pierces our hearts with the keenest agony. And yet, too frequently, it is death alone that will give to the living a realization of the worth of their lost one.

"If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him—yes, and let him know
That you love him, e'er life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow."

NELLIE BURNS.

MOVABLE FLOWER SCREENS.

A BEAUTIFUL, living green banner, or a movable flower screen, may be started at any time during the warm and growing weather that will, by the time that Jack Frost makes his appearance, be an ornament worthy of occupying the best room in the house.

Our movable screen is moved from place to place. Procure a box four feet long, two wide, and one in depth. In the bottom bore half a dozen holes with a gimlet. Make a lattice or trellis work

to fit the long side of the box four and one-half feet high, then fasten firmly to the box. Care must be taken to have all the work done substantially. One great trouble with our "home" fixin's is, that often, for lack of the proper material to work with, or the means to hire an experienced hand to "make the foundation," we are apt to find that our handiwork is a little "jiggly," scarcely strong enough for daily use.

A movable screen that "jiggles" isn't worth the trouble of being moved into the house.

Upon the bottom of the box screw into each corner a caster that works smoothly. Fill the box with rich soil, part leaf mold, pulverized finely.

One handsome banner, which grew thriftily all the winter, is Mexican potato vine, which was trained to cover the trellis work, while a rose geranium and three shades of scarlet ones, healthy and bright, covered the bare earth at the root of the vine.

During the cold weather it was wheeled into the warm places, and seemed to suffer not the least inconvenience in the change of temperature. It cheered the lonely hours of a dear sick girl, who came to love every leaf and bud of the green things a growin' an' a blowin', which had cost so little.

The woodwork may be painted a dark green, crimson, or any shade preferred. We saw one that was painted a cream, with a scarlet band one inch in width running around the top of the box, which looked really elegant. Then we saw a dark blue one, which was not, in our eyes, "harmonious" with the green vines.

Our favorite is cypress vine, rose color, crimson, and white blooms. This vine is common and cheap, but it is so delicate and beautiful, and in the winter we cannot but prize highly our banner, formed of the plummy green cypress, which is so easily grown.

At the roots we had bright-hued verbenas, crimson, scarlet, royal purple, and warm rose color, and by cutting the blooms before they matured we had flowers all the season. It is best to cut the blooms before they begin to fade.

Another beautiful vine for a banner is the passion flower, which also trains over a wall beautifully. With a thrifty

growing passion vine, heliotropes, dark and pale purple blooms, go nicely. Or pansies may be substituted. The heliotrope is a tender plant and is easily nipped if exposed to even a little cold, while the pansies bravely lift up their purple, golden, and many bright-hued heads, blooming on, in spite of wind and weather, if they have the least encouragement.

The great purple flowers of the passion vine are very beautiful, while the leaves are large and showy in appearance.

Another handsome movable banner and window screen is a trellis vined with the Japan honeysuckle.

The honeysuckle may be twined in and out with English ivy with a beautiful effect, as the variegated leaves of the honeysuckle contrast beautifully with the dark, glossy leaves of the ivy. A bright pink or scarlet blossom are the colors to go with the variegated foliage.

Liquid manure, applied as discretion prompts, will insure the speedy and luxuriant growth of all these vines and posies.

It is not easy for every flower lover to keep during the winter tender flowers, then why not choose some hardy specimen of flower that will prove a real joy and comfort.

If a lady is the possessor of an old-fashioned "stoop," long and low, and finds it difficult to coax vines "to do well," "or shade," she will find these movable screens convenient.

When the morning's work is done, perhaps the afternoon sun peeps too glaringly under the trees, grown too high to shade much, to make it pleasant to sit on the piazza during the resting spell.

By deftly moving two of these leafy banners, the sun's rays are no longer troublesome. Securely hidden from view, one may patch, sew, mend, or read to their heart's content.

Capable of being used with good effect in floral decorations, both inside the house and out-doors, our banners never "go begging," or wanting a corner.

Then, even in the winter time, there are days warm enough to allow of them being rolled out into a warm rain, just long enough to get their faces nicely washed and leaves free from dust.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

A NOBLE ANCESTRY.

"OUR family reaches back in both branches to old, old families in England. My wife has both the 'coats-of-arms,' and she grows very proud when she talks of our 'ancestors,'" remarked Mr. Gaylord in the course of a neighborly chat at the Trumans'. Little Mrs. Truman looked up from her sewing, and said, in her quiet way:

"There is a certain righteous pride in a noble ancestry which we all may feel, Mr. Gaylord, but it has never seemed to me right nor honest for any one to take personal credit for what an ancestor has done. It is by what we each one do that we stand or fall, and if our ancestors have been noble, is it not all the more necessary that we do noble things ourselves? We must keep the record good, and, instead of falling back upon what some one has or has not done in the past, do all the more to add to the lustre of a worthy name and to build up the fair fame handed down to us."

"Well! well! but you do go to the root of things, Mrs. Truman. I wouldn't wonder if you were right, too. Certainly I would not like to belong to the class of whom it is said, 'They think so much of what their ancestors have done, that they forget to do anything themselves;' yet it is very easy to be 'puffed up' by the fame of our forefathers, and to feel at times that a better place should be given us because of it."

"And so it will be if we merit it," was the reply, "and any one who has studied the laws of hereditary descent must know that we are made better or worse by the lives of those who have gone before us. If I, through pure, brave ancestors, have inherited an inclination to do good it is certainly better than that I should have evil tendencies transmitted to me through their unrighteous living. The world is not slow to recognize true nobility, which is the stamp of honest worth, but because my ancestors were noble, shall I fold my hands and wait for a crown to be given me? Indeed, no! They must work who would win, and the world has but little to give to any one except it be paid for in honest toil of one kind or another. Of him to whom much is given much may be expected. 'Noblesse oblige.'"

I like its free translation, 'obliged by one's nobility.' I always think of it when I hear any one boasting of a noble ancestry, and many a time I have been tempted to turn and ask 'What have you done to make those noble men and women of the past look upon you with pride or favor?'

"It is a grand, helpful thought that all the nobility of the past is ours by inheritance to-day. No good deed or thought has ever been lost since the world began; no worthy life lived in vain. By the immutable law of God, they reach down to us, and to all who come after us. Knowing this, what are we if we do not see how much is required of us, and, lifting our heads with true pride, which is yet so humble, do all we can to make our riches of mind and character greater and yet more blessed? What are we if we sit in idle dreaming, while all around us is the 'cloud of witnesses' watching in loving patience to help us in our upward reaching? Why, think of it, Mr. Gaylord! think how far back and how high the ancestry of even the poorest and lowliest man reaches—even to God the Father—and what this must mean to each individual soul. Obligated by our nobility, indeed! obliged by what He has done for us and by what He has given us to be true and brave and noble. Obligated to grow more and more unto His likeness in every age or generation.

"What are earthly titles and distinctions, what are 'coats-of-arms,' when we think of this? They are all around as the good and true of the past—they call to us by every thought of beauty or grandeur which stirs within us, by all that they have borne or done for the good of humanity, by every upward reach of their souls, or of ours, to 'come up higher' and be more worthy of our birthright. Think of all the glorious names that live in history, of those who 'were not born to die,' of the good and true of all ages or times and of to-day, of the dear ones among 'our own'—the father and mother who gave us being, and loved us so that no sacrifice was too great, no toil too hard, for them to endure for us; the brothers and sisters who made all our early days glad; the little children who came to bless our maturer years and whose bright faces hardly learned to give back our smiles ere the

angels took them from our longing sight—think of these all making more vast and human the 'cloud of witnesses which encompass us about,' and then remember that they look upon our lives as we live them here day by day; and is it not just as I say, that we are obliged by it all to live nobly and make yet greater efforts to reach our ideals? It may mean, it does mean, much to us that our own immediate grandfathers and grandmothers for generations back have been honest, worthy people. But what if they had not been so? What if men heard our name but to laugh and jeer in cruel scorn and tell mockingly of how mean and low our grandfather Smith or our grandmother Jones had been, would that take from us our inheritance as a child of God? Would we be any less rightfully entitled to a share in the kingdom of heaven? Ought we to be any less respectfully regarded among men if we are trying to do our best according to the light and the strength given us? I know these things make it much harder for us to live uprightly, for we share in the evil of those who have lived before us no less surely than in the good, and, by the same unchanging law, our very souls are weakened and impoverished by the sins in the lives of unthinking old grandfather Smith or grandmother Jones; we have to live it down or overcome it all as best we may, and that, too, in a world which seems sometimes more ready to blame a wrong action than to praise a good one, and much too apt to pass the unfortunate one by with an 'I-am-holier-than-thou' feeling; yet, after all, nothing can alter the fact that we each are children of the Most High, and, if *we will*, we each shall have a place and a share in one of the 'many mansions' of His preparing. If for some the struggle be greater, so, too, will the triumph be greater. 'To him who overcometh' the promise is given. Were there nothing to fight against there could be no overcoming. 'He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God and he shall be my son.' Oh! what may not the 'all things' mean. I think of it so many times when I see some poor soul struggling up with a load of inherited evils bound like a crown of thorns to his aching brow, and all my heart cries out in thankfulness when I realize that out of every evil which is overcome a good

shall grow, a strength of purpose be gained.

"So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee."

"No one is so poor or low but God can reach down to him, and no mortal man can take the heritage from any one; no one can shut us out from the 'unsearchable riches' of the Fatherland of the soul. Only our own sin can do that. And can it be that even one's own sin can always prevail against one? Is not God, the almighty Good, ever working to put down the powers of evil in each nature and build us up in righteousness? Being children of God, we must not, can not fail some day to enter into His peace and happiness, unless we willfully set our faces against Him. And who so depraved as to do that through all eternity? The door stands always ajar, and no faintest uplift of the soul is unheeded. Would He who noted even the sparrow's fall be less watchful and tender of a human soul? less near with a love which 'faileth not' to one of His own in any moment of time, either here or hereafter? All time is His, and to-day is but a part of what we call eternity. Each soul may yet have time to arouse itself and accept of its own. Each soul may be proud of its ancestry and build worthily because of it. I, too, grow proud when I talk of 'our ancestors,' and, if I have not a 'coat-of-arms,' I have the unbroken word of God showing through all of truth and beauty, all of purity and honor, the world has ever held. What do I need more than this?"

As if suddenly conscious of how much she was saying, Mrs. Truman turned abruptly, with an "Excuse me, Mr. Gaylord. I did not think to weary you with my thoughts, but these things have been much in my mind of late, and your few words awoke feelings and thoughts which would not be put down otherwise. There seems no end to the unwinding when once the ball gets rolling."

"You have not said one word too much," was answered. "I only wish you had had a larger audience and had talked on still, for your words have promise 'for the life that now is and which is to come.' You have put some things in a new light for me, and I shall never again hear people talk of their ancestors, or talk of them

myself, without thinking of what you have said, and of the high estate to which we each are called. You have the 'courage of your convictions,' and I hope more will come to look at these things as you do. Yet I must still think it is a good thing to be well born and be able to review the lives of those who have lived before us without shame."

"And I think so no less than you do," said the lady. "A good name is a most precious legacy, and one that every child has a right to ask of its parents; but I say, too, that, if we look deep and high enough, we shall find there is a sense in which all are well born, and only time and earnest striving are needed to make all the darkened records bright with hope and love. Let us

'Look out and not in,
Forward and not back,
Up and not down;
And lend a hand'

to every one who needs it, and some day the work is done."

EARNEST.

MOTHERHOOD.

"Then said Elkanah her husband to her, Hannah, why weepest thou? * * * Am I not better to thee than ten sons?"—I Samuel i, 8.

HEAR the low, sweet answer of the mother heart—

God doth create two loves so far apart,
My husband, that there lies between
A wide, deep river, on whose breast serene
A myriad golden chords doth bind and cross,

Each other joining so that never any loss
Of love is known to either, for He lays
These wondrous threads, though running
many ways,

With one sure gathering in a mother's hand.

I weep when I behold in all the land
These happy mothers, and I find my own
Palm empty. Blame me not if here alone
I go to pray, for I would lay my hand
In thine fast holding the sweet, thrilling band

Of baby fingers. God will hear my prayer,

And grant to us a child whose only care
Shall be to make the world more true and good

For Him who gave the gift of motherhood.

ETTA R. M'CAUGHEY.

THE HOUSEWIFE TO HER DAUGHTER.

YOU little guess the lonesomeness
that's coming o'er my life,
When you have left the farm and me to
be Will Johnson's wife;
But I suppose my mother felt just so
when from her side,
Your father came, one summer day, to
carry home his bride.

Ah me! how happy had I been if Providence
had spared
My good old man to see this day, who all
my feelings shared;
But then I would not bring him back—
not even if I might—
Nor change one crook that's in my lot,
for what God does is right.

But as I sit alone and think, I see some
things I'd change;
I might have made him happier, then do
not think it strange
If I should speak some warning words, to
save you, if I may,
From making thoughtless, sad mistakes,
to bring clouds o'er your way.

So just remember, Hannah dear, that
though you're pretty bright,
It may be very possible you'll not be
always right;
Perhaps when you are fretting o'er some
other body's sin,
You'll find the fault was all your own if
you would look within.

As when we washed the window panes,
together face to face,
So that the smallest spot or stain should
find no resting place,
You would insist, however hard to make
you see I tried,
That every spot was my fault when 'twas
really on your side.

And Hannah, oh! be patient, if you find
Will sometimes slow;
Your wits flash out like lightning-streaks,
as swift to come and go;
Now, lightning is a handy thing in stormy
nights, 'tis true,
But, after all, a steady shine is kind o'
useful too.

And if there's any difference comes 'twixt
your good man and you,

Don't stop to ask whose fault it is ; the
only way to do
Is just to take the thing in hand and try
with all your might,
Before it grows too big to change, to fix
it up all right.

You know the dough, when first 'tis set,
is molded as we will,
But when 'tis baked we cannot change
its shape for good or ill ;
So now, when you are starting out in your
new home, is just
The time to see what ways you'll set to
harden into crust.

But, dear, you'll not succeed alone, no
matter how you try ;
You'll have to go down on your knees
and ask help from on high.
We soap and rub, and boil and rinse,
but after all, you know,
It takes heaven's sun to make the clothes
as white as new fall'n snow.

MARGARET E. WHITE.

LICHENS FROM WAYSIDE ROCKS.

No. 33.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE:—Will there
be a welcome for me once more among
you, after such long absence? During the
past winter and spring I have been moving
about from one wayside rock to another,
situated so that there was little quiet
time for thought or writing, and no inclination.
But now that the long summer
days are here and I spend hours alone in
my room, the longing desire comes to be
with you again.

Visiting friends in various places not
far from Eureka, midwinter found me in
a large, hospitable country house, in a
lovely prairie country, where rolling meadows
stretched far away which *now* are
green with wheat and clover. Here, surrounded
by good friends and by the bountiful
comforts and not a few of the luxuries
of life, the remainder of the winter
passed rapidly away, although the severe
cold, and later the almost impassable
roads, kept me a prisoner for some time.

The young lady of the household and
myself had a number of tastes in common,
among which were painting and music,
and the fine piano and oil paintings in the

beautiful parlor were especial sources of
enjoyment.

A few good books we read also during
the long evenings, to which the gray-
haired father and the merry-faced boy of
fourteen listened with like interest.

A central and interesting figure in the
circle around the fireside was the vener-
able and honored grandfather, ninety years
of age, who, deprived entirely of sight by
the inroads of time, yet sat patiently all
day in his arm-chair, quietly cheerful,
grateful for any attentions shown him ;
glad to be conversed with, yet never ex-
acting anything, and sitting silent for
hours when no one spoke to him. His
sweet submission was an example to many
younger ones who fret and worry over the
small discomforts of life. At night, when
all were gathered around the broad, open
fire, and his favorite grandson sat beside
him encouraging him to talk, he would
sometimes enjoy relating stories of his
younger days, when, in the old Southeast-
ern States, he hunted deer through the forest
or drilled the county militia or took
his family to the yearly camp-meeting,
where all the good old families of the
country around met for a few days of spir-
itual refreshment.

As spring drew near and the bluebirds
sang once more and the glad streams rip-
pled in the sunshine, I returned to a beau-
tiful little mountain city on the railroad,
and there, amid new scenes and dear
friends, watched nature's fresh unfolding
in a place where beauty was boundless.

Lovely old yards, where great oaks and
maples shaded the smooth, grassy lawns,
stood on every side, while others were
filled with handsome shrubbery and roses
in profusion.

Each morn I looked out upon a charm-
ing landscape—green hills with beautiful
country residences and grounds upon their
summits and gardens and orchards spread-
ing down their slopes; beyond these a
chain of mountains reaching into cloud-
land; the whole, a grand panorama—a
vast picture of nature's handiwork. One
day we drove out to the national cemetery,
where, upon a broad knoll, handsomely
fenced around, lie the honored graves of
more than nine hundred Union soldiers
who laid down their lives in the late war.
It was a sad-looking sight to the contem-
plative mind—those rows upon rows of

grassy mounds, some with a name and date, some with only a number and the name of the regiment cut on the little white stone which marks each one.

Everything has been done to make this spot pleasing to the eye. Beautiful trees and ornamental shrubbery adorn the grounds and many lovely roses were blooming.

Another day we visited the State University and the city High School buildings, both of them well worthy of notice.

In this delightful place I lingered with friends who urged my stay, until summer's footsteps overtook me, when I went a few miles farther on, to stop again, and visit pleasant friends by the wayside, on my way back to Eureka. On this trip we passed through a country more beautiful than any I had ever seen. Great fields of wheat lay before us, almost ready for the reaper's sickle, and smiling orchards where trees were thickly hung with apples, and the June peaches had already caught the red tinges upon their cheeks. Then a small bit of prairie land, where wild flowers in profusion, and of kinds unknown to me, grew close to the roadside, looking so tempting that I longed to reach out my hands and gather them. Sometimes a great cluster of gay dwarf sunflowers nodded their heads at me from the midst of a clump of bushes, or wild larkspur, bright coreopsis, and the lovely pink, feathery mimosa blossoms awoke my surprise and admiration at finding them in such places. The ride was soon over, and two more delightful weeks were spent in a quiet, old-fashioned town, away from the busy world in the heart of this rich country.

Then the hot weather gave me a forcible reminder to delay no longer the return to these refreshing springs, whose waters I longed for.

Speeding along over the last twenty miles that lay between me and this haven of summer rest, I enjoyed a rich pleasure in the scenery around me—great walls of rock, through which the narrow roadway had been cut; deep ravines, with flowers and grasses growing on their ragged sides; swift-running brooks, clear and limpid, dancing over their rocky beds, and green hillsides, where wildroses grew and blossomed among the clefts of the rocks.

At a spot called the Narrows, where the road crosses the head of a blue, winding river, just beyond the bridge, giant masses of perpendicular rock rise to a high point on each side of the track, looking as if they might close over and crush the passing train at any time. The whole scene around here is picturesque in the extreme. My eyes constantly feasted on the ever-changing landscape, and its beauty seemed to fill my heart with gladness and a song of rejoicing:

"Oh! the world is bright and the home is fair,
And the love of my Father is everywhere."

I thought of you, dear friends, especially you who are "shut in" from the beauty of the outside world, wishing that you could see all this as I saw it, and felt that I *must* tell you about it. For whatever of beauty we see, we should share with others less fortunate, in some way, if we can.

Soon the hills of Eureka appeared before us, joyfully welcomed. The long, winding drive from the depot brought old, familiar objects into view.

East mountain, with its marble quarry, and the magnetic spring in the valley below; the "Crescent" and other springs on the broad, high street along which we came—"Crystal Terrace"—with its pretty cottages, and the grand hotel on the hill, looking down upon us as of old.

In the sweet June twilight I reached the place which was to be my new home for the summer, and was cordially received, and so hospitably treated as to destroy the feeling of being a stranger. It took but a few days to feel at home and acquainted with the friendly hearts in the little circle around me, and to believe that I would be contented and happy in their midst. Our group numbers but a few, and we live almost as one family in our daily freedom of intercourse. When the early morning duties are over, we meet in the cool parlor, where our delightful hostess makes us welcome, and enjoy social chat over our sewing or crotchet work. Her small, choice library of books is free to our use, and we take turns in reading to each other from the works of Dickens, Bulwer, and Miss Muloch, Pope, Moore, or Jean Ingelow, as our moods dictate or some bit of talk brings up a passage or poem from one of these writers.

Thus our minds and ideas are broadened and strengthened by the fresh ideas gained from others and our interchange of thought about them; or our hearts are touched and raised to higher planes by the pure, ennobling sentiments of some poet.

One volume which particularly attracted me and which I often take up for a half hour's perusal is the *White Ribbon Birthday Book*, one of the loveliest and best publications I ever saw. It is a collection in short paragraphs or verses of pure and noble sentiments from the writings of women of our own land and England, many of them temperance women, but it is not limited to them at all. It is published by and in the interest of the Woman's Temperance Union, but they wished it to be on a broad gauge and culled from the best thoughts of all good women. It is a book which should be in every home where cultivated thought is cared for, and placed in the hands of the young especially to train and elevate them.

There are two young ladies among us who are the life of the house and keep a continually bright atmosphere around us: One, brown-haired and dark-eyed, with roses in her cheeks and sunshine in her face, a picture of Hebe herself; with sweet, maidenly graces, and innocent fun and merriment, she finds her way silently and unconsciously into our hearts without any effort on her part. The other, a petite maiden, a very witch of mischief and fun, ready on every occasion with some lively sally or witty repartee. No one grows offended at her sharpest jokes, or, if they should for a moment, she would disarm them with an inimitable piece of mock penitence or some fresh witticism which would force them into laughter. Our one boarder of the sterner sex calls her the anti-dyspeptic remedy, and says no one could harbor either dyspepsia or blues in her presence. She teases and torments him, trampling on any of his attempts at gravity, and he bears it all and looks at her with the smiling indulgence with which he would treat the pranks of a playful kitten.

Then we have our "rare, pale Margaret," with fair hair and soft, hazel eyes, truthful and earnest, sincere and affectionate. She is bright and lively at times, also, enjoying the merriment and good-fellowship around her, but she sees deeper meanings, more serious realities, in the present and future than these younger, gayer ones do, and life is not all enjoyment to her. She is our balance-wheel, steadying the rest often. Being somewhat of a book-worm, and possessing a clear, musical voice, we make her our chief reader.

Before the intense summer heat came on we sometimes took long drives to beautiful spots at a distance, or walked upon the mountains in the sweet, cool morn, breathing the invigorating air and coming home with handfuls of wild flowers and ferns.

At night, after the usual walk to the spring, we gather on the long porch, visitors come in, the guitar is brought out, and music is interspersed with the bright talk, which makes our evenings so pleasant that we are loth to break up the charmed circle at the proper hour for seeking rest.

Thus the happy weeks glide swiftly by, and soon the summer, which now lies before us, will be ended, and this companionship brought to a close. We may never all meet again. The changes and vicissitudes of life make such an event improbable.

But may not each one have gained from this intercourse, and from the books we have read, some help upon our way, some strengthening and broadening of our powers for good, some added courage and hope, to meet and overcome difficulties, more sympathy with other lives, more leniency for the faults of a common humanity, more love and charity with mankind in general? If not, then our summer has been wasted, and will be an unprofitable one in our record. But we will hope for better results than this, and that the consciousness of having done *some* good to others, and the sweetness of an approving conscience, may be ours in some measure at least.

LICHEN.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

TAR AND GASOLINE.

OUR "gude man" suffers much from asthmatic attacks, which are always worse just before a storm, his cough being frequent and distressing then.

After doctoring a great deal and spending money freely and receiving no benefit from the treatment, we tried inhaling tar, which has been a blessing to the sufferer.

Instead of a costly inhaler, we poured into a quart bottle one-half pint fresh pine tar and one nickel's worth carbolic acid; let this mixture stand twenty-four hours, tightly corked.

A piece of alder with the pith taken out, three inches long, made a good inhaling tube.

The bottle must be deep, so the tar and carbolic acid cannot be drawn into the mouth; only the gases from them are wanted to reach the lungs.

Albert has long been ill; his friends said "consumption," but I thought not, as lung trouble was not hereditary in his family.

In the daytime, when the air is fine, Albert goes out in the open air to inhale his "tar," drawing in deep breaths of good, sweet air. He has really succeeded in expanding his chest, and the shrunken left breast has really filled out, though not so full as the right one.

One night Albert was unusually restless. The air was damp and oppressive, and he had to resort to the "tar bottle" frequently before being able to lie down in any comfort.

Toward midnight he went to sleep with the bottle in his hands; of course, when fast asleep, it fell from his hand and spilled the contents upon my pretty new blue comforter that I had just finished and taken pains to use the very best of print, cotton, and thread to knot with.

When I saw the great discolored spot—for tar in hot weather runs and spreads badly—I was troubled, as past experience had taught me that tar had tremendous sticking and staying power. Albert's night-shirt sleeve was plastered with tar. The more I tried to wash it off the more of a mess I made of it. Next morning I tried tar soaps, druggists' compounds, and neighbors' remedies, and all to no purpose. The dark, ugly spot still remained. As a last resort, I was about to use lard, and then prepare to wash out the lard, when I thought of gasoline.

After saturating the spot with gasoline I found the tar rubbed off. After drying the "comfortable," I gave it a second application of gasoline, and then a third one, which removed all traces of the tar and carbolic acid.

But I find that gasoline is not so good for removing spots on articles of woollen clothing as ammonia, which excels all "grease soaps" and "grease extracting" compounds.

I have a heavy cashmere which wears beyond all expectations, but several spots have disfigured it. Gasoline cleaned it nicely, but ammonia, weakened with black, cold coffee, made it look just like a new dress.

Albert's Sunday hat met with an accident, and the entire crown was covered with grease, which gathered dust.

"I must have a new one; there is no such thing as renovating this hat," said Albert, ruefully, as he held out at arm's length a "shocking bad hat."

"I don't think that you can doctor this," said my doubting "gude man," when I proceeded to rub the dirty, greasy crown with gasoline.

After the first rubbing it looked better, and the third one completely restored it to its former look, of not newness, but of respectability.

A tablespoonful of lard was carried into the parlor by "baby" and well rubbed over the light brussels carpet before we were aware of the mischief little busy fingers had done.

A clean, white cloth frequently dipped in gasoline, after rubbing the soiled spot, took out all the grease, and the carpet was not ruined.

I have learned to collect the girls' soiled ribbons which are greased by the hair, and save the light gloves (kid ones) until a convenient season, then, with a saucer of gasoline, wash clean the gloves and ribbons, which look almost as nice as new ones.

Great care must be taken when using gasoline, which is highly inflammable, if near fire, lest it ignite. When cleaning with gasoline take it away from the fire; run no risks, there is no use in doing so.

A girl friend earns a little "pocket change" by cleaning light gloves. Her hands are small, and she fits upon them kid gloves that are so soiled and stiff as to be unfit for the most careless girl to wear. After being washed, just as one washes their bare hands, these old gloves are fresh and new enough to wear to commencement, evening parties, or the opera. Black gloves are freshened up (when they become stiff) by washing them in gasoline.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

TIMOTHY'S MOTHER'S PUMPKIN PIES.

WHEN Timothy and I were first married he used to say a great deal about his mother's pumpkin pies. He had never eaten any to equal them. We were boarding then, and I, of course, had no opportunity of trying my skill, therefore did not feel at all hurt by such remarks, as I, myself, had often wished for even a look or a sniff at some of the rich, golden-looking pies that came out of the oven in the little back kitchen at my girlhood's home. So when we went to housekeeping (it was in the fall) almost the first thing eatable that Timothy sent home from the market was a great big pumpkin. I rolled it into the store-room, after a tussle with it for fully ten minutes, and then sat down to breathe, thinking what a pity we had to pay rent for a home to live in, when this big yellow pumpkin shell might serve our purpose

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so well to set up housekeeping in. I sat and thought about it so long—holding my poor, tired hands—that I really fancied I began to feel like the traditional wife of "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater," who was so cruelly imprisoned by her liege lord for safe keeping. Oh! but it was a terribly huge specimen!—a perfect Jumbo!—more than we could eat in a whole month of thirty-one days if we had pumpkin pie every day for dinner, and a good-sized section in between meals. I got Timothy to chop it open that night with the axe, and it took some good, stout blows—even from his strong arms. "Well—I didn't know—that was the way—you—open them!" he panted, as at last, after an ineffectual struggle to hold itself together, it succumbed to the vigorous blows of the newly sharpened axe, and lay in halves upon the kitchen-floor.

"My mother, I'm sure, used to take—the—butcher-knife."

"Maybe your mother didn't choose a pumpkin big as a washtub," I answered.

"I picked out a nice, large one, so it would last a good while—I like pumpkin pie, you know, Sis," meekly replied the pumpkin chopper.

We cut up a small portion of it that evening, Timothy helping me, so as to show me "just how mother did." I had never made a pumpkin pie, but I felt sure it was easy to do, as I had often seen Norah, the cook, at home, rolling the paste and making pretty little scallops 'round the edge of the tins. I went to bed wishing it was morning, so I could go to work, and dreamed Timothy and his mother were playing base-ball with pumpkins, and using the axe for a ball-club. After breakfast next morning I hurried into the kitchen, put on my baking-apron, and proceeded to commence the delightful task. I do not speak ironically when I say "delightful" task, for I was eager to test my skill, and prove to that pie-loving Timothy that there was one woman in the world who could make as good pumpkin pie as "mother used to!"

I concluded I wouldn't make more than three at first. I found my recipe for the crust that Norah gave me, and went to work.

After mixing that sufficiently, I paused and again read over the recipe—"Line

your tin with the paste—put in the apples”—this happened to be apples, but of course pumpkin was made the same—“season to taste, cover with the paste, and bake.” I lined the three pie-tins, put in the little pieces of pumpkin all nice and even, put on some sugar, and then stopped again—“What else did Norah put in pies? oh! water; I’ve seen her put water in apple pies;” I thought, too, a piece of butter wouldn’t hurt it any, I had heard her say—“An’ sure the butther will sason up most anything.” I couldn’t think of anything else to put in, unless it was salt and pepper, and feeling somewhat doubtful about these, I omitted them, and hastened to crown them all with a top-crust. I took pains that all the little scallops should be even, and the little tree I made in the middle with a knife wasn’t quite as graceful as Norah’s red fingers used to fashion them—but the foliage was much more luxuriant. I put the three sister pies in the oven, and they might with perfect consistency have been labeled respectively “Faith,” “Hope,” and “Charity,” for surely they each wore a very benign expression—and these virtues had been called into requisition many times since I first set my eyes upon that big yellow pumpkin being dumped from the grocer’s cart at our back-door!

The “charity,” however, came along later—when we tried to eat them. I opened the oven door every five minutes to see how near done they were, in spite of which they did bake at last, and I brought them forth from their iron prison and set them in a row on the kitchen table, and stood back to admire them, as an experimental piece of my own handiwork. As I looked it flashed across my mind that somehow they didn’t look just like pumpkin pies ought to look; “ought to be yellower,” I said to myself. “Must be they put something—egg or something—on top—kind of a custard, maybe.” But how to do it! I didn’t know and I hadn’t any recipe book, and I *wouldn’t* ask my neighbors, so I decided to wait until Timothy came home, and ask him. Maybe he’d know. As soon as I heard his step at the door, I flew to tell him of my success: “They’re all done, and they’re beautiful, only I haven’t got the top put on yet,” was my greeting as he opened the door. “And don’t you know

how your mother used to do it—and don’t they—”

“Why, what are you talking about, Dolly?” asked Timothy, as soon as he could.

“Why, come and see—pies—my pies. Aint they nice? If I only knew how they put the yellow top on.”

“Well, Dolly,” said Timothy, as he commenced to laugh, and then tried not to, “I guess for this once we’ll try them as they are—never mind the top. But didn’t you know, dear, that folks don’t put a top crust on pumpkin pies? You’ve got *too much top* instead of not enough; but we can eat them all the same, I guess. Never mind. Mistakes will happen to the best of cooks.”

I wasn’t exactly satisfied, but said nothing, and sat down to the table with my enthusiasm somewhat abated. We got through with the steak and potatoes, etc., and then I cut the pie and brought a piece to Timothy. I thought it seemed funny, as I peeped in between the crusts, but concluded further remarks from me might be better unsaid, as I only seemed to expose my ignorance. Timothy looked at it rather suspiciously, I thought, then balanced a dainty morsel on his fork and tasted it. He swallowed it by also taking a big drink of coffee to help it along. But instead of taking any more, he put down his fork and looked across the table at me, with his face drawn—in spite of him—into a smile.

“Dolly, how did you make this pie?”

“How?” I said; “why, put the pumpkin in, and covered it up, and tucked it all snug around the edge—just as anybody would!”

“Didn’t you stew it?”

“What? the pie? No, of course not!” I replied, indignantly, thinking he was quizzing me.

“The pumpkin, I mean, Dolly; not the pie.”

“Oh! dear; I didn’t know you had to,” I sobbed, just as the laugh across the table broke out uncontrollably; but it ceased as the tears rolled down my cheeks.

“Well, poor little girl,” he said; “you didn’t know, did you? I’ll have mother come down here for a visit and show you how, *then* we’ll have some pies, won’t we, Dolly?”

I loved Timothy’s mother, so I was glad

to have her come. She had hardly been in the house an hour when I drew my chair up close and asked her if she would begin at the beginning and tell me how to make pumpkin pie.

"Why, yes, child," said she, taking off her spectacles and wiping them on the corner of her apron. "First get your pumpkin; cut it in two; scrape out the seeds—if you want to save 'em to plant, pick 'em all out clean and put 'em under the stove to dry, where—"

"I don't care anything about the seeds," I interrupted, "I want the pie."

"Oh! well, then you scrape it all out nice with a spoon—an iron spoon. Have you got an iron spoon, Dorothy?"

"No," I answered; "won't any spoon do?"

"Iron ones is the best, and in pickin' out one, remember that a kinder short handled one is best for such purposes, and one that is—"

"Well, how about the pie?"

"Yes, yes, you shall have it. You cut it all 'round in rings, you know, and then you peel it all clean. You want a good, sharp knife, a stout one, too. You've seen my old bread knife, haven't you? I got that when I was first married, and I've used it ever since. You ought to have one; they're handy things in a kitchen. I remember Timothy's father said—"

"What do you do next?" I asked, getting almost impatient.

"Why, child, what a hurry you're in. Be you going to make 'em right away this minit?"

I thought not, if I had to wait to learn how from her.

"Then cut it all up into pieces about so big—measuring on her fingers—and put it all in a kettle and stew it."

"Do you put water in?" I inquired.

"Of course; it would burn if you didn't; but not much. Stir it every little while with your iron spoon. You must have one."

"How long shall I cook it?" I asked.

"Why, till it's done, of course."

"How'll I know when it's done," I ventured to inquire, feeling sure the old lady thought me a dunce in the culinary line.

"Why, it will be all soft, you know, and kinder mushy like, like apple sass; you know how that is?"

"Oh! yes, I know so much. Then how do you make the pie?"

"Just as you would any pie, only the inside is filled with custard, and you don't have no top crust."

"Well, how do you do it?" I persisted, feeling determined it shouldn't be my fault if, after this, what I knew about pumpkin pie wasn't all there was to be known.

"You take some of your pumpkin and put it in a basin or pan or bowl or little pail, or anything you happen to have that will hold all you want to fix; put in some milk."

"How much?" I asked.

"Oh! I don't know, it depends on how much pumpkin you have; put in a pinch of salt."

I looked at her fingers to see how much one of her "pinches" would be.

"Take some eggs."

"How many?" I said.

"Oh! well, child, just as many as you can afford. Some takes more and some takes less. And sugar; and then put in ginger or spices or cinnamon, or all these, just accordin' to taste; stir it all up together, and bake it."

"How long?" was my next query, feeling that the longer I listened the more I didn't know.

"Why, till they're done good. No raw pumpkin pies for me!"

"How will I know when they're done?" (I was growing desperate.)

"Well, when you think they're done, just take a knife and part it in the middle, and see how it looks, and if it seems kinder thickish like and don't run nor look milky, it's all right."

"Oh! dear, see how what looks? the pie or the knife? and which looks milky? and put the knife in the middle of what?"

It was all mixed up in my brain, but this much I found I had gained as I reviewed the lesson so patiently told me. I knew now it took eggs and milk and sugar and salt and cinnamon, ginger or spices. I kept saying it over to myself as I went about my work after Timothy's mother had gone, and made up a little tune and kept singing it softly to myself—even adding another line of my own composition to make out a whole verse:

Egg, milk, sugar salt,
Cinnamon, ginger, spice,
Timothy's mother's pumpkin pies,
Very fine and nice.

I tried the recipe one day, as nearly as I could, from the confused ideas I had gained, and the result was an improvement on my first attempt, though the pie was not "like mother's," after all, and I didn't blame her son for saying so. We ate some of it, though it cut like cheese, and our throats smarted for an hour after the repast, owing to the overdose of cinnamon, ginger, salt, and spice. Then I wrote and got Norah's recipe in full, and she added in a startling postscript, mostly made up of capitals:

"SHuRE anD Don'T puT IN 2 mutCH Of THE PunKON. YouSe pLInty of MiLK."

Remembering the emphatic caution, I used all the milk I had in the house, and then hailed a passing milkman and bought another two-quart pail full. The consequence was, when I took my pies from the oven, there was only the crust and a brown blister over the bottom of the tin. The pumpkin was *almost* as thick as the crust—not quite—by actual measurement. Then I gave up, and concluded I couldn't afford to be making pastry for my neighbors' cats and dogs to quarrel over; so for a time we bought our pies, but they were not "like mother's," and one day, in disgust, I made up my mind, and made it up to stay, that I *would* know how to make pumpkin pies if I had to learn all by myself and spend the remainder of my lifetime in learning. So I began cautiously experimenting, adding a little here and leaving out a little there, Timothy all the while supposing they came from the bakery, saying now and then:

"I believe they must have a new baker down at Brown's shop; these pies are a great deal better than they used to be."

"Aren't they most as good as your mother's?" I asked, one day.

"Why, of course, they're not like hers," he said, "but then for baker's pies they are exceptionally good."

One day Timothy's mother came over to see him on business. She arrived in the afternoon and must return next day on the 11.20 train. I had some pumpkin all stewed, ready for pies, and a happy thought struck me—she should make the pies. The next morning I tied my big gingham apron around her portly form, and she went at it. She attended

to the baking of them and all, and then she had to go. At dinner-time I brought a piece to Timothy. It was the kind that are dark, dull-looking, and strong tasting. He didn't seem to have much of an appetite for it. Finally he spoke:

"Just what I was waiting for. That baker's got his old man back, I guess. This doesn't begin to be as good as those we've been having lately."

I thought so myself, but I said:

"Why, dear, don't this taste like your mother's pie, either?"

"No, not one bit. O Dolly! I wish you could eat some of her pumpkin pie once."

Once will do, I thought. We never have happened to be there in the right season for it.

"What do you say to coming out there and spending a few days this fall?"

"Oh! yes," I answered, for we always had nice times at the farm.

So we went. We had hardly got our wraps laid aside before he began:

"Mother, I want some pumpkin pie. I'm hungry for some of the old-fashioned kind."

"Oh! those pies I made," began the old lady, looking at me.

I winked both eyes and shook my head and made motions and shook my finger toward Timothy, who had risen to greet his father at the door, and so did not see my gesticulations. She evidently did not comprehend what I meant, but she knew enough to keep still.

"Yes, those pumpkin pies," said Timothy, taking up the thread where his mother had dropped it, "those dear old pumpkin pies. I can almost taste them now."

"Well, we will have some to-morrow, my son," was the reply.

To-morrow came and brought with it a bountiful supply of work, so I went into the kitchen after breakfast to help. No "hired help" ruled there, so I felt free to do this.

"Well, I s'pose I must make some pumpkin pies for Timothy," she said, as she came up from the cellar with a pan of milk; "and that makes me think, Dorothy. What on earth did you mean by making such big eyes, and all them curis motions last night?"

Then I told her my ruse about the pies. And when I repeated what Timothy said, she burst out laughing.

"The ungrateful scamp!" said she; "he's gettin' too perticular; you must take his high notions down a bit. I'll warrant your pies are better'n mine if you've spent so much time practicing. Folks takes changes as they grow older, and that's what's the matter with Timothy. The hungry schoolboy of fifteen years ago aint the same as the busy man of to-day—not on the vittles question. Now I want you to make the pie to-day, Dorothy, and I won't let on, and he'll think I made 'em, and let's see what he will say."

Dear old Mother Clover! I ran up and put my arms around her neck and hugged her till she grew red in the face and her spectacles fell off, I was so pleased with this idea out of her old brain! I made the pies after my own recipe I had worked out in my little kitchen—worked out with hopes and fears—with expectation and trembling, but with final victory. I had measured everything, from the salt to the sugar, and *now I know how*. They came out of the oven rich and yellow, with a tinge of brown over their shining tops, and a delicious odor that made Mother Clover snuff her nose and say as she saw them in a row on the pantry shelf: "Well, well, Dorothy! them beats mine."

I couldn't eat much dinner, I was in such a hurry for pies. "Now, mother," said Timothy, at last, "all ready for some of that famous pie you promised me."

The old lady gave me a sly wink and went out to the kitchen, and brought in a large piece, handing it to Timothy, and one also for his father. "That's it," said Timothy, as soon as he tasted it; "the very same. I'd know that anywhere. Now, Dolly, if you'll learn just how to make such pie as *this*, and make me some when we get home, I'll buy you a nice silk dress. Dolly's a splendid cook, mother, but you know it's quite a knack to make pies like yours. I suppose it takes a good deal of experience."

"Seems to me these are better'n usual, mother," said Father Clover. "Yes, your mother does make uncommon good pies, Timothy."

"My son," said Mother Clover, "don't you think you are a little grain notional about pumpkin pie? Now, I b'lieve Dorothy can make just as good pie as this."

"We have had pretty good ones from the bakery," replied Timothy, "but the last we had were horrid. They're not to be depended upon."

The old mother looked at me and lifted her eyebrows. My face felt as hot as though it had kept company with the pies in the oven. She then looked straight at Timothy. "Timothy, my son, that statement don't seem to agree with your other remarks about your mother's cooking."

"I was speaking of those we had at home," he answered, "from Brown's bakery."

"I thought maybe you meant the batch I made when I was there last week."

"You made?"

"Yes; I made some for you."

"Why, you didn't say anything about it, Dolly," said Timothy, looking reproachfully at me. "Were *those* the ones?"

"Yes," I faltered. "I thought I'd surprise you, but after you expressed your opinion about them and spoke of visiting here, I concluded to wait awhile before telling you."

"Well, they weren't much like these. These are splendid."

"My son," said his mother again, "I have something else to tell you; *I didn't make these pies!*"

I never saw Timothy's face express such utter amazement as at that moment.

"You didn't? Well, who did?"

"Your wife, Dorothy."

"Dolly? Dolly make these?"

The look on his face was ludicrous to see. But I had my hand on his arm, and my face close to his, and I whispered, "Forgive me, dear. I only wanted you to know my pies were just as good as mother's pies. I'll take that silk dress, if you please!"

"Well, Dolly, you shall surely have it, for though a little sooner than I thought, you have fairly earned it, not only by your pie-making, but by your womanly tact in bringing your husband to his senses."

How father and mother Clover did laugh, and we all joined in, till Timothy declared he knew he had room for another piece of "mother's pie."

Now, if you are a woman reading this, and if you are married, and if you are your own cook—also, your husband's—

and if Tom, Dick or Harry have ever hinted that they don't get any such pies, or pudding or doughnuts—or something—as “mother” used to make, don't pout or feel hurt at the insinuation, but take the

dear mother-in-law into confidence; maybe she'll help you as mine helped me, and maybe—if you manage just right—you'll get a silk dress in the bargain.

DOROTHY CLOVER.

NOTES FROM “HOME” HOUSEKEEPERS.

Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical “talks” on all subjects of special interest to housekeepers will be welcome for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers will find interesting no less than useful. Our “HOME” friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking information concerning any subject they wish light upon. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor “HOME” Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

A HOUSEWIFE'S PASSPORT.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have for a long time felt desirous of joining the band of “Note”-able housekeepers who make this department so interesting, and to-day can withstand the temptation to be one of you no longer, accordingly I present herewith a passport to editorial favor in the shape of a few housewifely hints, which I trust will be acceptable.

As this is the season for canning fruit and vegetables, perhaps a few suggestions in this regard may not come amiss. Where one uses self-sealing cans I think my method of putting up small fruits preferable to any other I ever tried. Many times I have had guests comment on my canned berries, saying they looked and tasted more like fresh berries—or freshly cooked berries—than any “put up” fruit they ever ate. For raspberries I take about one-fourth pound of sugar to one pound of berries, pick the berries over, putting directly in the cans and sprinkling the sugar among them. When I have a sufficient number of cans filled in this way I place them in my steam “cooker” over cold water, letting them

heat up gradually, so that there will be no danger of the cans breaking. Let them cook one hour, though more will not hurt them if you are not quite ready to see to them. You will want to have an extra can to replace the shrinkage caused by cooking, or you can have your fruit designed for filling up the cans cooking in your porcelain kettle on the stove. Take out one can at a time, have the rubbers and tops all in readiness, fill the can brimful with boiling hot fruit from can or kettle, cover, and seal immediately, tightening the top as the can cools and the glass contracts. When perfectly cold, put away in a dark, cool place. I keep my canned fruits down cellar, wrapping the jars in thick, brown paper, as the cellar is not dark, and I have never in twelve years' experience lost but one can through fermentation. In that the top was nicked.

I can strawberries in this way, using one-fourth more sugar and cooking them two hours. Whenever I can I pick over the fruit at night, allowing the juice to form somewhat, which it will do by morning. Blueberries or huckleberries I do not sweeten at all, just put in a spoonful or two of water.

Peas and beans I prepare just as I do for the table, except that I do not season them, and turn them into the cans boiling hot, sealing up immediately just as berries are done. Cook tomatoes in their own juice, first skinning them by pouring over them boiling water, and can while boiling hot. Green corn I slice from the cob, scraping the cob to extract all the sweetness, then pack into my cans

and cook five or six hours in the steam cooker.

Have any of the "HOME" band ever tried cotton batting as a sealing agent for fruit? I never did until last year, having no faith in it; but when canning time came last summer I found I had several cans the tops of which were "out of kilter," and a friend suggested the use of the cotton batting. Have everything in readiness before you begin—which, by-the-way, is a good rule to follow in all cases—pieces of writing paper cut just to fit the tops of your cans, or whatever you use, cotton batting cut in rounds large enough to cover the tops and tie down around the necks of the cans, and a ball of strong twine. The batting should be used of the thickness it unrolls from the roll, and you should have rounds of coarse, strong muslin to tie over the top the last thing, to prevent the cotton getting torn off. Prepare the fruit and fill the jars as usual, put the bit of writing paper over the top to keep the juice from soaking into the batting, tie the latter on, wrapping the twine tightly around it, then tie over this the muslin. I used my last can of raspberries put up in this way less than a month ago; the contents had shrunk a very little, and a light scum had formed, but under this the berries were nice and fresh as any I ever ate.

Now, when I become a convert to an idea I don't make half-way work of it, and I am very fond of trying experiments. So last fall, having become satisfied that the cotton-batting method was bound to be successful, I tried it on my butter crocks, filling them as usual and tying the batting over tightly. When we came to use the butter this spring, you cannot think how perfectly the sweet, new, "nutty" flavor was preserved.

Then I tried another experiment. We have quantities of crab apples of the large variety—"Downing Crab," I think it is called by fruit growers. I thought I could not spare sugar to preserve them and I had not many spare cans; so I be-thought myself of "cotton batting." I took a three-gallon crock, quartered and cored the apples, steamed them until tender but not broken, filled the crock with them, and then poured over them a boiling hot syrup made by dissolving nine cupfuls of sugar in sufficient water to fill the crock

to the brim, after settling in all around and among the apples. It required perhaps one quart of water, though I did not measure it. Then I covered the crock immediately, as described for sealing, with the cotton batting, and the apples kept beautifully, being nice for pies and sauce in winter.

For making any kind of jellies, I put over the fruit with as little water as will keep it from burning, let it simmer slowly until soft, then strain off the juice; add a pint of sugar to a pint of juice for currants, cranberries, and other very acid fruits, two-thirds as much for apples and fruit less sour; put over the fire, skim carefully, and boil from five to fifteen minutes, trying the syrup on a cold saucer often to see if it will "jell." I have had cranberry jelly set perfectly with one minute's boiling, and think no definite rule can be given as to time, as the juice often differs some in strength.

In regard to the recipe for Graham bread, which "our" Pipey speaks of in her June paper, I think Mrs. Insley meant the proportion of molasses she gave for four loaves, as I have tried it, accepting this supposition, with good results. I think, however, as our editor says, we should be as explicit as possible in giving recipes. I will say that I have tested many of the recipes sent in by "HOME" housekeepers, and found them invariably good. Have found errors in one or two, though not recently, which were easily remedied.

I fear the length of this letter will consign it to the waste-basket, but I must say one thing more. Would it not be a good plan for each "HOME" reader or housekeeper to send in a "Note" telling how to make some simple, inexpensive Christmas gift? Such an exchange of ideas would, at least, be very acceptable to

A HOUSEWIFE.

[And we doubt not to many others. Let us have the "ideas."]

CROCHETED TAM O' SHANTER.

Materials:—One skein of yarn, Germantown, Scotch, or any preferred brand, and a bone crochet hook.

Make a chain of six stitches, join in a circle with one single crochet in first

stitch of chain. Work ten double crochet in the circle.

First round.—Work two doubles into each of the ten doubles of preceding round, taking the back loop of the stitch, which will give a ribbed appearance. This should be done in every round.

Second round.—One double in first two stitches, two doubles in next, and continue putting two doubles in every third stitch, with one double in all other stitches.

Third to sixth rounds—(inclusive).—One double in each of three stitches, two doubles in fourth stitch, repeat all the way around.

Seventh to eleventh rounds.—One double in each of eleven stitches, two doubles in twelfth stitch; repeat.

Twelfth to twenty-second rounds.—One double in each of fifteen stitches, two in sixteenth stitch; repeat.

Twenty-third to twenty-eighth rounds.—One double in each of twenty-seven stitches, two doubles in twenty-eighth stitch; repeat.

Twenty-ninth round.—One double in each stitch.

Thirtieth to thirty-fifth rounds.—One double in each of twenty-seven stitches, skip the twenty-eighth stitch; repeat.

Thirty-sixth to forty-sixth rounds.—One double in each of fifteen stitches, skip sixteenth stitch; repeat.

Forty-seventh round.—One double in each of five stitches, two doubles in sixth stitch; repeat.

Forty-eighth to fifty-fifth rounds.—One double in every stitch. These rounds form the band, and are to be worked tighter than the previous rounds, using a steel hook.

A pompon for the top of the cap is made by winding the wool a number of times—more or less as you want the pompon to be more or less fluffy—over three fingers or a bit of cardboard two inches wide; slip it off, tie a piece of strong thread around one end of the looped wool, winding it tightly, cut open the other end, trim neatly, then fasten to the centre of the crown.

E. D.

APPROVED RECIPES.

DEAR EDITOR:—I greatly enjoy reading the "HOME" Notes, and think they make the book perfect. Although not a

housekeeper, exactly, I am learning the "trade" (for I consider it that), and if in any way I can help others shall be glad to do so. Will inclose, to-day, a few tried recipes:

GOOD COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, one of butter, one of sour cream or milk, three eggs, one teaspoon of soda. Mix soft, roll thin, sift granulated sugar over them and roll it in gently.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—One half-cupful each of molasses, sour milk, and raisins, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two cups of Graham flour. Steam one hour.

LAYER CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, butter the size of an egg, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

I thank "Polly Primrose" for her recipe of "one-egg cake." Have tried it and found it very nice.

AMY L. H.

[Yours is just the right spirit. Come again. By-the-way, would not the addition of one-half teaspoonful of soda to the Graham pudding be an improvement?]

DEAR "HOME:"—I submit the following recipe in return for and in grateful acknowledgment of the merits of the "harlequin cake," published in this department some months ago. Perhaps, right here, our way of making icing, or filling, for this cake may not be out of place: Take two eggs, beat up whites separately with powdered sugar, flavor with vanilla (to the half of this mixture we often add grated chocolate for a change), then to the yolks add about a tablespoonful of cold water, and beat, then stir in powdered sugar until it is thick enough not to run. Place this between two layers, the whites filling the two other layers. With a sharp knife cut down through the four layers, taking off the outside rim, or crust, which shows off the different colors of the cake to advantage, we think.

Now, for "watermelon cake" take any corn-starch cake mixture, in part of which, say one-third, stir cochineal coloring to make it the "pink" of watermelon; this is for the centre of the cake, into which is stuck raisins to represent the seeds. Around and over this, pour the white mixture and bake. For the rind, or

icing, mix with the whites of eggs green confectionary sugar, said to be perfectly harmless.

L. F. M'L. M.

[We would not like to advise its use, however; thinking, also, that the cake must be very nice without the addition of the "rind."]

LEMON JELLY.—One cup of sugar, juice and grated rind of one lemon, one egg, one tablespoonful of cold water. Set on the stove and stir until it boils. This will make more than enough for one cake, but it will keep.

CAKE.—Beat two eggs very light, add one-half cup each of sugar and flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and a very little salt. Bake on a long tin in a quick oven; when done, place on a cloth, the lower side up, spread quickly with the jelly, and roll up. I have used this recipe many times, and never had a failure.

MYRTLE.

SWEET PEAR PICKLES.—To ten pounds of prepared fruit take three pounds of light brown sugar, one quart of good cider vinegar, one ounce each of cloves and cinnamon. Tie the spices in a thin cloth, boil all together until the fruit is tender; then remove the fruit; boil the juice down to a good syrup; pour over the fruit and seal. I have used this recipe for years, and can recommend it. Try it, Lulu H. B., of Cadmus, Kansas.

MRS. J. H. S.

NUT CANDY.—The white of one egg and the same quantity of water. Beat the egg to a stiff froth; add the water; then stir enough confectioner's sugar to make a good dough, not too hard and dry. When well mixed separate it and flavor with different extracts. Have ready some English walnuts, carefully halved; roll a bit of the paste in oval shape and place between the halves of the nuts, pressing together. These are walnut creams. To make almond creams, throw the almonds, after shelling, into hot water, and after a little the skins will slip off readily. Then roll them in some of the paste, always using the dry sugar to keep it from sticking to the hands. Raisins, figs, filberts, and

pecans may be treated in the same manner. Lay the candy on plates for a few hours and it will not stick or break.

MRS. A. MARSH.

[Another agreeable variation is made by mixing grated cocoanut with the paste and forming in little squares. Our recipe for French candy, however, says that the white of egg should not be beaten before the sugar is added.]

ENGLISH GINGER BEER.—Pour four quarts of boiling water on one and one-half ounces of ginger, one ounce of cream tartar, one pound of brown sugar, and two lemons sliced thin. Add two gills of yeast; let stand twenty-four hours; then bottle for use. Unless it is very hot weather, this beer is better for keeping a few weeks and is a nice drink.

E. D.

NOTELETS.

DEAR "HOME":—I would like to know what it is polite to say when you are introduced to a gentleman. Will the editor please tell me, as I would like to know as soon as I can?

A NEW YORK SCHOOL GIRL.

[You may say "I am pleased to make your acquaintance," or "I am happy to meet you." As the gentleman usually makes this or similar expression of pleasure, however, a simple "Thank you," or a bow and smile, is in better form, and quite sufficient.]

DEAR EDITOR:—Will you kindly inform me how long one should wear mourning? How long before white collars and cuffs and dresses with white figures can be worn? And then how long before black can be laid aside entirely and colors worn? If you find room in the "HOME" department to answer these questions, you will greatly oblige

AN INQUISITIVE SUBSCRIBER.

[The conventional time for wearing mourning is generally two years for a near relative, although these things regulate themselves to a great extent in this age, or rather are regulated by feeling. For a lost friend not very near one may with propriety admit white in combination with

black at the end of six months, or even before, and black may be put aside, as mourning, at the end of a year.]

DEAR "HOME:"—Will you please tell me (1) what will take the stain of arnica out of a sheet? (2) What harmless wash can one use on hands and face to prevent the mosquitoes biting them? (3) What will take dust off of a bedroom set of furniture which has been shut up in a room for a longtime unused? (4) What will keep mucilage from spoiling? (5) What will make the bristles of a hair-brush stiff which is daily washed in hartshorn and water to clean it? Or what will clean a brush that will not soften the bristles? Is there anything that will make the bristles of a brush stiff after one has ceased to use hartshorn and water?

MRS. A. C. WARD.

[(1) We think if you will use equal parts of tartaric and oxalic acid, putting over the stain on the sheet and exposing to the sun, dampening as it dries, you will soon find the stain to disappear. If this does not answer, try oxalic acid alone, being very careful to wash thoroughly and immediately after the stain has disappeared and more careful still that the acid is not left where it can be tampered with, as it is poisonous in the extreme. (2) Spirits of camphor, sufficiently diluted, is recommended by excellent authority as a wash for the purpose mentioned. Also, druggists sell a preparation known as "Sportsman's Comforter" which does its work well, but is disagreeable to use. It is also said that the oil of pennyroyal will effectually prevent mosquitoes molesting one, but we have not found it so. If the insects trouble you indoors, place a lump of camphor on a shovel with a few live coals before retiring, and allow it to cool; you will be rid of them then for the night. It is an excellent plan to keep bedding and clothing sprinkled with spirits of camphor, this doing much to hold the pests at a distance. (3) If the dust has settled in your furniture so that it cannot be removed by a thorough dusting, go over it with cold suds (it will not injure the furniture), then with kerosene. If this does not prove effectual, let us hear from you again. (4) Good mucilage does not spoil by keeping. If home-made, a few cloves

dropped in when prepared, or a little alcohol, will prevent its souring. (5) A solution of borax in water is said to be excellent for cleansing brushes; try this instead of ammonia and water. Dry corn-meal will clean a brush effectually by rubbing it thoroughly through the hairs. The bristles of brushes washed every day must of necessity lose their stiffness to some extent, at least; in washing with ammonia and water, do the work very quickly, and if convenient, after getting the brush as dry as possible, use blotting paper to absorb what moisture may remain; then place where it will dry rapidly. We know of no treatment which will restore the stiffness of bristles softened by too frequent washings in ammonia and water.]

DEAR EDITOR:—Will you not please give some directions about making cheese, and oblige

YOUNG FARMER'S WIFE.

[We replied to a similar question last month, but having since come into possession of an explicit and approved formula for cheese-making, we herewith present it, as we would have done by mail had your address been given: Place a vessel holding milk in another holding water, to prevent scorching the milk. Heat and pour into the mass of milk in your tub until all reaches eighty-five degrees. Add sufficient prepared rennet to coagulate the milk in three-quarters of an hour. When the mass splits readily apart by pressing the finger in it, cut into blocks with the curd knife. Let it rest for fifteen minutes. Now carefully break the curd by slowly lifting it with the hands, with the fingers apart, to the surface of the whey, and when well broken let it rest another fifteen minutes. Now dip off a portion of the whey into pans on the stove, continue breaking the curds until of the size of chestnuts, and continue pouring in the warm whey until the mass reaches ninety-eight degrees. Let it rest for half an hour, when it must be stirred slowly until the curds show a firm consistency. Press some together in the hand, and if it readily falls to pieces when released, it is ready for draining. Throw a cloth strainer over the tub and dip off the whey down to the curd; then put the strainer over a willow basket and dip the curd into it to drain.

Break up the curds with the hands, and when pretty dry, salt at the rate of four ounces of salt to ten pounds of curd. Mix it thoroughly and put to press. After the cheese has been four hours in the press, turn and press again, leaving it in over night, when it may be removed to the shelf. Rub with butter and turn daily until ripe. Small cheeses need but little pressure and no bandage.]

GENTLEMAN'S SCARF.

DEAR EDITOR:—Will "A Subscriber" who in the May "Notes" asked how to knit or crochet a gentleman's scarf try this rule, which I think she will like better than crochet?

Cast on stitches to give the width required so that it is a number which may be divided by four and have two remainder. Use No. 6 knitting needles for double Berlin wool and No. 12 for Saxony; the numbers may be judged from these for other wools.

First row.—Knit two, seam two, alternately.

Second row.—Knit two for the edge *, knit two, seam two *; repeat from * to *. Make six more rows of the ribbing, then begin on the pattern.

First row.—* Knit two, seam two together, wool over *, repeat from * to *, knitting two at the end.

Second row.—Knit four *, seam two, knit two *; repeat from * to *.

Third row.—Knit two *, wool over, seam two together, knit two *; repeat from * to *.

Fourth row.—Knit four *, seam two, knit two *; repeat from * to *.

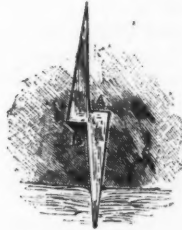
Repeat these four rows until you have the length required, then finish with the rows of ribbing as you begun, and bind off. Knot in fringe, if desired.

The common "suspender stitch" is very nice for knitting scarfs also.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

The useful double-pointed nail which we illustrate has been invented by a lady, and will recommend itself by its convenience. The nails are made with "hammer heads" and "chisel edges," as shown in the figure, the hammer head A being

above, and the chisel edge B below. The reverse sides are parallel to prevent splitting the wood. They are useful for a variety of purposes, such as the top of fences to prevent climbing, or for forming



the teeth of rakes, harrows, and so on. Another important use is for invisible nailing in woodwork. The nails are driven into the wood flush with the outside head A, the chisel edge cutting into the wood. The piece to be attached is placed in position and blocked down, the nails securing it invisibly. The nails are made to suit every class of work, even the finest cabinet-making.

DEAR "HOME" SISTERS:—Please may I come in and be an inquirer? I have been looking for a recipe for fritters, but, as yet, have not found one. Will some one please tell me how to make them? I do not often see a recipe for fried cakes in our "Notes," so will give you mine: Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of cream, one-half cup of buttermilk, one-half teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of soda; flavor with cinnamon.

LULU JONES.

[Try this recipe for peach fritters, which we have given a very satisfactory testing. Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt thoroughly with one cupful of flour. Add to one cupful of sweet milk two eggs beaten very light, and pour this mixture slowly over the sifted flour, etc., stirring to keep free from lumps. Pare and divide your peaches, dip each half in this batter, fry in fat boiling hot, sift over the fritters powdered sugar, and serve. Other fruits may be used instead of peaches—slices of large, tart apples are nice.]

DEAR "HOME" FRIENDS:—I will be greatly obliged for the information how to take tar out of cashmeres and worsteds.

ROSE.

DEAR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS:—I only began to read our Magazine some few months ago, but it is so very interesting that I cannot possibly think of doing without it. I would like a little information. My face flushes very much—I am fair-skinned, but get red cheeks, etc., and don't like it, so will some lady be kind enough to write me a remedy?

AMBER.

[We do not think the "red cheeks" greatly to be deplored, and the habit of flushing

is one you will doubtless outgrow with youth. However, we will see what our "HOME" friends have to say about it.]

DEAR EDITOR:—I would like to ask if some "HOME" housekeeper will please give directions for crocheting a Tam o' Shanter cap. I have been a constant reader of your Magazine for the past two years, and enjoy it very much, especially the "Notes from 'Home' Housekeepers."

MAY H.

[Thanks for your appreciation. The directions asked for are given in this number.]

"HOME" PUZZLES.

SOLUTIONS in the November number. Solvers' names in December number. All communications relative to this page must be addressed to the "Puzzle Editor HOME MAGAZINE," Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 31.

PHONETIC CHARADE.

Oftimes my *first* your soul will fill,
Not to be banished at your will.

My *next* I do not care to meet
In winter cold or summer heat.

My *whole* has left us? never fear;
But wait with faith another year.

"JOLLY JACK."

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 32.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A species of grass. 2. Being broadest at the lower extremity. 3. An Indian deputy or viceroy. 4. To stand as an equivalent. 5. A small vessel.

MABEL E.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 33.

BOTANICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. Short cues, then. 2. P'd Ayre's pills. 3. Rent in a petal. 4. Home mail, C. 5. How O, dying, hated S.

"ROLY POLY."

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 34.

TRIPLE ENIGMA.

1. In implement, not in tool;
2. In nuisance, not in fool;
3. In exalting, not in far;
4. In quieting, not in jar;
5. In pounce, not in spring;
6. In convey, not in bring.

Three cross-words, here, you see,
One, a country known to thee,
Another, a plant will name,
The third is the juice of the same.

FRANK.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 35.

STAR PUZZLE.

```

      1
    . . . . .
  4 . . . . . 5
    . . . . .
    . . . . .
  2 . . . . . 3
    . . . . .
      6
  
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1 to 2. One whose power of deciding and gov-

erning is not limited. 1 to 3. One of a sect of ancient heretics. 2 to 3. To reign again. 4 to 5. Part of a ship. 4 to 6. A Highland robber. 5 to 6. A publication.

"MYRTLE GREEN."

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 36.

UNIFORM REMAINDERS.

[All the words described contain the same number of letters, and the letters remaining from each word, after being beheaded and curtailed, may be transposed to form the same word—that is, the middle letters are the same.]

1. A publisher. 2. Transparent. 3. To discuss orally. 4. Without anything more. 5. Shines with excessive luster. 6. A grain. 7. A scoundrel.

L. J. S.

ANSWERS TO JULY "HOME" PUZZLES.

No. 19.

Marsh-elder.

No. 20.

A
P A
A P T N E S S
A N D E A N
E E R I E
S A I L E R
S N E E R E R
R E
R

No. 23.

Cyanometer.

No. 21.

Pitahaya. (Ai-hay-apt.)

No. 22.

1. Dove. 2. Swan.
3. Owl. 4. Nightingale. 5. Wren.
6. Eagle. 7. Thrush.
8. Robin. 9. Parrot. 10. Linnet.

No. 24.

Controversy. (C on T, R over C.)

SOLVERS OF JUNE "HOME" PUZZLES.

Partial lists of answers to June "HOME" puzzles have been received from Marcia F., M. F. Christy, Genie S. J., "Jolly Jack," Hermon

Wiley, "Katharine Tiptop," Mrs. D. Warner, Willie R. Allen, "Fan C.," N. S. Cox, M. A. P., "Box 211," Sara, Lora and Laila, Mrs. H. D. S., Melvin H., Ripley A. Smith, Cassie Willis, Frankie White, O. W. L., "Merry Mack," "A. S. Oliver," C. L. S., "Nina," "HOME" Puzzler, "Biddy Ford," "Mike A. Doe," Geordie, and Bessie McK.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Complete lists of answers to June "HOME" puzzles have been received from "Brownie," Kate M. Johnson, "Hercules," and Mabel E.

PRIZE WINNERS.

First complete list: Hercules.

Second complete list: Kate M. Johnson.

Best incomplete list: "Box 211."

Second best incomplete list: Genie S. J.

NEW PRIZES.

A book of adventure for each of the two complete lists first received.

A dainty birthday card for each of the six best incomplete lists.

CHAT.

"Hercules:"—Send those promised puzzles along as soon as possible. We are anxiously awaiting them.

M. F. C.:—Your prize was forwarded as soon as awarded. If it has not now reached you, please let us know, sending full address, plainly written.

Kate M. Johnson:—Your prize was one year's subscription to *Sunshine*, which has been ordered sent you.

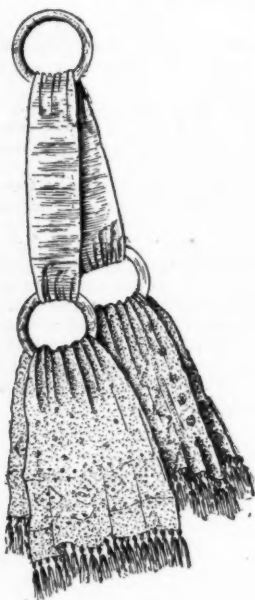
Mabel E.:—The "Roll of Honor" prize will be awarded to the puzzler whose name appears oftenest in the list of complete solutions, beginning with the institution of the "R. of H." in the October number, 1887, and extending twelve months. The winner's name will consequently be given in the December number; the prize, however, will be forwarded as soon as this month's solutions are in.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

NOVEL TOWEL RACK.

HOW to make a novel towel rack out of three large wooden rings and a yard a satin ribbon is shown very plainly in this illustration.

The rings can be found at a house-furnishing store. They should be about seven



NOVEL TOWEL RACK.

inches in diameter, but an inch one way or the other will not make any difference. Walnut, oak, or cherry can be used; the latter forms the prettiest combination for blue ribbon and the former for scarlet. The ribbon should be four and one-half inches in width and fastened on the rings as seen here.

302

Its beauty may be heightened by painting a spray of flowers on the ribbon.

It will be found very convenient for a bath-house by substituting a strip of fancy cretonne for the ribbon.

STOCKING BAG.

THE stocking bag seen here is made of cream and tan-colored cashmere.

The centre measures eight inches in di-



STOCKING BAG.

ameter. The foundation for the sides is made of pasteboard. The side exposed to view has the design worked on it in tan-colored silk done in the outline stitch. The ball of cotton is worked on a separate piece and covered over a piece of card-board to correspond in shape; it is lined with the tan color and has several layers of flannel attached to the under side; it is fastened on with a few stitches at the top. A bag to hold the cotton is fastened on the other side; these pieces are lined with the

tan and joined with a strip of the tan color twelve inches wide; this is gathered and overhanded on the sides. It is suspended by a tan-color ribbon.

HEAD REST.

NOTWITHSTANDING the comfort that has been derived from the head rests or cushions we see attached to so many of our chairs nowadays, there has been one objection, and that was how to keep them in place without nailing or sewing them on the chairs. One glance at the design seen here will prove how that is to be overruled.

Having the two, one seems to balance the other; then they can be turned over and over again by making the four sides different—you could have a change every other day in the week. You first make the two cushions to fit the chair back; they can be filled (or they should be partly filled, I mean) with feathers, hair, or pine needles.

The handsomest coverings are made of figured India silk. Very pretty patterns can be bought for seventy-five and eighty cents a yard, while cheaper ones can be made of sateen and cretonne. The ribbons are sewed on the cushions and tied together to suit the back they are to fit over.

KNITTED COMBINATION GARMENT.

FOR a lady's full size the following materials are required: one pound extra super white fingering; bone needles, two No. 12, four No. 10, and four No. 9.

Cast on one hundred and eight stitches with needles No. 12.

First row.—Rib two plain, two purl all along; continue to rib thus for fifteen rows.

Sixteenth row.—Slip one, increase one in next, knit the rest plain until the last but one, when increase one; knit the last.

Seventeenth row.—Purl; always slip the first stitch every row.

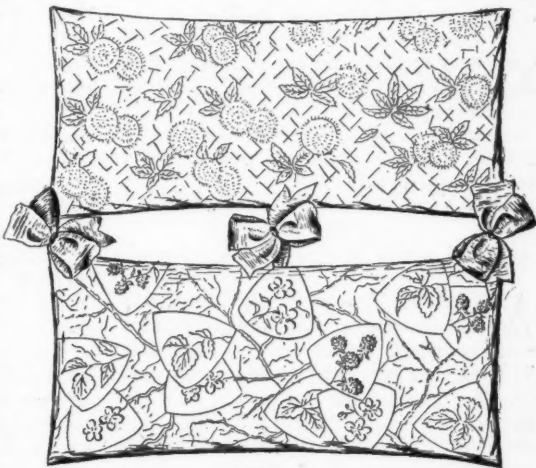
Eighteenth row.—Plain.

Nineteenth row.—Purl.

Repeat the last four rows until there are one hundred and thirty-four stitches, then increase every sixth row until there are one hundred and fifty-eight stitches.

For back, knit thirty rows, without decreasing; then decrease every sixth row.

For front part.—After increasing to one hundred and fifty-eight stitches, decrease, every fourth row until one hundred and twenty-four stitches remain; knit a few rows after without decreasing, altogether one hundred rows, since decreasing,



HEAD REST.

after increasing to one hundred and fifty-eight stitches.

Knit another leg like the first, excepting one must be for the right, the other left. Take twelve stitches from the back of each leg, on two needles, put them together, and knit them; knit sixty-five more, turn, knit sixty-five, and twelve, and sixty-five, making one hundred and forty-two; turn, knit one hundred and thirty-seven; turn, knit one hundred and thirty-two; turn, and continue to knit, five stitches less every row, until twelve remain; knit all the one hundred and forty-two stitches.

Take needles No. 10, and rib for seven inches, using four needles, and knitting rounds instead of rows.

Divide for opening in front, knit twelve rows, casting on six stitches to lap over at opening.

Divide again for armholes, knit fifty rows, leave five or six stitches from centre

of back, every other row, until eighteen remain.

Cast off all but the eighteen, which knit for twenty-four rows; cast off, knit the other half of back the same, also the front parts; join parts for shoulders.

For sleeves, knit up ninety stitches, knit twelve rounds, then decrease two every third round, to form gusset, until seventy remain; rib for twelve rounds, then cast off.

Sew up the legs and six inches in front; sew a piece of white braid round the opening, both in front and behind.

For the neck.—Crochet two rows of open treble; third row one double crochet into space, two chain, one double crochet into next space.

Make a length of chain sufficiently long to run into the open treble, with a tassel at each end.

DOMINO.

NEW MATERIAL FOR DECORATION.

AMONG the new materials being used for decorative purposes is the straw matting which comes around tea-chests. This has no marketable value, and may usually be had for the asking, as the dealers throw it away, and are glad to get rid of it. When the straws are bent, but not broken, it may be straightened by dampening and pressing with a warm—not hot—iron, or putting between two boards under a heavy weight.

Secured the matting, and in good condition, the worker only needs bits of satin with ribbon, either to match, or of a pretty contrasting color, and a box of paints, and she may make innumerable pretty articles.

A portfolio for engravings should have two pieces of cardboard cut the exact size and perfectly true; the matting should be cut an inch larger on all sides, then folded over carefully and smoothly, and pasted strongly. A few stitches may be needed to hold it firmly at the corners, but the paste will keep it secure where there is a smooth surface. Mucilage will do, but gum tragacanth is better.

The matting well secured on both pieces—and this is the only difficult part of the work—they should be lined with satin, with a sheet of cotton-batting between, over which may be sprinkled fine

sachet powder if desired. Individual taste may be exercised in selecting the design for painting: but flowers and fine fruits are usually employed. A very pretty one was decorated with poppies. These are dark red in the centre, shading to a light lilac edge, with fine delicate leaves of dark green, making a most effective contrast. Naturally pale lilac and red satin and ribbons were used with these.

An exceedingly handsome one may be decorated with sprays of blackberry vine, which lends itself so readily to ornamentation. The white blossoms mingling with the unripe fruit in all stages, down to the luscious berry, just waiting to be eaten, make most effective contrasts. Any one at all accustomed to this work, will quickly find a design to please.

On the opposite corner may be painted a monogram, initial, or "souvenir," according to the use for which it is to be appropriated. The initials should be done as nearly as possible like one's own handwriting, and diagonally across the corner. Finish the lower left-hand corner with a bow of ribbon, a similar one being placed across the upper right-hand corner. The back is fastened together with six pieces of narrow ribbon, three sewn on each side; these are tied in pretty bows, with short ends. Longer pieces of wider ribbon are sewn on the front and tied with long bows.

Photograph cases, smaller size, may be made in the same way, with the addition of a pocket on each side for the picture.

This matting is also used very effectively as a background for a collection of three or four photographs, or, if preferred, only one. A very unique picture was made this way. Cardboard and matting cut exactly the same size, a foot square, pasted together and put under a heavy weight to dry.

Photographs of small Chinese children, mounted, two on cards three inches square, one on an oval card, were placed on the matting irregularly; the whole finished with a handsome bow of orange and mahogany colored ribbon in one corner, and a loop pasted on the back by which it might be suspended.

Pictures of Chinese children are not always and everywhere attainable; but photographs of one's friends, mounted on small cards, or tiny bits of sea and sky,

mountain and valley, springs of sea-weed or tiny shells may be utilized for the same purpose. Given the idea, one with ingenuity and taste will soon bring forth a variety of pretty things.

A blotter for the desk might be cut triangular in shape, decorated with a single picture, and the leaves of blotting paper fastened together with handsome bows. The photograph of a favorite friend or lovely baby mounted on matting and finished with bows, adds materially to the pretty effect of one's mantel or desk.

Cheap calendars, with all the advertising cut away, and attempt at decoration, may be effectively mounted on the same background and finished with bows of satin ribbon.

A traveling scrap-book is an idea which many ladies are making use of when they go into the country for the summer, or take a journey abroad, or into some unknown portion of their own country. Into these are arranged pressed flowers, etc., with the name and date attached; unmounted photographs, with description of the scenes portrayed, and names and dates, and everything strange and curious, which may be gathered into shape. A series of such books as these would be invaluable, not only to the maker thereof, but her friends. One could live o'er and o'er again the delightful times which memory holds so dear, and keep fresh in one's mind many an incident which otherwise might be lost entirely.

LAURA B. STARR.

INTERIOR DECORATION.

THE HALL.

WE have no hall, properly speaking, in our modern city homes; of course, there is an entrance door connecting, generally, with a long, straight passage, frequently very narrow and often dark, where the only furniture possible is a hat rack or umbrella stand.

For the dark entries little can be done unless the owner is able and willing to let in light by cutting a suitable window or by burning lamps or gas through the day; but both of these methods will be rejected by those who think them too expensive or unnecessary, not realizing the fact that nothing so brightens a home or so pleases a visitor as a pleasant, cozy hall.

Therefore it is with the unmanageable, ugly modern hall that we have to deal, and this frank admission of its impossibilities is the best preparation for its treatment.

On the walls of this long, narrow passage it is simply absurd to hang pictures, brackets, fancy glasses, and draperies, because, in the first place, they cannot be seen; and, in the second, we should do nothing to diminish the apparent breadth of the space, but, on the contrary, need to use every device to increase the width.

If the mistress of the house can dis-

pense with the doors which divide the box-like vestibule from the hall proper she will be fortunate. In their places she may hang curtains of a rich warm-tinted stuff, suspended from a brass rod, and held back at the sides by a heavy cord and tassel, or a brass chain. Near the door these curtains will catch what light there is, and give an agreeable impression of warmth and color.

The floor of the hall and of the vestibule (if there must be one), is often already covered in the best way—that is by tiles or inlaid stones; but if these are not present and cannot be indulged in, a good substitute is the wood carpet which is, as every one knows, a thin layer of inlaid wood over a stout canvas foundation, so that when spread on the floor it imitates successfully a design in colored woods. This is somewhat expensive but it is said to be well-nigh indestructible and certainly is both pretty and clean. It can be had in many varieties with detailed directions for laying and polishing the carpet.

Should this flooring prove too expensive, the boards of the floor itself may be stained a rich brown or dark red with any of the floor stains sold for this purpose, or, if this is not obtainable, a very good home-

made stain can be manufactured by the following directions: Mix a quarter of a pound of common yellow beeswax with a pint of turpentine by heating together in an old tin can over the fire. It should be allowed to stand at the back of the range until the two ingredients are perfectly combined, but the mixture must be carefully watched and shielded from any flame or from too much heat, as turpentine is highly inflammable. When thoroughly melted a little burnt sienna is added to give the color, which may be tested on an old board or shingle until the right shade is produced.

And, finally, if this method is thought too dangerous, the bare floors may be painted in any desired shade of red, brown, or buff, the cracks and nail holes being carefully filled with putty before the paint is put on.

Over any of these floors mats should be laid—a coarse cocoa one being best at the entrance door; they are in pretty shapes, with colored borders nowadays, and tell their use so plainly and honestly that in that sense at least they are artistic; but it is hoped that none of our readers will encourage the sale of mats in which the words of welcome due from the hostess are laid under the feet of her guests in the form of inscriptions—"Salve," "Welcome," and the like salutations woven in the mats.

Mats and rugs in a hall possess still another advantage from the fact that in rainy and muddy weather they can be folded away from the soil and the wear and tear of such times.

With any of the stained or painted floors a little care is needed to keep them in nice condition; but a daily wiping with a damp cloth (wrung almost dry after having been dipped in water to which a few drops of kerosene oil or a little milk was added) will keep a good polish and a clean-looking surface on the floor.

The paper for hall and vestibule should be bright and cheerful; the modern leather paper is excellent in effect for vestibules either as a dado or as wall covering above some other style of dado, but it is not appropriate for the whole hall, especially a dark one. The prevailing tone of the walls should be warm and rich rather than delicate; blue is not a good color, neither is green, both being cool in effect, but shades of red, yellow, and terra cotta are best for this purpose. The figure, if of

another color, should always be bold and on the order of a stiff geometrical design.

The monumental pieces of furniture so often seen, which combine in one the offices of umbrella stand, cane rack, coat holder, hat hook, looking-glass, and hall sofa are generally lamentable failures from an ornamental point of view; and very reasonably so, since anything which does so much cannot be expected to be handsome in the bargain. It is a better plan to hang a mirror in the hall, and each side of it a broad wooden frame bearing hooks of hammered brass for the hats, canes, or whips of the household.

If there is room, a table under the glass will be found useful; it should be of some solid shape, plain almost to severity, and in hard, polished wood, walnut or oak—real not stained. On the top may be laid a scarf with embroidered ends or a mat of some fancy work, the object of course being to protect but not conceal the top. On the mat a card-receiver or lamp may stand, but it is altogether a mistake to put many ornaments on such a table, and the old-fashioned rule which put the water pitcher and goblets on the hall table, is better honored in the breach than in the observance.

In a light, cozy hall, a hall seat is preferable to a single chair or two. It can be made by any good carpenter; the pillows for it being of home manufacture. For all this handsome upholstery material the suggestion is made that remnants of stuffs can be procured at nominal prices, but which, if skillfully chosen and used, make up beautifully as cushions.

If the hall seat is too large and too expensive, a hall chair may be found, one of those with a box-seat being very convenient—or, simpler still, and at small cost, a high-backed chair of bent wood, or some stiff, old-fashioned shape in wicker may be used.

In many houses the baby carriage, the boy's velocipede, hoop or school-bag must find a place in the lower hall, and to them is devoted the little strip of space running along by the staircase. This may be shut off from view by a curtain hung across the hall in front of the stairs, but gracefully drawn to the one side so that it hangs in straight heavy folds from this half of the rod.

DRESSMAKING AT HOME.

NOWADAYS the collar forms an important item of a costume, the high design remaining the favored shape for cotton, woolen, silk, or velvet dresses. This is cut with and without a seam in the back, the former fitting in closer to the neck, and the width is graduated according to the length of the wearer's neck. From two inches to two and a-half inches are the usual measurements, as a really fashionable collar does not allow any space between the chin and the front edge of the collar, while a comfortable width is an inch and three-quarters when done for a neck of ordinary length.

To insure a thoroughly well-fitting collar, the neck of the bodice should be cut as high as possible. Long-necked women require the throat more covered than those who have short, thick necks. The majority of dressmakers spoil the collars of gowns by cutting too low into the bodice. The front edges of a collar are straight, and the back edges are bias. The fronts may be turned in so as to be slightly separated at the top, just meet, or lap over a trifle, and fasten with two or three hooks and eyelets worked with twist. No matter what shape the front edges may take, a hook and worked eyelet are placed at the lower part above the top button to keep the collar in position.

The very high collars make on tailor suits are lined with one thickness of buckram, while others of a more ordinary width are lined with a layer of wiggin. Do not use crinoline for this purpose, as it will lose its shape in time. Cut the collar out of the lining first, allowing a seam on the lower edge only, then baste it to the outer material, cutting the latter wide enough to turn over the top and front edges as a facing, catching the top facing down on the wiggin, but let the

other alone for a time. Now cut the facing that will rub against the neck out of an old piece of silk of the same shade, unless it is a cotton dress, as any woolen band will fret the skin. This facing is cut bias, and, after turning in the raw edge, the top is blind hemmed along the top of the collar about a quarter of an inch below the edge.

Baste the collar to the dress, catching the material and wiggin only in the seam. Try on the basque, and make the alterations on the lower edge of the collar. Crease the front edges into the shape desired, and cut the wiggin off, leaving enough of the dress fabric to turn over on the inner side. After stitching the collar on, which, like the basting, must be done with the basque toward the sewer, holding it in across the fronts the least trifle, turn the seam up, and hem the silk facing down, holding it loosely, though not full.

Collars are now made of velvet, no matter what the dress material may be, as it is extremely flattering to any complexion, and, as a general rule, the velvet is of a contrasting color, or one shade darker than the costume fabric. Bands of soutache braiding, bead passementerie, or braiding done on the fabric, are the chief trimmings used on high collars. Another pretty shape fastens on the side instead of in the front, with one end pointed and lapped over like a strap. Sometimes the front for over an inch on each side of the collar is of the plastron material laid in three crosswise bias folds, with the velvet portion of the collar coming over it on either side.

Occasionally turned-over collars are seen on basques designed for stout persons or young ladies having pretty throats. These are narrow in the back and deeper in front, in the Byron style, or are of the

regular coat shape, ending in long or pointed revers, with a high collar above if preferred. A shawl-collar is a rolling one below a straight high one ending in revers over the bust, or square tabs nearly to the top of the darts, without, however, the notches that distinguish the coat design, which can be copied from a man's coat. The rolling collars are lined and faced like the others, and the Byron collar fits much better if the neck seam is turned to the right side of the basque, giving a smoother roll. If the collar is made of soft silk to match the plastron, it is very dressy to make it of close overlapping folds, cut bias.

Revers are a boon to hollow-chested women, as they fill up that undesirable space in an artistic manner. These are made of the material covered with braiding, of velvet or *moire*, whichever may form the trimming or match the contrasting fabric. They may start from the collar near to the centre of the front, or quite a distance back, tapering to a point at the end of the basque, the centre of the waist line, or come together over the chest. The larger and sharper the point the more slender the effect. If very wide at the top, and short, they are styled *Directoire*, or they may be cut in wide vandykes on the outer edge.

These ornamental accessories should first be cut out in paper and pinned on the wearer, as their effect cannot be judged without so doing. They are lined with wiggin or heavy cross-barred crinoline, and relined with silk, the dress material, or only faced. If these revers start from the shoulder seams they are more properly termed *bretelles*, and may then also be made of scroll braiding, velvet or silk ribbon, or *passementerie*. Sometimes corresponding pieces decorate the back of the basque, ending at the waist-line or bottom of the shoulders, according to the front pieces. Tiny revers, graduated from two inches at the top to a sharp point, are also used on the postilion of the basque; one appearing on each side of the plaits, or both are placed down the centre seam.

Three bias folds down basque fronts often take the place of revers, or may be used with them. The folds are of the dress or trimming material, and may cross each other in *fichu* fashion at the bust, or one end be carried over to the

left side of the waist, while the other one ends at the bust. If revers are worn in addition to the folds, they are placed inside of them nearer to the centre front.

It is a fashionable caprice just now to trim the sides of basques irregularly; a velvet revers matches one covered with braiding, or one side has the folds described above; one large revers is worn with a *bretelle* of ribbon ending in a bow at the waist. All basque fronts are trimmed, and any fancy is stylish provided it is becoming to the wearer and appropriate for the material. Large, fancy buttons may trim one side of the bust, or, if an evening dress, a *jabot* of lace is ornamented with *passementerie* pendants on the opposite side. According to Madame La Mode's latest decrees, nothing in the way of furniture, table decoration, fancy work, or dress must exactly match; oddity and quaintness are aimed at, and a general irregular appearance that is really attractive for those detesting sameness.

Some basques are lengthened on each side and cut into square tabs which are covered with false pockets, trimmed with a fancy button on each corner, or three simulated buttonholes along the top edge of silk cord. Small buttons are preferred for fastening basques and many French dresses are hooked under a wide flap in place of buttoning.

Girdle belts are fancied of velvet, bead fringe, *passementerie*, or galloon. They are sewed in the first dart at the waist-line on one side and hooked over on the other, being straight on the upper edge and pointed on the under side, with a lining of wiggin when of velvet. The fancy braids, etc., do not need any lining. They are especially pretty over a loose plastron and cut-away basque, coming then from the side seams under the basque and over the full plastron, and in no case should one of these ornaments be worn without a vest or plastron to the waist-line. Half-belts are of the above materials or ribbon and are always sewed into side seams, passing under or over the basque fronts and crossing in front with the two short ends tipped with bead pendants, or they may pass through a fancy buckle. If of ribbon it ties in front, or rather toward one side, and the ends should be pointed and bead-tipped.

The above trimmings for the waist-line are more especially designed for slender or long-waisted figures, and are intended for house dresses rather than street costumes, the latter seldom having loose plastrons. Fancy wrappers, tea-gowns, etc., are highly improved by a girdle-belt to hold the fullness of the front to the figure. From personal experience I advise trying all accessories on the wearer before cutting them out of the material and pin them in a becoming position while in front of a mirror, as the best of paper patterns often need a change here and there, every form requiring a slight difference in the shape of the revers, vest, etc. The girdle-belts are about two inches wide at the ends and three inches deep in the centre, where the lower edge forms a blunt point.

While I am not an advocate of women neglecting duties to beautify themselves, I do consider it right and proper to make ourselves look as well as we can, so when making a dress why not adopt a becoming style and use any harmless touches that

may conceal our defects and show off our good points? Dress as well as you can, but never let the love of dress run you into debt or make you unhappy if obliged to wear calico when craving silken gowns. Even calico gowns can be made attractive, and a clean one of this material certainly looks better than a soiled, ill-made one of silk or wool.

Dear woman, have your little vanities, but do not allow them to rule you. We are only human, and every true woman likes to appear well—for that matter does not every man? Above all, I beg of woman-kind never to grow careless in dress at home. I have seen women so untidy in the house who appeared well in the street, that I wondered if they had any respect left for their husbands to appear before them so unkempt; so, I repeat, have some vanity in regard to yourselves if it will make one neat and attractive; and if we feel that we look well, it improves our cheerfulness and makes us pleasant to dwell among.

HOUSEKEEPING MONEY.

IF every man would pay his wife a weekly sum for housekeeping, clothing, etc., he would find that in nine cases out of ten her management of the fund would increase not only her comfort, but that of the whole household.

If she is equal to the task of being a wife and a mother, she is also equal to the task of supplying and paying for the daily necessities of the home. If she is head manager she will take pride and pleasure in making five shillings go a great way—much further than a man could make six or seven shillings go.

She will also make calculations about the expenditure of the weekly sums; will lay by a certain amount toward buying such and such supplies in quantities; will learn that there is economy in buying soap by the bar, starch and sugar by the

pound; she will systematize her affairs, keep her books—a day book and a ledger—and exhibit her well-kept accounts with pride and delight. The very fact that the expenditure of the money belongs to her will sweeten her life, give new zest to her occupations, and make her a happy and more contented wife. To most women the idea of asking for money is abhorrent. They put it off from day to day, the dread of it is so great. They will wear expensive clothes in the kitchen rather than ask for the money needful for the purchase of a plain calico dress.

Shrug your shoulders, if you choose, you unbelieving husband, and say, "I never knew such a woman."

I beg your pardon, but I must contradict you. The woman you call wife I do believe would rather suffer with the tooth-

ache than ask you for money. This is no false statement; most women do shrink from asking the head of the family for money needful for boots, clothing, and the common necessities of life; it is neither agreeable nor pleasant to them, and they should not be forced to do it. If they do their appointed work, the money to carry it on should be freely offered, monthly or weekly, as may be desired.

Some husbands have seen how much their mothers suffered for the want of money, even when their fathers were rich, and they profit by the fact and give their wives a generous supply, never forcing them to become applicants for it, and by so doing they greatly increase their domestic happiness. Place confidence in a woman's ability to act, and she will repay it; doubt her executive powers—refuse her responsibility—and you may rue it.

The subject of money supplies in the

home opens a wide field of thought to the husband. Will he cultivate it? Many wives of the middle class have been accustomed to earn their own support, to purchase their own wardrobes before they were married. But after marriage all is changed; they must ask for what they require rather than have it paid to them quarterly. At first their wants are few, or all supplied; but one or two years alter their outlook, and it becomes very dreary. Can the husband understand this? I trow not. He will tell you: "My wife has all she asks for," never dreaming how many days it requires to summon her courage to ask for necessities.

"An utterly false statement," exclaims some one; "there is no woman afraid to ask for what one needs." May I ask you to inquire of your own wife how she feels on such occasions? Unless she is afraid to speak the truth, your eyes may be opened somewhat.

IRONING A TABLECLOTH.

THE proper washing of fine table linen was formerly considered one of the accomplishments of gentlewomen; but few of our modern young ladies can make even the pretense of understanding it. The wringer, while it saves labor, does it at the expense of much of the beauty of the tablecloth or napkin that passes through it. The wringing out of the very thin starch or rinsing water should be done by hand, and as it is not at all necessary that starched linen especially should be wrung very dry, the hands will do just as well. Shake the articles thoroughly or fold them into manageable size. But little starch should be used in such articles—just enough to give them a new feeling, and to take the polish of the iron. It is not necessary to use any starch at all if the linen is ironed when quite damp and patiently gone over until thoroughly dry.

Always take tablecloths from the line while still damp. Fold the linen evenly and roll up in a tight roll, wrapping large pieces in damp towels, so that they will

not dry on the outside. Napkins should be similarly treated, and each size and pattern rolled up in damp towels in packages by themselves until ready to iron. The irons should be heavy, and as hot as possible without danger of scorching. Iron table linen in single fold if you wish to bring the pattern out handsomely, and let there be several thicknesses of flannel upon the ironing board. A damp towel may be laid over a portion of the cloth that the operator will not immediately reach. When the entire surface has been ironed, fold it lengthwise and iron again with the selvedge toward operator. Go over the entire length of that side, then fold with the just completed portion inside, and so continue until the cloth is folded and done. If still damp, hang in the sun or on a clothes-horse until thoroughly dry. Napkins are to be similarly treated, and should never have their first ironing when folded together, but be gone over singly, then folded as directed in the tablecloth.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1888:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

Notice is hereby given that patents have been applied for upon certain of the ensuing Patterns.

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).

FIGURE No. 1.—
MISSSES' COS-
TUME.

This illustrates a Misses' costume. The pattern, which is No. 2206 and costs 35 cents, is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age.

The costume is shown developed in printed brilliantine and velvet, velvet and fancy-edged ribbon forming the decorations. The skirt is in the standard, four-gored style and has a single reed adjusted across its back-breadth to produce the bouffant effect observable. A wide band of velvet, trims the lower edge of the skirt. A round tablier is arranged upon the gores and extends almost to the edge of the skirt at the center; in its upper edge at either side of a gathering at the center are laid five forward-turning plaits, which fall into the tablier in handsome folds. At the side the skirt is stylishly exposed between the draperies. The upper half of each side edge of the back-drapery is draped by four backward-turning plaits near each side edge and by five upturning plaits in the center, the upper edge of the back-drapery between the plaits being left free and falling in pretty folds below. To this simple method of draping is crimped *lisse* are basted inside the neck and wrists.



due the butterfly effect observable. Both skirt and draperies are finished with a belt, in which button-holes are made to slip over corresponding buttons sewed to the body.

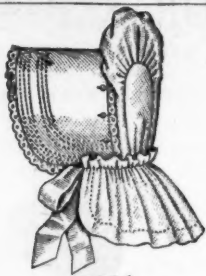
The body is a round waist that is very daintily fashioned. The fronts are hemmed, and back of each hem two plaits are folded to flare from the shoulder to the lower edge, the right side crossing the left in surplice style. The surplice fronts are arranged upon dart-fitted under-fronts that are closed their depth and faced between the surplices with velvet. Under-arm and side-back gores and a curved center seam adjust the body closely at the sides and back, and the velvet collar is of fashionable height. The sleeves fit with the smoothness characteristic of the coat style, and each is trimmed with a unique cuff-facing of velvet that is in turn decorated with two buttons matching those used in closing. A belt of fancy-edged ribbon encircles the waist, and at the center of the front is placed a full bow of similar ribbon, its loops and ends falling far down on the tablier. Ruffs of fine

FIGURE No. 1.—MISSSES' COSTUME.

To this simple method of draping is crimped *lisse* are basted inside the neck and wrists.



2192

Front View.

2214

LITTLE GIRLS' SUN-BONNET.

No. 2214.—White piqué and lawn are combined in this bonnet. The pattern is in 4 sizes for little girls from 2 to 8 years of age. For a girl of 6 years, it requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of material 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 36 inches wide. As shown, it calls for $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of piqué and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of lawn, each 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



2192

Back View.

No. 2192.—This dress is shown made of plain dress goods and checked Surah. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. Of one material for a girl of 8 years, the dress requires $8\frac{5}{8}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide. In the combination pictured, it needs 6 yards of dress goods 22 inches wide and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of checked Surah 20 inches wide. In each instance 1 yard of lining fabric will be required for the front and back linings, etc. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



2195

Right Side-Front View.

2195

Left Side-Back View.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 2195.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. For a lady of medium size, it will require $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 4 yards of goods 36 inches wide, each with $3\frac{1}{2}$ yard of lining goods 36 inches wide for the gores and breadth. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**2188***Front View.***2191***Front View.***2191***Back View.***CHILD'S SAILOR COLLAR.**

No. 2191.—This collar is shown made of white linen, with wide embroidered edging for trimming. The pattern is in 4 sizes for children from 2 to 8 years of age. To make the collar for a child of 6 years, requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of material either 22, 36 or 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 5 cents.

**2188***Back View.***CHILD'S DRESS, WITH YOKE SIMULATED BY TRIMMING.**

No. 2188.—Fine linen lawn and embroidered flouncing are combined in this dress, with embroidered edging and fancy stitching for decorations. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age. Of one material for a child of 5 years, it needs $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. As shown, it needs $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 36 inches wide, and $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of embroidered flouncing $12\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide. Price, 20 cents.

**2211***Right Side-Front View.***2211***Left Side-Back View.***LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.**

No. 2211.—Brown dress goods showing a fancy écreu-and-brown border are represented in this skirt. Any variety of fabric may be selected for the skirt and braid or passementerie may provide the garniture. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $14\frac{1}{8}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $8\frac{1}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



FIGURE No. 2.—MISSSES' TOILETTE.

FIGURE No. 2.—This consists of Misses' basque No. 2209, and skirt No. 2193. Each pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age: the basque costing 25 cents; and the skirt, 30 cents. For a miss of 12 years, the toilette requires $11\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide; the basque calling for 3 yards, and the skirt for $8\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Of 44-inch-wide goods, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be sufficient.

**2203***Front View.***2203***Back View.***GIRLS' DRESS.**

No. 2203.—This dress is shown developed in cashmere, with white braid and pipings of white flannel for trimming. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and may be selected for any preferred variety of dress goods, with garnitures that are in keeping with the choice. For a girl of 8 years, it needs $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of white flannel 27 inches wide for pipings. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



2202

Front View.

2202

Back View.

GIRLS' DRESS.

No. 2202.—Chambray was chosen for making this dress, with tucks for trimming. Cashmere, flannel or any desired dress goods may be made up in this way, with braids or contrasting bands for decoration. If preferred, a sash of plain or fancy ribbon may be substituted for the one of material. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. To make the dress for a girl of 8 years, will require 7 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cts.



FIGURE No. 3.—MISSSES' POLONAISE COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 3.—This consists of Misses' polonaise No. 2213, and skirt No. 1318. The polonaise pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age, and costs 30 cents. The skirt pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. For a miss of 12 years, the costume will require 10 yards of goods 22 inches wide: the polonaise needing 7 yards; and the skirt, 3 yards.

LADIES' BLOUSE.

No. 2205.—Flannels of all textures and colors will develop well by this fashion, and the blouse may be brightened by using silk of a contrasting color for catching the tacked portions together. Silesia or some similar lining goods will be used for the sleeve linings and for the close-fitting under- portions, though the latter may be omitted, if a loose garment be desired. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will need $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of lining goods 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



2205

Front View.



2205

Back View.

LADIES' WRAP. (ALSO KNOWN AS THE IRISH PEASANT CLOAK.)

No. 2212.

—A novelty in top garments suited to either travelling or promenade wear is here pictured made of smooth-faced cloth of a mouse-gray shade, with crimson Surrah for the hood lining. Any variety of cloaking may be made up in this way, and a lining of silk will usually complete the entire cloak. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and may be chosen for mohair or pongee when the garment is intended for travelling wear. To make the wrap for a lady of medium size,



2212

Front View.



2212

Back View.

will require $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 4 yards of goods 44 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54 inches wide, each with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of silk 20 inches wide for the hood lining. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



2209



2209



2217



2217

MISSSES' BASQUE.

No. 2209.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it needs $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 inches wide, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of lining 36 inches wide for the vest, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of light goods 22 inches wide for the collar, etc. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

GIRLS' JACKET. (ALSO KNOWN AS THE REEFER JACKET.)

No. 2217.—The pattern of this jacket is in 9 sizes for girls from 4 to 12 years of age. To make the garment for a girl of 8 years, requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



2204

LADIES' WRAP-PER.

No. 2204.—This stylish wrapper is shown made of two shades of cashmere, and is skillfully adjusted by well-curved darts and seams. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires 9 yards of material 22 inches wide, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of contrasting goods 22 inches wide, for the collar and trimming. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



2204

LADIES' SLEEVE.

No. 2200.—Sleeves of this style are very becoming to slender arms. The pattern is in 6 sizes for ladies from 9 to 14 inches, measuring around the muscular part of the upper arm. To make a pair of sleeves for a lady whose arm measures 11 inches as mentioned, will require $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 26 inches wide, or 1 yard 44 inches wide, or $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 54 inches wide, each with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of silk 20 inches wide for facings, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of lining goods 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cts.



2200

View of Upper Side.



2200

View of Under Side.



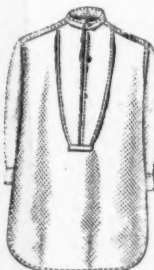
FIGURE NO. 4.—LITTLE GIRLS' DRESS.

FIGURE NO. 4.—This illustrates Girls' dress No. 2189. The pattern is in 6 sizes for girls from 1 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. For a girl of 5 years, it needs $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 36 ins. wide, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of tucked cambric 22 inches wide, for the Pompadour, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of insertion for the belt.



FIGURE NO. 5.—LITTLE GIRLS' OUTDOOR TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 5.—This consists of Little Girls' dress No. 2196, bonnet No. 2198, and guimpe No. 9852. The dress pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 2 to 8 years of age, and costs 20 cents. The guimpe pattern is in 11 sizes for girls from 2 to 12 years of age, and costs 10 cents. The bonnet pattern is in 4 sizes for girls from 2 to 8 years of age, and costs 15 cents. For a girl of 5 years, they require 4 yards of material 36 inches wide.



2185

Front View.

with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of fine and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of coarse linen each 36 inches wide for the bosom and wristbands. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

BOYS' SACK SHIRT,
OPEN IN THE FRONT.

No. 2185.—This shirt is pictured made of muslin, with linen for the bosom and wristbands. Any desirable shirt material may, however, be selected for it. The pattern is in 13 sizes for boys from 3 to 15 years of age. To make the shirt for a boy of 11 years, will need $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide.

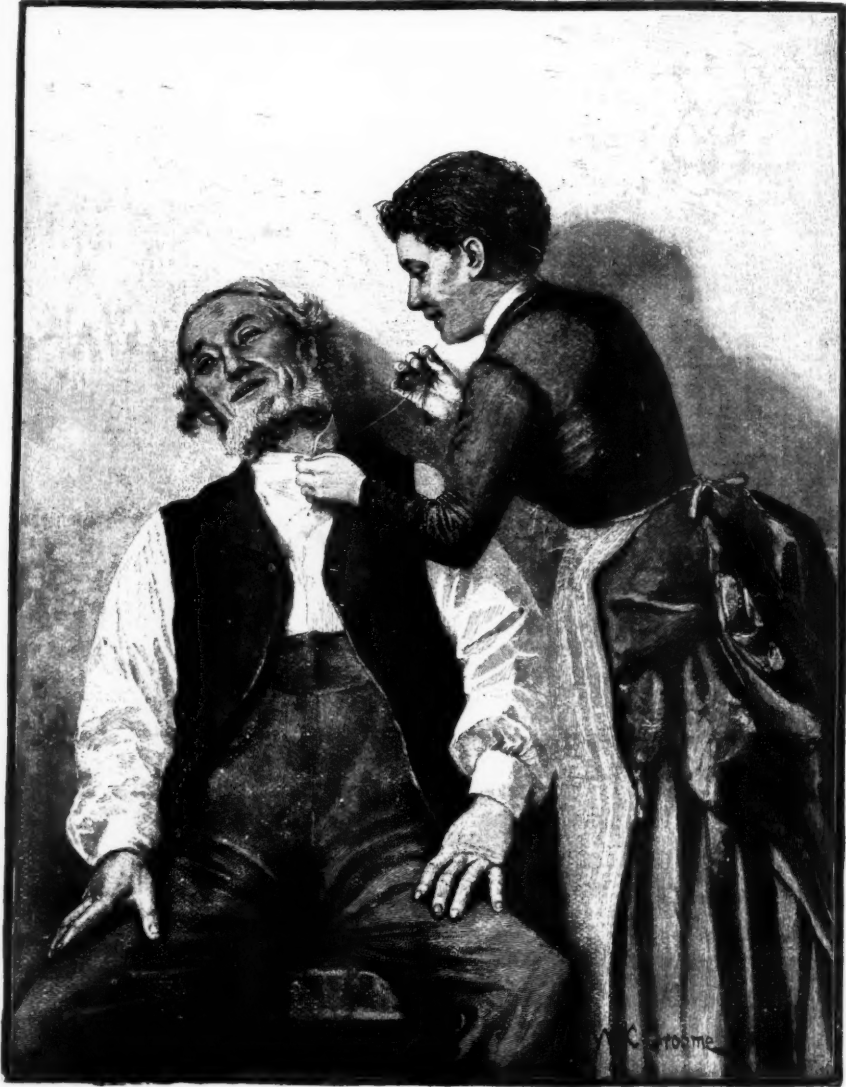


2185

Back View.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns, post-paid, on receipt of price.





HELD BY A THREAD.